

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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JOHN KEPLER.

ON the 15th of May, exactly two hundred and fifty years after his latest and greatest discovery, the brazen statue of John Kepler was unveiled at Weil, his native city, and well may Prof. Sigwart, of Tübingen, say, anticipating the event: "It will be a melancholy occasion for us when John Kepler, who was tossed about so much during his life-time, who died on a journey, solitary and forsaken, and whose fresh grave was covered by the ruins of a sister city, stormed in a civil war, shall thus again return into our midst. All the nameless misery which that most unfortunate period of Germany's history brought upon John Kepler and his whole country is painfully called to our minds. He for whose gigantic intellect the limits of Würtemberg were too narrow, had to serve masters who persecuted his religion and made war upon the country of his youth; he had to struggle daily against crushing poverty, was misjudged and rejected even by those with whom he was connected by the strongest and most sacred ties."

"Yet," continues the Professor, "it would be wrong for us to indulge in these sad reflections alone. We have also cause to rejoice and to be proud that amid all this misery this man remained inwardly free and uniformly consistent with himself, that he never for a moment lost sight of the great object proposed to himself; that he never lost faith in his country, declining honorable calls both to Italy and England. 'As long,' he said, 'as Germany does not repudiate me, I can not and shall not turn my back upon her.'"

But as John Kepler belonged, after all, not to Germany alone, but to the world, which has been realizing for two and a half centuries the fruits of his labors, it may not be amiss to draw a sketch of his life for the readers of the Re-

pository. As his discoveries in astronomy and optics are pretty generally known, we shall content ourselves here with acquainting our readers with the process of these discoveries, and then introduce to them John Kepler as a man, as a student, as a Christian.

John Kepler was born in the free city of Weil, December 27, 1571. He was descended from an ancient noble family, that had, however, at that time lost its nobility again. To an Italian count that one day boasted before Kepler of his ancestry, he replied promptly that one of his ancestors had been rewarded by the Emperor Sigismond on the Tiber bridge at Rome for his bravery by being made a Knight of the Golden Fleece. His great grandfather fought under the banners of Charles V before Pavia against the French, and his four sons served under Ferdinand I. His grandfather Sebold settled as a commoner at Weil, where he was elected city mayor, and there his father Henry also settled first. The latter, however, had so much martial blood in his veins that he did not relish civil pursuits; he went to the Netherlands and fought under Albo's banners. His wife followed him to the camp, and their grandfather had to take charge of the children. The parents returned, and kept for some time a tavern at Weil; but his father soon afterward joined an expedition against the Turks, from which he never returned.

Under these circumstances John's primary education was greatly neglected; instead of going to school he had to work in the field, and his own words are, "I was a very bad boy." When thirteen years of age he was sent to one of Würtemberg's cloister-schools, that is, cloisters converted into schools, and there and then his regular training commenced. In September, 1589, he went to Tübingen, and domiciled himself as a ducal stipendiary in the old convent of the Augustines. Here he applied

himself to the study of the classics so closely and successfully that he soon wrote Latin compositions in Ciceronian style; then he studied logic, ethics, physics, mathematics, and astronomy. He studied also theology three years, passed his examination as *candidatus theologiae*, and was licensed to preach. His school records are still extant, and they bear honorable testimony to his application and general conduct. In his regular studies he has uniformly the highest mark, and once it is added, "studies very closely also in branches not required." In the pulpit, however, he seems to have cut but an indifferent figure. Demerit marks there are none against him. He himself tells us that, notwithstanding his playfulness, and love of company, his life was that of a recluse, it being his highest ambition to equal in closeness of application his teacher, Martin Crusius, the most indefatigable writer and collector that ever occupied a chair in the University of Tübingen.

Being of a very irritable temper, and a good hand at repartees, it could scarcely fail that there was now and then a collision with his equally ambitious class and room-mates; the latter especially he frequently annoyed by his constantly insisting upon silence. This seclusion had, however, still another ground; namely, involuntary economy: From home he received nothing, and from the Duke, in addition to his board and lodging, six florins annually; and, although the last two items cost them only eighteen florins a year, yet we are perfectly willing to believe Kepler when he tells us in a still extant petition addressed to the Council of Weil, wherein he asks for an annual stipend, that his six florins scarcely sufficed to pay the shoemaker, the mending tailor, and the washerwoman, that he had, consequently, nothing left to buy clothes and books with. His petition was granted because "he was a young man of remarkable genius and justified bright expectations."

Although he applied himself closely to his books, yet they, as well as the lectures he heard, constituted but a small portion of his studies. He contracted from his earliest boyhood the habit of going in every thing that he did his own way, of searching for himself, and of trying his strength in solving self-imposed themes. Invention had more charm for him than learning; to leave the beaten track was, as it were, second nature with him. For his Latin poems he chose rare and difficult meters, for his compositions paradoxes; so he once maintained the proposition that instead of Greek, French ought to be taught in the higher schools of the country, and at another time he strongly urged that

the study of the sciences was dangerous to the existence of States. In mathematics especially he went his own way, and discovered for himself anew what had been known a long time. Yet not mathematics but philosophy was his favorite study, as he himself tells us: "As soon as I was old enough to realize the charms of philosophy, I embraced it in its totality with the greatest ardor, paying but little attention to astronomy as a speciality." It was natural philosophy that attracted him above every thing else. Books that promised him light on the nature of things and the causes of phenomena he almost literally devoured, especially Aristotle and Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who had published a large volume, wherein he defended Aristotle against the fantastical speculations of Cardanus, and answered nearly all possible philosophical questions. At this early period Kepler had his own notions about the heavens and the earth, the live and the dead world, and these speculations afforded him the highest happiness.

In January, 1594, when Kepler was ready to enter upon the clerical profession, he received from the Estates of Styria a call to the chair of mathematics and ethics in the gymnasium of Graetz. He had no inclination to accept; he was rather anxious to enter the ministry, which was in his estimation far more desirable than the profession of teaching. In this dilemma he applied to the theological faculty of Tübingen for counsel, and this body advised him to accept the call. He obeyed. "The advice of my teachers has driven me out." Yet he reserved to himself the right to enter at any time the service of the Church of Würtemberg. But little over twenty-two years old, and with borrowed traveling money in his pocket, he set out for Styria. The best wishes of his Alma Mater accompanied him, and letters of introduction to the superintendent of the numerous evangelical Churches of Styria, and especially one from his theological teacher, Dr. Kafemeffer, which proposed a suitable partner for him, were to help him to get speedily domiciled in his new home. Two years afterward he married a wealthy widow lady in Graetz, Mrs. Barbara Müller.

In Graetz he applied himself mainly to mathematics and astronomy; but his study of astronomy was shaped by his whole previous training. He always looked upon astronomy as a branch of philosophy, and studied it not as an end but as a means—as a means to afford him an insight into the world as a whole, into the totality of forces at work in it, into the real causes of all phenomena. The question with him was not so much, "what is?" as "must it

be so, and why?" His stock of information, with which he approached the solution of the gigantic task proposed to himself embraced the views of his times, that had been left as a legacy by the Greeks, working like leaven among the European nations of the sixteenth century. Pythagoras and Plato, but above all others, Aristotle, were the fountains from which he drew. His fundamental idea at that time was this: All motion of inert matter proceeds from inherent soul and spirit-like forces, occupying different degrees of development; the motion of the heavens is the work of heavenly intelligences; all formative organic power is the work of the earth; soul, measure, and law, order and form proceed from these intelligent powers, which are aware of each other, and, being worked upon by each other, they shape the motion of the bodies subject to their control, according to the sensations received from each other.

This general life of the universe suited Kepler's highly poetical imagination admirably. In one point, however, he differed from the then generally prevailing views; he was a Copernican, and as such believed that the earth moved—a belief that was then held by but a few and professed by still fewer. While Kepler was engaged in close study, Giordano Bruno was traveling from place to place as the apostle of the Copernican theory; but his doctrine was to the theologians a stumbling-block, and to the philosophers foolishness. In Oxford, England, he was told in a public disputation that only a fool could contradict views that had been held thousands of years. Kepler's teacher, Maestlin, by whom Galileo was converted to the Copernican view, did not at that time dare to profess his views openly, but did so some time later.

Kepler was less reserved. He declared himself from the very start in favor of Copernicus, while he stood, however, with one foot still on the old ground, for he still considered the world as a sphere, the fixed stars maintaining their old position, like the outward walls of a building whose interior only has been changed. When he heard that Bruno was seeking the infinity of the world, that the fixed stars were suns, each with its planetary system, and that the sun himself was one of the numberless fixed stars, he felt dizzy; the idea that he was wandering about in an infinite space filled him with horror.

With such views of the structure of the world and of the nature of its active forces, Kepler entered upon his astronomical investigations; his philosophical turn urged him onward. Copernicus had done his work but half when he

showed how easily all the apparent motions of the stars could be accounted for on his theory. The proof had to be furnished yet, not only that this theory was correct, but also that it was necessary. "O, that Aristotle were still living!" Kepler sighed; "he would easily discover not only the correctness of the new theory but also its necessity."

But Aristotle was not living, and Kepler had, therefore, to undertake the solution of this problem himself. He longed to discover above every thing else philosophical causes for the irregular distances of the planets from each other, and the relation of their motions to these distances. Scarcely arrived at Graetz, he went to work with all his might, trying one explanation after another, till at length light burst upon him, and he wrote his *Mysterium Kosmographicum*—Mystery of the Universe.

The universe is, in its local relations, a copy of the perfections of the Creator and the realization of his eternal ideas. The most perfect of all forms is the spherical, which symbolizes the creative power of God, while the relation of the producing point to the surface produced, and of the distance between the two, is a symbol of the Trinity. Hence, he concluded, the form of the universe must be spherical; in the center rests the sun, expressing the extent of space itself by its rays issuing in every direction. He sent the manuscript to Tübingen, and begged the Senate to express an opinion on it. His teacher, Maestlin, reported favorably, and the Senate unanimously congratulated the young astronomer on his importunate discovery, recommended a few alterations and the immediate publication of the work. Maestlin himself acted as compositor, that all typographical errors might be avoided, and congratulated in the preface, which he wrote, the century on the great discovery.

This was decisive of Kepler's whole future; he had left theology with great reluctance, but lo! even as an astronomer he is still a theologian, a priest of the Most High, an expounder of the book of nature. A hymn to the Creator closes the book.

Our young astronomer is now fully assured of the divinity of his calling. To carry farther and complete his discovery he considers now as the true end of his life, and he conceives the gigantic plan to oppose a new natural philosophy to that of Aristotle, and to assign the causes for all the phenomena in nature. While he turned his whole attention to this subject, and considered in his mind what books he must read before he could carry out his project, his book produced an immense sensation even in

foreign countries. Galileo saluted him from Padua as his co-laborer; Tycho Brahe, who was just on the point of removing from Denmark to Prague, assured him of his assistance, and invited him to come to him at Prague. Having just fled to Hungary in order to escape a terrible persecution of the Protestants just raging in Styria, Kepler readily accepted Brahe's invitation. But the two men did not agree; to Brahe the turn of the young astronomer was too philosophical and speculative, and he thought it strange that Kepler should dare to differ from his views, that made the earth the center, and the sun and stars her revolving satellites. A reconciliation was effected, but Brahe died the next year.

Kepler was now appointed by the Emperor Rudolf imperial mathematician, and as such saw within his reach the greatest treasure which the world had for him; namely, Brahe's observations for thirty-five years, which excelled all former by far in numbers, exactness, and correctness. Brahe's heirs withheld them, indeed, as long as they could from Kepler, but as they gradually came into his hands he turned them with the greatest assiduity to the best account.

His first object now was to correct by Brahe's observations the Copernican law of the planetary motions, and primarily those of Mars; and he exhibited in this labor a genius and a power of combination, an application and conscientiousness which challenge our admiration. As to his patience and application, we can form an idea of it if we bear in mind that his calculations were made without the aid of the then as yet uninvented logarithms, and that a calculation of an opposition of Mars, filling ten folio pages, was repeated ten times, so that seven oppositions produced a folio volume of seven hundred pages. Pertinent is, therefore, the remark of Professor Playfair, in this connection, that "the discoveries of Kepler were secrets extorted from nature by the most laborious and profound research."

His genius, power of combination, and conscientiousness are equally prominent. His first lucky steps, on which his final success depended, he owed, indeed, to his philosophical speculation; for if the sun is the central body of the world, he reasoned correctly, it must sustain an inner relation to the orbits of the planets, and their motion can be understood only by comparing their position with that of the sun, and not with the fictitious so-called middle place of the sun. But he still clung to the notion that the motion of the planets was circular and uniformly rapid; hence one hypothesis after

another failed; but as a real genius he started a new one only to see it fail again, and so on for a long time. He himself says: "Nothing has cost me more time than this notion." Yet at length he was to be rewarded; in December, 1604, there arose light; his calculations came nearer the observations. At this critical juncture he fell sick. If he now should die—if his labors of five years should have been in vain—if his papers should fall into wrong hands—the very idea of such a possibility was intolerable to him. In this sore trial he applied again to his Alma Mater. In a recently discovered paper, bearing date December 4, 1604, he made the Senate heir of his manuscripts with the request to vindicate his rights as author, and he was assured, forthwith, by the Rector and the Senate, that his request should be scrupulously complied with. But he was not yet to die; he recovered soon; his Commentaries on the motion of Mars were finished, and appeared in print in 1609. In his dedication to the Emperor Rudolf, he said, triumphantly, that he was bringing the god of war as a prisoner before his imperial majesty, bound as once before by Vulcan with invisible bands, but now for all time to come, because bound in the iron net of numbers.

The history of astronomy records as the great result of this work the so-called first two laws of Kepler, which have become the basis of all subsequent development: 1. The orbits of the planets are not circular but elliptical, with the sun in one of their foci; 2. They move with unequal rapidity; namely, a line joining the planet and the sun describes equal areas in equal times.

But to establish this fact was for Kepler not the main point, and much less the whole—with him the knowledge of the cause underlying these facts was the main point. What is the force that propels the planets? Why do they move faster when near the sun, and more slowly when at a greater distance from that central luminary? Why do the more distant planets move more slowly than those near the sun?

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

To imitate the highest examples, to do good in ways not usual to our rank of life, to make great exertions and sacrifices in the cause of religion and with a view to eternal happiness, to determine, without delay, to reduce to practice whatever we applaud in theory, are modes of conduct which the world will generally condemn as romantic, but which are founded on the highest reason.



## THE PRAIRIE AND ITS FORMATION.

WERE any excuse needed for proposing this topic as worthy the attention of the reading public, the fact might be deemed sufficient, that it was regarded as deserving the time and consideration of that body of savants known as the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," at one of their recent meetings.

It has been, moreover, for many years a subject of especial curiosity to nearly every traveler in this country. The term *prairie* is French, and means simply a natural meadow, this being the great surface feature of the Mississippi Valley and the West. The formation which immediately underlies the prairie is alluvial, and has been designated by some of our western geologists as the "Bluff Formation," from the circumstance that when cut through by water-courses, benches or bluffs are formed of a more or less level outline—so characteristic of the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, and their tributaries. The vastness of our prairies is well known, extending east to Lake Erie, and west to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and stretching far away to the north across the valley of the Saskatchewan to the frozen regions about Lake Athabasca and Hudson's Bay.

The deposit which underlies our prairies is from sixty to two hundred feet in thickness, and consists of fine silicious clay and sandy loam, furnishing the material for the richest soils when mixed with a sufficiency of vegetable mold. The underlying rocks are seldom exhibited on the prairies, except along the larger water-courses.

It is not uncommon for one to travel hundreds of miles over portions of the country without meeting a rock or pebble even. So remarkable is this peculiarity that Professor D. D. Owen, in his geological survey of the North-West, states that he voyaged down nearly the entire length of the Red River of the North without finding a single rock, either in the banks or bed of the river, which would suffice to indicate to him the character of the rocky formations below. This river flows through hundreds of miles of an unbroken alluvium. We have been, while traversing the prairies, often tempted to cry out with the Psalmist in the desert for "the shadow of a rock," to relieve the eye or mind of the sea-like monotony about us.

The "Bluff Formation," before mentioned, when it caps the headlands and rocky banks of the Mississippi River, is comparatively thin; but a few miles to the interior and the west it varies from sixty to two hundred feet in thickness.

It consists of the finest silt, and has been deposited slowly, and in quiet waters. It contains at many localities the organic remains of lacustrine and land shells in immense numbers. These are very well preserved, notwithstanding their very perishable nature, and consist, with but very few exceptions, of species now living in the country. They form a striking contrast to organic marine forms, and are in no manner likely to be confounded therewith. The absence of surface salt, the presence of which is so striking a feature in the steppes of Asia—the analogue of our prairies on the Eastern Continent—also indicates the fresh-water origin of most of our prairies as satisfactorily, as the absence of all marine forms of life before mentioned. Vegetable remains are seldom discovered in this deposit, and only occasionally the bones of mammals. The remains of the mammoth and the mastodon are sometimes found within it. The great deposit at Council Bluffs and Saint Joseph on the Missouri River, consists essentially of the same material as that which caps the bluffs along the Mississippi, several hundred miles distant, and which become familiar to the citizens of our river towns through grading enterprises, and the deep chasms formed by the washing of rains, often lying in wait for the unwary along the more notable elevations on either side of the Mississippi River.

This immense "Bluff Formation," the substratum of the prairies, is covered by a surface mold of a greater or less thickness arising from the decay of recent vegetation, which grew on the spot. It is only along the water-courses, the cuts of common roads and railroads, and by occasional deep wells, that the depth and character of this deposit can be learned. It has been spoken of by Owen and others as the analogue of the "Loess of the Rhine;" but it seems more like those immense alluvial formations which give rise to the pampas of South America, the steppes of Asia, and the deserts of Arabia and of Africa, the present peculiarities of which are determined by climatic and other similar influences.

The outlines of these great inland seas or lakes, from whose quiet waters this vast accumulation of finely comminuted earthy matter has settled, it would not be, perhaps, difficult to trace. The elevated lands denominated by Nicollet the "Coteau Des Prairies," were probably, in the north and west, for a long period, the shore of this great chain of lakes, the waters of which had probably three outlets, one to the frozen regions of the north, another along the general course of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, the third by the line of the

present lake drainage through the "river of a thousand islands" to the Atlantic.

Let us suppose ourselves upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and looking out on that beautiful sheet of water, its dancing waves lit by a Summer sun on the one hand; while on the other a mimic prairie-sea ripples to our very feet. We see the gentle melting of the prairie into the lake. The eye suggests almost all that the cultivated imagination can picture of the past; for do we not in the present sunlight behold that ancient inland sea, with its multitudinous waves, stretching away to the south and west? But when we turn to the east, is not the future depicted as vividly as the past on the surface of that lake? With but a slight collusion of fancy the billowy waving grass is before us, and there is no sheen of silver, purple, or gold which the leaping wave can catch from the sky that the prairie can not render in the billowy green, the shimmer of silvery leaves, the nodding clumps of sunflowers and golden-rod, the flash of the "painted cup" and purple cone-flower. The monotonous grandeur of the prairie has much the aspect of a sea, and the resemblance is lightened by those low swells which produce the variation of the "rolling prairie."

Much speculation has arisen upon the general question of the prairies, their origin and perpetuation, but geologists have now very generally settled into the conviction of their lacustrine origin. There are many districts, however, which have been for a series of years during the alluvial period under water, and yet are densely timbered. This is doubtless attributable to the more sudden and complete withdrawal of the water, whereas in the case of the prairies the exceedingly gradual subsidence of that element allowed, at first, the growth of subaqueous grasses and plants only, as, for instance, the wild rice, which even yet thrives luxuriantly about the lagoons and low shores of our northern lakes. In the course of time the prairie grass, thriving peculiarly in permanently damp situations, assumed possession of the soil, which it still retains on the prairies, since it forms a heavy and continuously increasing turf, to the exclusion of all plants and trees, save such as can germinate their seeds and grow in such unfavorable circumstances. The consequence is that no forest species of tree or shrub can even vegetate its seeds till the turf is removed by the plow or other agencies.

Professor James Hall, in his excellent report on the geology of Iowa, suggests that the extremely fine comminution of the prairie soil precludes the development of trees, as not af-

fording perhaps a sufficiently firm support. This can hardly be the true explanation, for many deep, rich river bottoms of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri consist of soil as finely comminuted as that of the prairie, yet they sustain a heavy and magnificent timber growth.

But were the theory just mentioned sufficient to account for the absence of trees we might suppose that the seeds of forest species would germinate or grow to a certain size upon our prairies. Surely the true cause consists in the seeds being unable to reach the soil.

Forest trees, however, are not the only plants barred from the prairies. Nearly all the characteristic shrubs and annuals of the timbered districts, the number of which is at least four times as great as that of the trees of the country, are likewise excluded. Nor is this all: the ferns, mosses, and fungi are nearly all wanting, which at least doubles the list of excluded species. We might well suppose that if the soil of the prairie could not support trees it might at least sustain the more humble growths, were there not more substantial reasons for their absence.

An important cause of the absence of forest-trees undoubtedly is the yearly visitation of the prairies by fires, which allow only annuals and a few hardy shrubs and trees to grow any where. The true explanation, however, for this absence of forest species is, that the prairie turf, having once obtained a foothold under conditions before indicated, is impenetrable to the seeds of most plants, and will eventually strangle and kill any tender shoots which, by any cause, may succeed in germinating. We may observe on the prairie the extraordinary power of a few hardy species of plants, after once getting a foothold, to exclude almost all other species from their midst. This is universal. All have observed the prevalence of the domesticated grasses of the country, and of the white clover, which, after once securing possession of the soil, retains it for years. This is the consequence of the formation of a dense sod impenetrable to the seeds of most plants. A few species of peculiar vitality and hardihood have the power of taking possession of the soil even in adverse circumstances. This is true of the Canada thistle, the burdock, and many other plants. Who has not observed the humble and ever-encroaching vitality of the May-weed, or "dog-fennel," as it is called in the West? We see it, hardy pioneer that it is, leading on civilization as we move to the West.

Most prairie species of plants have the peculiarity of growing in clumps or masses, and in immense numbers, sufficient often to color the

prairie for miles, as is the case with the *amorphia*, or "lead-plant," so common in the West. We often hear persons speak of the "immense variety" of prairie plants, when a great profusion would better express their meaning, as the number of species on the prairie is limited to a remarkable degree. This paucity of species, which marks the prairies, characterizes to a greater degree the heaths and moors of Europe and the steppes of Tartary.

We may regard it as certain that on the destruction of the prairie sod by subsoiling, etc., in the rich virgin soil of the West, every species of plant which civilization demands in this latitude may be cultivated at pleasure. At any rate, no views should find currency calculated to discourage, in any degree, the attempts of the agriculturist to overcome, by repeated trials if necessary, the natural deficiencies in the land of his adoption.

Many years ago we had the pleasure of seeing an ancient French map of the North American provinces of the period. Many tracts within the present district of Pennsylvania were marked as "Prairie." Whether or not these tracts were of the nature of morasses, or were true prairies, we have at present no means of knowing.

It is generally stated that to the east of the Mississippi River, and south of the Ohio, there are no prairies. This is, in the main, true, but we have conversed with men still living who remember when the district in Kentucky, known as the "Barrens," now covered with a timber growth, was true prairie. We have crossed this tract, and observed that the timber growth consisted of "oak openings," so characteristic of the vicinage of prairies. Undoubtedly there have been many tracts partaking largely of the nature of the prairie, though of limited extent, throughout the Eastern and Middle States, whose history has been lost in the rapid settlement of the country.

The nature of sphagnum swamps, their development and history, throw some light upon the formation of prairies. These bogs are formed over depressions or hollows to which the drainage of the more elevated lands is determined. Water, necessarily seeking the lower level, forms in these depressions permanent lakes if quite deep; if shallow and partially drained the moss called "*sphagnum palustre*" springs up in northern latitudes, and eventually covers the whole with a soft, springy carpet of verdure which grows upon itself, forming each year a layer of fresh vegetation upon that of the previous season. A spongy mass of decaying and living material is developed, which becomes, as we descend a few feet below the surface, more or

less fossilized into the peculiar mold called peat. These bogs, from natural or artificial drainage, may, after many years, become converted into natural meadows or fine arable fields. The influence of water is here shown in determining the more or less permanent character of surface vegetation. No species of plants peculiar to the forests are found in such localities. The cranberry, that elegant little plant which furnishes a beautiful and excellent table luxury, finds in these morasses its appropriate habitat. A similar exclusiveness of vegetation characterizes these bogs with that of the prairies, and for a similar reason.

Many years ago, while visiting an interesting locality in Northern Ohio, called "Cold Springs," or Castalia, six miles from Sandusky, our mind was impressed at a glance with the cause of prairies in general, and the history of their development. The spring at this place—a most interesting phenomenon—is between seventy and eighty feet in depth, and so ineffably clear that, in floating over it, the smallest objects at its bottom present a more sharply defined outline to the eye than when seen through the same distance of clear atmosphere. This spring is undoubtedly the outlet of a subterranean river, the waters of which now find their way to Lake Erie in a beautiful and swift stream, on which are located the Castalia mills. The waters of this spring are so strongly charged with calcareous matter, that the moss growing abundantly along its banks is converted, while still living, into the most delicate and beautiful tufa. Indeed, all substances immersed for a short period, even in these waters, become incrustated with calcareous matter. Surrounding this spring exists, at the present time, a prairie of a few miles in extent, presenting all the features of the prairies in the West, and characterized by the presence of the same class of plants.

Everywhere beneath the turf of this prairie, at the depth of from a few inches to a foot, is a dense deposit of tufa, as hard and compact as any limestone, which serves to mark out very exactly the ancient bed of a little lake. The waters of this lake having been elevated but slightly above the level of the surrounding country, found their way by their present drainage very gradually, indeed, thus fulfilling all the conditions required in the formation of a prairie. The consequence has been the development of a true prairie on a small scale, at this place, in the midst of surrounding timber. The presence of tufaceous rock so near the surface, as is the case here, has not, in accordance with the theory of Professor Hall and some others, insured the growth of trees instead of turf.

The presence of timber along water-courses, which so generally expose the rocks below, is alleged as a convincing proof of Professor Hall's theory; but if rock or other coarse material is not exposed, would there be any timber? We have stated, however, that wherever the turf is removed from prairies by natural or artificial agencies, forest species spring up in profusion. It is clear that the chief argument adduced by Professor Hall, tells as much in favor of the views advanced in this paper.

Along our Western rivers the bottom lands, when subject to only an occasional submergence with water, are densely timbered, but, wherever—we speak of the Mississippi above the Missouri—the ground is partially inundated or *moist throughout the year*, "*bottom prairies*" are formed. This is peculiarly apt to be the case at the confluence of tributary streams with the Mississippi. These bottoms are entirely disconnected from the upland prairies, and, indeed, are generally cut off from those by surrounding timber of greater or less extent. Many of these "*bottom prairies*" are still in process of formation—others are ancient—and indicate, according to their elevation, successive lake-like expansions of the river in the past. There are, along the Mississippi, two such prairie bottoms in southern Iowa, elevated fourteen and forty feet respectively above the present high-water mark of the adjacent river. These lake-like expansions of the Mississippi were very gradually drained as the river, by the wearing away of its rocky barriers, sunk to its present level. "*Montrose Bottom*," near the head of the Lower Rapids of the Mississippi, is a beautiful and fertile prairie some twenty-five miles in length, and from three to five miles in width, and was once clearly enough the bed of the river; the ancient benches or banks of the Mississippi can be clearly traced by the eye on either side. All the approaches to this prairie are timbered, and it is now elevated fifteen feet above present high water.

The Mississippi may be regarded still as a series of pools, connected by shallows or rapids, which indicate where some rock more or less difficult of erosion forms its bed, constituting for the time a barrier or dam to the egress of the waters. Thus, at the present time, along the Mississippi, are many miniature repetitions of these grander operations of the past, when the mighty chain of lakes in the West debouched its waters along the present line of drainage to the Gulf of Mexico. These lakes were the counterpart to those now existing in the North, and by the removal of barrier after barrier gradually disappeared, leaving behind those mighty

savannas—which were freed so slowly of water as finally to establish, in accordance with the views hitherto expressed, our American prairies—the most peculiar surface feature of North America.

It would be an interesting speculation to picture the topography and general aspects of the country, its vegetation and fauna, during this great lacustrine period, as it may be called. We can not to-day look out upon the great lagoons of our Northern lakes, now the paradise of millions of water-fowl and innumerable swarms of blackbirds, without momentarily expecting to see in the midst of the mighty jungle of wild rice and reeds, the black back of some great monster surging about, battenning himself upon the luxuriant vegetation which there prevails.

At present there are only occasional nooks where this ancient and profuse vegetation exists, and the mastodon and his great compeer, the American mammoth, have disappeared with their vast grazing fields about the shores of those immense primeval lakes. These great animals were doubtless, for countless centuries, here bountifully supplied with food in the wild rice and the succulent roots of aquatic vegetables, which, during the process of lake drainage, must have flourished abundantly about the margins of these vast waters.

It is from the present that we are enabled to recall the "*dim obscure*" of that wondrous past. Nearly all the species of animals then living have still their representatives. Hood makes *Old Time*—impatient at the perpetuation of the more insignificant forms of life that crowd the earth, to exclaim:

"Whereas Great Mammoth long hath passed away,  
And none but I can tell what hide he wore,  
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,  
In riddling wonder his great bones survey."

Yet the same insects which teased the ears and quivering skin of the great mammoth, and which were fruitlessly lashed with trunk or tail, assail us to-day. The same birds yet flutter through the air, which flashed by the unconscious eyes of the mightiest brute that ever walked the earth.

LET any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live upon that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent too; the world becomes the veil of the brighter glory that lies behind it; the condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, but is passed from death unto life.



## A VISIT TO ADELSBERG CAVE.

OUR journey from Vienna to Adelsberg, on the 16th of March, occupied thirteen hours; but such is the charm of natural scenery all along the beautiful highway over which we passed that we seemed rather to be reading a fascinating romance from the great book of Nature than to be undergoing the ordinary fatigue of railroad traveling. And well might we, in crossing the celebrated Semmering Pass, experience a feeling of unwonted admiration, for the grand and imposing views on every side give this route a preëminence over all others. Then, for wonderful conception and great engineering skill, it has no parallel except in the road from Venice to Florence, and the unfinished Mt. Cenis road in Switzerland; in all of these the greatest difficulties have been surmounted; many hills and mountains have been tunneled, while others have been scaled by a narrow, winding path along the brink of fearful precipices. As we gazed over the sharp ledges from the heights of the Semmering Pass, down into deep valleys far below, we saw verdant meadows and pretty villages nestled among the hills, which presented a striking contrast to the scene around and above us, for we were amid the region of eternal snow, where Nature's monarchs wrap themselves in spotless ermine, and lift their heads among the clouds; but sometimes the mantle was partially drawn aside, and we beheld great masses of many-colored rocks looming up like rude specimens of Florentine architecture, while creeping vines trailed their tendrils over the rough masonry, and laughing water-falls played bopeep as they came dancing down the mountain-side to the music of their own sweet voices; oftentimes they gushed like fountains from the rocks, and again the tiny streamlets gleamed like a thread of silver in the sunlight, that ever and anon was broken and lost to view among a tangle of foliage, or hid itself in some subterranean passage.

A peculiar feature of this Semmering Pass is the circuitous route it takes to compass mountains and valleys; we often seemed to be making a retrograde movement as we wended our way back and forth up the steep mountain-side, and in looking across some narrow gorge or valley, we found ourselves in close proximity to the rails below that we had traversed perhaps an hour before. But, inaccessible as seem these mountain heights, they are not uninhabited; rude hamlets are occasionally to be seen, and the hardy inhabitants with their flocks contrive to exist, even in this sterile, unpromising region.

On arriving at Adelsberg, we "birds of pas-

sage" found a cozy nest for the night in the "Hungarian Crown;" and having refreshed ourselves with "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," we sallied forth the next morning to the mouth of the cave; we had previously made preparations for our subterranean excursion by purchasing tickets of admission—for Austria holds the key that unlocks the iron gate of the grotto—and in ordering a grand illumination, consisting of five hundred candles for our party of seven. After passing the portal with our eight guides, the daylight soon vanishes from view, and we threaded our way along the broad passages of the cave by torchlight; while our eyes were yet scarcely accustomed to the flickering lights in the hands of our sable-looking guides, that darted hither and thither like a will-o'-the-wisp, we arrived at a broad stream that rushes with the noise of a cataract beneath the bridge we crossed, and soon disappears under a ledge of rocks, reminding one of

"A lost and wandering river  
Wending backward into light."

At this point the scene is grand, gloomy, and impressive. The vastness of this natural cavern renders its boundaries partially invisible, though illuminated by five hundred candles arranged in a chandelier, swung out over the water, and extending in a double row of lights along our pathway; here, through a small opening in the roof of the cave, we caught the only glimpse of sunlight that ever visits this region of 'eternal night'; it has a ghastly hue in contrast with the surrounding gloom. "The scene here presented," says Hillard, in his 'Six Months in Italy,' "recalls Milton's sublime pictures of Pandemonium, and shows directly to the eye what effects a great imaginative painter may produce with no other colors than light and darkness. Here are the 'stately hight,' the 'ample spaces,' the 'arched roof,' the rows of 'starry lamps and blazing cressets' of Satan's hall of council; and by the excited fancy the dim distance is easily peopled with gigantic forms, and filled with the 'rushing of congregated wings.'"

A perpendicular wall of rock now apparently intercepts our onward progress, but this is easily scaled by a flight of steps that lead to magnificent suites of spacious caverns beyond; these greatly surpass the grandest temples ever reared by man, for human skill never designed such exquisite architecture, or reared such massive walls and domes, and yet the hand of Nature has wrought out this wonderful labyrinth by the slow and simple process of water dropping, that contains a solution of limestone. If

we would credit the assertion of geologists, we must believe that the lapse of thousands and even millions of years is essential to form the largest stalactites, and the oldest guide reports that he has observed no change in a period of thirty-five years. The dripping of invisible rain is heard in every direction through the cave, as it laves the rocks with its gentle droppings, and is the only sound that breaks the stillness, except the voices of visitors and guides, and the rushing noise of the River Poik, as its rapid current flows across the floor of the "Great Dorn."

But vastness of size and beauty of proportions are not the only remarkable features of this interesting cave. In passing through its long corridors and stately chambers, our attention was directed to a vast multitude of striking and fantastic objects, formed by the slow process of crystallization; graceful pendants, pure as Parian marble, are suspended from the roof, while stalagmites, like whitened petrified trunks of trees, grow from the floor; sometimes they meet the stalactites above them in hour-glass form, and the tapering points of others, though almost touching, will not unite for many long years.

We beheld all styles of architecture in exquisite perfection; here white fluted columns and elaborate cornices attracted our attention, and again the leaning tower of Pisa, and cream-colored pillars, adorned with splendid bas-reliefs, looking like the ruins of some grand temple; here Egyptian sphinxes peer through the gloom, and these quantities of cushions glisten as though sprinkled with diamond dust; at one moment we turn to admire a crystal chandelier, then the Milan Cathedral, with its innumerable spires and complicated carving, bursts like an enchanted vision upon our view. Nature has, in this her favorite shrine, carried her religious mood so far as to erect pulpits, grand organs with regular pipes, crosses, the chair of St. Peter, sculptured images, statue of the Virgin and child, a confessional, grave-looking monks, and two Calvary hills. At one place a theater loge projects over our path, and further on castles dot the wayside, one of which is conspicuous from its red door and window. Here is exhibited a throne, and there a bell, which, on being repeatedly struck, gives forth a sound like the ringing of a church bell; here we observed a white tent, and there a hand, reaching for a flag; we were told that an apartment with strong bars is the prison, and that a recess, containing a bench with pieces of meat suspended above it, is the butcher's stall; we were further reminded of man's natural wants,

on seeing huge cauliflowers, loaves of bread, and slices of bacon and ham, irregularly striped with red and white.

When Nature was in a floral mood, she created a nursery and Winter garden of marble plants and flowers; then grew so rustic as to plant palm, fir, cypress, and banyan trees; then she was transformed into Neptune, and made the Red Sea, water-falls, and a frozen fountain; a Noah's ark, the keel of a vessel, and coral reefs are also visible. Sometimes Nature wrought like a skillful modiste, and the result is a display of woven clothes, tassels, and curtains arranged in graceful folds. But the prettiest specimen of her handiwork is a piece of limestone suspended from the roof, that perfectly resembles the finest Cashmere shawl, with a fringe and a well-defined border, darker than the web; a light placed behind this translucent drapery has the soft, luminous effect of light shining through porcelain; a quantity of clothes hung up as if to dry, seems a hint at cleanliness; and a cemetery, containing a private vault and many beautiful monuments, is suggestive of man's mortality. Then again, the presence of numerous animals in our pathway, apparently transformed into alabaster, reminds us of a disbanded menagerie; here are elephants, and there a sleeping lion; here two monkeys, and there a fawn; here some parrots, and there a lobster; here an eagle's wing, and there a golden fleece; while a red fox, photographed upon the wall, slyly looks down upon the conglomerate mass below.

But the most magical effect is produced where the eye has the most extensive range, and this is to be had in several lofty, spacious chambers of the cave; the most interesting of these is the "Ball-room," which has every requisite for this purpose, with the exception of an elastic floor, even to a natural platform for the musicians. Here, once a year, on Whit-Monday, the peasantry of the surrounding country assemble, hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the earth, and trip through the mazes of the dance to "the simple music of the Carniolan peasant," that echoes through the magnificent cavern like the grand strains of an orchestra. Here one of our party sang the beautiful serenade, "Hail to the queen of the silent night," all joining in the chorus; then the sublime doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was sung in concert, to the tune of "Old Hundred," with an effect that can be felt but not described. In another cavern, "Come, thou fount of every blessing" was wafted on the still air like enchanted music, for so perfect are the acoustic arrangements here that the human

voice seems invested with a peculiar power and sweetness.

The most admirable arrangements are made for illuminating all portions of the cave, the lights being quickly transferred from one chamber to another, while we, under the guidance of a few torch-bearers, were leisurely examining the byways. Then we indulge a feeling of perfect security in perambulating them, for strong railings interpose between us and danger; nor do we experience a sensation of fatigue from our three hours' walk through this "palace of loveliness;" only amazement and delight at this wonderful manifestation of God's creative power.

Truly, it seemeth that the Lord, "who doeth great things, yea, and wonders without number," whose works are manifold, causing the earth to teem with his riches, hath given us almost the "ne plus ultra" of beauty and sublimity in Nature, when He hewed out in the recesses of the earth the chasms that form the Adelsberg Grotto.

#### CLARA DOANE'S JOURNAL.

CLARA STRONG had just completed her course of study at Rockford Seminary. She was a young lady of rare loveliness of character, and of high endowments and culture. As a musician she ranked among the first in the State. By nature and education she was fitted to grace a high social position in our own land. But she cheerfully laid aside all her bright prospects here to share the toils of a devoted missionary to Micronesia.

May 20, 1865, she sailed from the port of New York as the wife of Rev. Edward Doane—a little son of Mr. Doane also returning with his father to his former field. A classmate of Edward Doane in the Theological Seminary speaks of him as a most accomplished gentleman, and one of the most fascinating singers he ever listened to. Higher praise still is bestowed by another friend, who says of him: "I never knew a person in whom it was so evident that the heart was full of Christ." The spirit of the lovely Clara we may gather from her journal, which was written only for the eyes of mother and sisters. But others, who have been permitted to read it, have so desired to see it in a more enduring form that we have copied portions of it, with the hope that it may warm still other hearts with love for the work, and direct other minds to this great harvest field in the Pacific.

#### CLARA DOANE'S JOURNAL.

June 5, 1865.

I will begin, dear mother and sisters, just where I left off, and tell you all my story. I sent you a line the last thing before leaving New York harbor, telling you of our detention

there. We were fairly started by day-break Monday, and were soon out on the open sea. It was rough and a little stormy, and our boat a famous rocker, so that, in the course of an hour, I was safely lodged in my berth, as seasick as any one could wish. Notwithstanding all my determinations and resolutions to the contrary, I staid there for four days. Still I am not sorry for the experience. It taught me many new lessons. I know better now how to sympathize with the sick and suffering. For the first time in my life I felt weak and helpless; and how I longed for my mother and sister all those weary days, and a cup from that beautiful spring by Helen's door to moisten my parched lips with!

But, as I said before, it was a useful experience, and I only tell you of it for the sake of your dear sympathy. I had time for thought and prayer, too, and you can not know the blessed comfort it gave me to pray for my darlings. Dear little Eddie kept coming in with, "Mother, dear, are you any better now?"

After a few days I was able to go on deck and enjoy the bracing salt air, which was so refreshing, but the following Monday we had a bad night, and the port-holes had all to be closed. It had been a very gay day on board, and it seemed as if the four corners of the earth had been searched to furnish luxuries for our dinner. But now we were all shut into our suffocating state-rooms, anxiously longing for the day. I awoke about four o'clock, and felt that I must, by some means, get to the fresh air, when suddenly there came a shock, and the grating sound of our vessel's keel upon the rocks. It was repeated, when Edward sprang from his berth and proceeded to dress. I saw that he thought we were in great danger, so I began to dress also. I was not at all frightened, and dressed myself with more than usual thought and care, not knowing what I had to prepare for. I selected a substantial dress, put on my shoes and overshoes, water-proof coat and hat, after combing my hair as usual, though all very quickly, of course. By the time I was dressed Edward and Eddie were also ready, and we hurried into the cabin above.

O, what a scene of confusion met us at every step! People were in all stages of dressing, and in all varieties of costume, expressing their fright and consternation in all manner of ways; mothers with their little ones huddled around them, some screaming and crying. We were all crowded into the saloon, many hardly knowing what was the matter, or what to expect next.

Edward was sure from the first that the ship was on a reef of rocks, from which she could

never get off, which proved to be true. Meanwhile the rolling of the vessel every moment increased; we had to cling to any thing we could get hold of to keep from being pitched across the saloon. The chairs, lamps, glasses, and decanters were all swinging and pitching, and the people were often thrown violently against each other or on the floor. I was fortunate enough to get my arm around a pillar, which supported me well. We could not tell then just our position—just how long our boat could hold together under such a terrible wrenching. We did not know but our moments were numbered, and almost thought that each might be our last. Yet I never felt more quietly calm in my life, and the thought of our possibly being so soon in our dear home above was so beautiful and precious to me that I could hardly bring myself to pray for safety. And yet when I looked around me and saw so many who seemed utterly unprepared to die, it seemed wrong to rejoice in such a possibility, so I kept praying that we all might be prepared for whatever God had in store for us. Presently every one had on a life preserver, and under any other circumstances we should have been thought a grotesque-looking crowd. I did not see a single lady completely dressed.

Just as the day dawned we went outside and took our position by the railing of the lower cabin. We could there see where we were. Only a line of rocks close by the vessel's side, with the surf breaking over it, was visible, and we were told it was at least eighty miles to the nearest land. All hope of saving the ship was now given up. She lay wedged between the rocks, with only room for that terrible pitching. To add to our discomfort it began to rain again; but no one seemed to care about getting wet, so we stood and watched the men as they lowered the boats, and tried to run them through the surf into the still water beyond. Then they began to break up the decks, tear down the doors, cut the masts, and tear away as much of the boat as possible for building rafts. One of the boats in going through the surf was overturned completely, but all the men were saved. We watched them with an intensity of anxiety, as you may suppose, not knowing how soon we might have to make the same attempt. One of the life-boats was manned and sent off to Providence Island for help.

The rain at last drove the ladies into the cabin, and there we lay on the floor, or any spot we could find, for several hours. Once or twice, during the day, I succeeded in making my way on deck, clinging to any thing and every thing by the way.

O, if you could have stood with me a moment on the deck of that wrecked vessel! All her beauty and grace was gone. Every thing that could be used for making rafts had been cut down and pulled away. On one side we looked off on the grand, white waves as they came traveling over the indigo-blue waters. On the other side the men were at work on the raft, many of them in the water or clinging to the rocks.

It had been a dark, stormy day, but in the afternoon it cleared, and far away to our right land was discovered. The enthusiasm which this intelligence gave you can hardly imagine.

"We are saved! we are saved!" burst from many lips, while tears of thankfulness stood in many eyes.

A boat was immediately sent off to explore, and returned with word that there was an island large enough to hold us all in safety. The little boat and her brave crew were greeted with hearty cheers on her return.

By this time the large raft was completed, and it was thought best to begin immediately to remove the women and children from the wreck to the raft, as no one knew when the ship might go to pieces; then, at early dawn, they would take them in boats to the island.

It was a long operation, as there were over two hundred women and children on board. But a few could be put into a boat at a time, and then it must be pulled through the surf and over the rocks to the raft. Our turn did not come for a long while, so Eddie and I waited below in that dreadful cabin, with all the pitching, creaking things, clinging constantly to something to keep ourselves from going with them. I need not tell you there was no sleep to be had.

About midnight Edward wrapped Eddie and me in woolen blankets, and took us to the side of the vessel to lower us into the boat. It was dark, and the scene confusing, so I just yielded myself into the hands of the men, hardly knowing what was to be done with me. They put a rope under each of my arms, and one in my hands to cling to, and in a moment I was swinging in the air. Down, down I went till some one seized my foot from below and pulled me into the boat. Presently they sent Eddie swinging down to me, and then another and another, till our boat was full, and we began our ride through the surf. A little way they pulled with the oars, and then the men sprang into the water and waited for the great waves to wash us over the rocks. When the great waves came the sailors shouted and pulled, and so at last we were at the side of the raft. It was already crowded with many women and poor little ones.



They found a place for us, and then commenced the long watch for the coming of the day.

The "Golden Rule," with her swinging lamps, loomed up grandly just before us; but the only sound that came from it was the tolling of her bell as she rocked back and forth. It fell on our ears—O, so mournfully! like the knell of our ruined ship.

O, how long those hours were! How often my thoughts turned to the dear ones at home; and I was glad they would not see their darling thus. It was a stormy night. The clouds grew more and more threatening. Vivid flashes of lightning made our misery visible, and the muttering thunder was quite in keeping with the scene.

Utterly worn out, we tried to make place among that mass of humanity to stretch our weary limbs, at least a spot on the hard boards to rest our heads. If we stirred we would wake up with an elbow or a foot in the water. When the rain came pouring down we only pulled our blankets a little closer and dozed on. We could not get much wetter, we thought.

At last the day began to dawn, and with it came the boats to take us to the island. It had stopped raining, and the waters inside the reef were very smooth. The island was nearly six miles from the wreck, and we enjoyed the ride intensely. It was taking us to a land of safety, and our loved ones were soon to follow. All would be safe at last. The scene around us was like fairy-land, the waters were so beautifully variegated. It was my first glimpse of old ocean's face "done in fancy colors," and it surpassed any conception I had formed of it. We were among the first to land on the island. It was a very barren spot, perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length and averaging one-quarter of a mile in width. No trees or bushes. The only green thing, a few weeds. And O such troops of sea-birds as greeted us! You can hardly imagine in what numbers they swarmed around, swooping close to our heads, almost in our faces.

Right where we landed there were numbers of strange-looking birds, as large as turkeys, that were sitting on a kind of nest, and nothing could drive or frighten them away. They only stretched their long necks at us in defiance. We took them at first for the mother-birds sitting on their eggs. But it afterward proved that they were old and infirm members of the community, left in hospital, and their descendants brought them food!

For a little while I was very much charmed with our island home, so many strange and beautiful things greeted me. Every thing was

of coral formation. The very dust under our feet, on close inspection, proved to be atoms of coral. Shells were scattered all along the white beach, beautiful ocean shells, and we ran from one thing to another in perfect delight. How I longed for some of my home friends to share these wonders with me! Such armies of crabs, some carrying their houses on their backs, such queer-looking things. Some were large sea crabs, some delicate, dainty things, just tinted with pink or green, and over all swarmed the birds. You can form some idea of their numbers when I tell you that in some parts of the island we could hardly walk without stepping on their eggs, which they lay among the rocks without any attempt at a nest.

But our enjoyment was soon over. It soon began to rain again, and rain as only it can in these tropical regions. There was no manner of shelter for our poor heads or weary bodies but our woolen blankets, and all the men—the husbands and fathers—were still on the wreck, the rocks, or the raft, waiting their turn to be brought to the island. It rained all day, and we were so exhausted from long excitement, want of food and sleep, poor little Eddie and I at last could drag our weary limbs around no longer, and we stretched ourselves on the rocks and went to sleep in spite of the pouring rain. I remember waking up with my feet in quite a pool of water, and it was pouring still. I could not keep back the feeling of utter wretchedness that crept over my chilled heart. If I could only find some little comfortable place to die in, I thought, it was all I would ask.

But I got up, and wringing the water, as best I could, from my drenched clothes, I began to make my way down to the other end of the island, where most of the company was gathered. O, what a picture! The poor mothers were sitting on the ground with their little ones clinging to them crying and shivering from hunger and cold. A few men had come ashore, and they were trying to make little shelters by fastening up the blankets on sticks and poles. Eddie and I crept under one of these tents, but it was filled with steerage passengers, and their talk was so dreadful, cursing and swearing, that we could not stay, and again we went out into the pitiless storm. We had eaten nothing all day but a few crumbs of hard-tack. O, how many times I thought of our soldier boys that day! I thought I had learned a little how to sympathize with them.

But the longest day will wear to a close, and just at night, to our unspeakable joy and relief, our party of gentlemen came ashore. I shall not describe the meeting, but you can imagine

it. They, too, had had their experience in the water, on the rocks, or the raft all day.

Now matters began to mend. The gentlemen went to work to build us houses out of the rocks and stones. The rain ceased. Fires were built where we could warm our chilled limbs and partially dry our clothes, and some more hard-tack appeared for our supper.

Edward had in his care a young gentleman returning to the Sandwich Islands, who is an invalid. He is the son of a missionary there. Our party consisted besides of a clergyman from New York, a gentleman from East Tennessee, and two other young men. The experiences we have passed through together have bound our little party very closely together; we are friends forever.

Besides, in our opinion, ours was the pleasantest little company on the island. We had a grand fire in front of our mansion, and we sat around it for hours trying to get dry. But I was still "a damp, unpleasant body," when at a late hour I retired to my *bedroom*. They had heaped up some of the driest weeds for my bed, had found "a soft stone" for my pillow, and the star-gemmed blue above was my canopy. But my troubles were not yet over. Those strange flapping sea-birds, disturbed from their quiet homes by this hostile horde, were ringing their discordant changes in our ears all night, and the fear that they would come flapping in my face drove sleep from my eyes.

Then the crabs—I wish I could throw you one. Of all the queer things they are the queerest, running around with their little pyramids of shell on their backs. They were perfectly ravenous—eating our dresses, coats, any thing and every thing they could lay their claws to, even the hair from our heads. One morning I found several of my shorn tresses lying on my bed. I think the barber's trade, at least, must have been a new one to them.

I did not get much rest that night, and in the morning found myself as stiff and sore as might have been expected. I was still damp, but this difficulty was soon remedied, for the sun came out with a power such as I had never known before. Ah, that tropical sun when one is without a shelter! But our party were rich in expedients. With four sticks for pillars and a blanket for an awning we had a place where we could sit or lie, somewhat sheltered from the fierce rays. And we were most thankful for this. We had our rations twice a day of hard-tack and pork, and sometimes in the morning a little coffee or tea, without milk of course, but O what a luxury it seemed! After two or three days we had a ration of bean-soup, which brought

tears of thankfulness to our hungry eyes. I wish you could have seen the satisfaction with which Mr. L. and myself partook of it, both out of the same dish, with the same spoon! The *dish* was an old fruit-can. There were many pleasant things mixed up with our rough experience. We could sometimes laugh at each other's forlorn appearance, but, best of all, we were Christian friends. We could ask together our Father's blessing over our frugal fare, thank him for our saved lives, pray for our further preservation, and our morning and evening family prayers helped and strengthened us all. Then we were a musical company, and sang together all our strength would permit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### WAILLETPU.

NEAR the point where the forty-ninth parallel of latitude crosses the Rocky Mountains three mighty rivers break from the deep fountains of the hills and roll away, one toward the frozen ocean of the North, one toward the tropic Gulf, and the other to its mingling with the great Pacific. On the southern shore of the latter, and about two hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, is a scene of beauty and grandeur rarely equaled, perhaps never excelled, by any mingling of river and rivulet, of valley and plain, of hill and mountain any where, in any land. Will my reader ascend with me one of the smooth, grassy mountain-sides sloping westward from the evergreen summits of the Blue Mountains and overlook the scene a hundred miles in every direction, and behold it for a time?

Yonder, winding gracefully among the deep bases of the prairie mountains, away to the north, now glittering like silver, now green as the sea, the broad Columbia sweeps down toward our feet. There, southward, through that wilderness of green-clad summits are straying the wild waters of the Umatilla, John Days, and *Des-Chutes* rivers. Those distant westward altitudes blending with the sky, pinnacled by these great glittering domes from which the bells of the ages have rung the notes of the march of time, are the Cascades—the grandest range of mountains on our great continent. From the south, through a valley beautifully margined with cotton-wood, the Walla Walla is gathering confluents from the hills as though anxious to increase its pretensions before it mingles with the mightier flood of the Columbia. On the banks of this stream, and about twenty miles from its mouth, is the locality whose name

has forever entered into the classic nomenclature of missionary toil and triumph, then but a favorite residence of Indian chiefs and braves—WAIILETPU.

Thirty years ago this valley, these hills were the chosen home of one of the strongest, bravest, and most warlike tribes of the continent. From this center went out parties of plumed and painted warriors, whose war cry, and the gleaming of whose tomahawk, sent terror into the camp of their enemies in the Rocky Mountains, or far southward to the Sacramento. The deep trails, sometimes twenty abreast, along which their cavalcades had rushed for centuries, still mar the brows of the hills, or cut clear through the grass of the valleys. Between this beautiful though barbaric land, and the farthest western advance of civilization, there stretched two thousand miles of unpathed wilderness. Westward, ocean thundered to ocean.

Up to the year 1830, only a few trappers and hunters had pushed their adventurous way into the land that there swept, unknown, beyond the great mountain chain that stretches centrally of the continent from the frozen sea to the southern ocean. Doubtful as was their character, they were pioneers, and the only representatives of American civilization. Along the lower Columbia the fur hunters of the Hudson's Bay Company were setting their traps for beaver, otter, and minx, gathering the soft treasures of the wilderness to prepare ermine robes for fair forms of wealth and beauty in other lands to wear.

These were the representatives of English life and civilization. While these men, in the wild pursuits of their adventurous life, were contending with each other, with savages and with nature for ultimate supremacy, in remote capitals statesmen were viewing with far different feelings the country where yet the fires of the *bivouac* were the only prelude of future hope. Rival nationalities began to see the importance of the country, and to realize that whatever nation became its possessor, would ultimately stand in a position to shape the commerce, and dictate the destiny of the world. The cross of St. George began to be displayed over the flashing wave of the western Pacific shore, but not before the stars from the azure of our country's banner had looked down on coast, and sea, and river. Through the stages and stratagems of diplomacy, and then through the enterprise and energy of commerce the question of possession and right was led, but all such efforts to settle it were in vain. The attempt to adjust the future of the land solely to the demands of National vanity or cupidity, could not succeed.

There were other more Godlike agencies to be employed. We shall see what they were.

Snugly embowered among the hills of Steuben county, New York, lay the quiet little hamlet of Prattsburg. Before 1800 a Presbyterian church had been permanently established there, and a family of repute, by the name of Prentiss, were associated with it. To this family, in 1808, was born a daughter, the record of whose heroic devotion to truth and God was to thrill the romance of Christian chivalry in coming years, and who at length was destined to the glory of the martyr's robe and crown. In 1821 the village of Prattsburg was blessed with a remarkable revival of religion, resulting in gathering about seventy souls into the Presbyterian Church of that place, among whom was Narcissa Prentiss, then thirteen years of age. Her consecration to Christ, from the first, was perfect. Though so early, she realized fully that when the Savior calls to discipleship, he calls not merely to a participation in lifeless formalities, but to an active fellowship with him in his gracious redeeming purposes and work. The way her judgment determined right, her heart approved and loved. In the select and retired associations of her own Church and village, so well adapted to her needful preparation for the life that Providence afterward so clearly indicated, God gave her more than a decade of years, bringing her up to strong, vigorous, mature womanhood, before he threw ajar the doors that hid the mysteries concealed, and bade her by the Holy Ghost to enter in.

The era-hour, marking the growth of the soul of Miss Prentiss in all that is grand and heroic, was now approaching. Dr. Marcus Whitman, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, had, the year before, advanced toward the Pacific as far as Green River, about seventy-five miles west of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, when he held a conference with a large number of *Nez-Perce* Indians, which resulted in his immediate return to the States, to enlist a larger company of missionaries for the Indian work. That Board sanctioned his design and made inquiries far and near for an ordained minister and his wife who would be willing to consecrate their lives to such a mission. For many months none could be found. Only one Christian female seemed willing to surrender all of life for Christ, and work for him beyond the deep shadows of the mountains. That one soon stood at the altar with Dr. Whitman, and in giving him her hand, fully conscious of what his life, into which hers was now blending, was to be, consciously gave herself to weary strivings

of toil, to all the concealed possibilities of an abode among savages, and, perhaps unconsciously, to become a chief agent and instrument of civilization and Christianity in an unreclaimed empire. When Narcissa Prentiss was wedded to Dr. Whitman, the Divine will became a living fact, "they twain became one flesh."

To such souls the altars of Hymen are shaded by no groves sufficiently delightful to tempt the feet to linger in these paths or the heart to stay in delicious dalliance with mere beauties of imagination. Vows uttered, bonds sealed, souls newly consecrated and perfected by the blending, they turn unreluctantly away from all enchantment that home, and friends, and loving hearts could throw around them to the nobler charm of filling up in their measure what remained to them of the sufferings of Christ among the wild tribes of the Columbia. An ordained minister, Rev. H. H. Spaulding, and his devoted wife, also responded to the call of the Board, and became their companions in travel and in toil, though not in the ultimate and tragic crowning of their work. In their journey to and labor in the field to which Providence so clearly assigned them we are now to behold them.

Crossing the continent in 1836, when not a single wheel had crushed the wild sage of the desert, and that, too, as an exile—voluntary, to be sure, but none the less an exile—from the land of schools, churches, and home to the depths of an unknown wilderness was a very different thing from what, twenty years later, it was found to be by the hundreds of thousands who traveled the same path without even thinking it was missionary zeal that opened the easy way they were then treading. The writer has followed nearly every step of the way thus promised for him, and with wonder and amazement at the courage, the faith, the hope of the evangel band, who long before were the *avant couriers* of religion and happiness to the land where now he dwells. Mrs. Whitman, fresh from a home of refinement, with the dew of its love still sparkling on her eyelids, yet with the courage of a martyr and faith of a saint animating her conquering soul, traveled that long, wearisome way, the first commissioned angel of mercy to the land beyond the mountains, slumbering in the night of heathen ages. Interesting as it would be to follow step by step the history of that journey, we can only pause to witness some of its more impressive scenes.

On reaching St. Louis—which was then in the West—the company received a permit from Hon. Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, "to

enter and settle in the Indian country west of the Rocky Mountains." They left that city on the 31st day of March, in the steamer Chariton, for Liberty, Clay county, Missouri, then the frontier settlement. Here preparations for the overland journey were completed, and on the 27th of April they took up their line of march for Council Bluffs. Late in May they overtook the caravan of the American Fur Company, with which they had arranged to travel, at Loup Fork of the Platte. That company, under command of Captain Fitzpatrick, and piloted by John Gray, an Iroquois, consisted of one hundred and sixty men, divided into guards, and subjected to strict military rules. The missionaries were compelled to submit to all these rules, and share in all labors and dangers.

The 4th day of July, 1836, our missionary party found themselves in the "South Pass," on the line that divides the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific. To all who cross the continent this is a point of rarest interest. Its position, its scenery, and the reflection that hereafter the rocky barriers of the mountains are to stand between them and home, all invest the hour with sentiments of the most thrilling and solemn import; and when we remember that these noble missionaries passed the gates of the Rocky Mountains six years before J. C. Fremont "discovered" the South Pass, we have another illustrious proof of the fact that grace is mightier than cupidity to lead men forth from the limits of the seen to the mysterious and adventurous unknown. It is well for us to pause here and look upon the scene.

Two days before reaching the general rendezvous of the Fur Company on Green or Colorado river the missionaries were overjoyed to meet a company of Indians from the far-off country of the *Niz-Percees*, at the head of which was *Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats*, or as, on account of his sagacity and shrewdness, he was known among the whites, Lawyer. They had come to meet the missionaries in fulfillment of a promise made to Dr. Whitman the year before, and here, near a thousand miles from the end of the journey, to welcome and aid them forward. *Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats* and another chief were invited to the missionary board that night, and here commenced that friendship that bound him and his people to the Americans through all the conflicts of subsequent years. This Indian is now an old man. I have seen him often, mounted on his noble steed, attended by his braves, his countenance radiant with the soul of friendship, and have been proud to grasp his hand and call him "friend." There, about thirty miles south-west of what is known as Fremont's Peak, and forty



west of the summit ridge of the Rocky Mountains, were forged, by Christian love, the chains that bind the heart of the *Nez-Perces* nation, the noblest, truest, bravest, and most elevated of all the tribes of the interior of our continent, to the Americans to this day.

Three or four hundred mountain men, with perhaps two thousand Indians, had gathered at the rendezvous, and for several days this valley of the Colorado was a scene of the wildest excitement. The Cayoses and *Nez-Perces* from the west, the Blackfeet and Flat-Heads of the north, the Sioux of the east, and the Pi Utes of the south had gathered on this mutual ground, and for a time the bow was unstrung, the scalp-dance ceased, and the war-cry slumbered in silence. The appearance of two cultivated and talented white women in this fierce throng was like the rising of a new day to the wild adventurers of the chase and the scout. They were the living images of distant mothers and sisters, and as these bronzed men looked upon it tears suffused their eyes, and many of them turned away to hide the pearly evidence that they had not quite buried their hearts in the hot dust of the desert. The piety, intelligence, and kindness of Mrs. Whitman gave lavish contributions of happiness to these dreary hearts. Seventeen years later one of these men related to me the scenes and inspirations of that hour. His eye, already dimming somewhat with advancing age, kindled afresh with the light of a pleasant memory, as he said, "From that day I was a better man."

The missionaries, especially Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, received marked attentions and many expressions of kindness from the whole band of mountaineers. Much of this was due to one of these incidents, so slight, apparently, in themselves, and yet so mighty in shaping future history, the real importance of which we seldom see till we gather their results. One year before, in the camp of mountain men, the dreaded cholera had broken out with fearful violence, spreading terror and dismay around. Dr. Whitman, a most skillful physician, then on his journey of exploration, improvised such remedies as he could, adopted a most vigorous treatment, and in a few hours banished it entirely from the camp. He had also performed an important and difficult surgical operation on the person of the celebrated Captain Bridger. In one of his terrible conflicts with the Blackfeet he had received an arrow, the point of which had struck the backbone, bending the iron and hooking it firmly around the great tendon of the back. There it had remained imbedded for years. The Doctor cut it, unhooked it, and relieved the

mountaineer from his suffering and danger. Captain Bridger afterward testified his estimate of the services of Dr. Whitman by putting his daughter under his tuition and care, and she became one of the victims in the tragedy hereafter to be related.

On the twenty-first day of August the missionaries emerged from the timbered defiles of the Blue Mountains, and stood on an elevated prairie summit overlooking the great valley of the middle Columbia. The deserts, the wilderness, were passed. Unknown to statesmen, and really intent only on filling the measure of high religious consecration, these wives had solved the problem of the future of the land which God now showed them. The prayers, the songs of that evening, were like those of Moses on Nebo, or Miriam's at the Red Sea's crossing. These prayers jarred principalities and powers. These songs were a prophecy fulfilled, fulfilling, and to be fulfilled over a land then greeting unconsciously the dawning of the day of American civilization.

The eleven years which followed the establishment of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman at Waiiletpu would alone furnish material for a volume replete with the records of Christian chivalry. It is hard, indeed, for one now passing over that consecrated ground, where trade is dinning its confusion, to realize the dread and utter desolation of the hour, when, for the first time, the song of praise to the world's Redeemer ascended thence to the skies. Still more difficult would it be to realize the feelings with which that devoted pair pitched their "tabernacles in the wilderness." The night before them was dark. Would it ever have a morning? Would the watchman ever say, "It cometh?" Perhaps a sad prescience of the final and bloody crowning of their work inspired them, as Him of Nazareth, to say, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day." If it did not they worked as though it did. Buildings were to be erected out of such material as the country afforded, a farm to be opened and fenced, a school to be organized, and all the attendants and surroundings of civilization and Christianity to be displayed, so that the Indians might learn that some white men had higher purposes of life than could be found in the pursuits of the chase, the carousals of the camp, or the adventures of trade. Their past observation of civilized humanity had been confined to the traders and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, and those strolling wanderers who had strayed through the fastnesses of the mountains, and by long contact with barbarism had become scarcely less than savage themselves. The

presence and associations of Romish priests, living with and as the Indians, while proselyting some to the mere outward symbols of a faith itself half pagan, had failed to invest the proselytes with any of the higher attributes of Christian life. There was a reason. The fruit was as the tree. When Mrs. Whitman, with her fair blue eyes, soul-lit, and irradiated with the light of a deep spiritual life, looked out on that night the dawn of its morning had come. The star only shines the more resplendent for the darkness of the night below. Yet to set a solitary star in so wide a night, though it were one of the first magnitude, seems sad and gloomy. And only that this fair daughter of American Protestantism possessed, in excellent combination, the rarest elements of moral, physical, and spiritual womanhood, she would have been unable to contend with the darkness. But God, having reserved great things for her to do, gave her corresponding abilities and disposition. High womanliness of form and mien, clear, brilliant eyes, light golden hair in strange contrast with the raven tresses of the dusky Eves around her, and a voice of surpassing sweetness and culture, were the physical base of that indescribable spiritual power which reached and affected all within the circle of her acquaintance. These splendid abilities were freely devoted to the details of religious toil, disdaining not to lead the pagan soul, polluted with the superstitions of ages, to the altar and the cross. Gradually thus Waiiletpu became the sanctuary unto which imperiled souls fled, till it proved their Bethel, God's house, heaven's gate. But we must content ourselves to let these weary years of toil have their record in the book of heaven.

In the midst of broad plans and deep consecration, early in the year 1840, the gloom of a sad bereavement fell on the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. Their daughter, the first white child born on the Pacific slope, when two years and six months old, was drowned in the Walla Walla River. Standing thus alone, and committing their dear, their only child to an inhospitable grave thousands of miles away from kindred and sympathizing hearts, they felt their burden of sorrow was too heavy. They did not then see that God was not reserving her for the more cruel fate of the tomahawk. Though the maternal affections of Mrs. Whitman were thus drawn to other and brighter worlds, her heart seemed to embrace the more, in its generous motherhood, any poor outcast—any motherless child which Providence cast at her door. One Autumn morning she was called to the door of her dwelling by a rough, strange voice. She

met an uncouth salutation from the uncultivated driver of an ox team, who threw at her feet a family of seven orphan children, the youngest four months, the eldest thirteen years of age. These children, without acquaintance, friend, or relative, both parents sleeping beneath the dust of the plains, found acquaintance, friend, and relative in Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, who tenderly cared for their wants, trained and educated them, till the bloody vail of the 29th of November, 1847, was drawn on the scene.

In the Autumn of 1842 it became apparent to Dr. Whitman, from conversations had in his presence by gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by the arrival of a colony of one hundred and forty souls from Lake Winnipeg and the Red River of the North to settle permanently in the country, that a deep-laid plot was about to culminate successfully to secure the title to Oregon to the British Government. He astonished his family, the mission, and all the whites in the country, by the announcement of his determination to proceed at once to Washington and thwart, if possible, that design. To cross the Rocky Mountains in the deep Winter, to brave the cold and meet the storms of the mountain deserts, to dare almost unattended the dangers of savage ambush, were to them fearful facts—to him only the necessary incidents in the consummation of his grand and patriotic conception. His wife alone, of all around with whom he could advise, seemed capable of rising to the lofty idea. These two great minds comprehended the issues of the hour. They saw that action has posthumous relationship, and down the distant years of a coming history rivaling the recordings of ancient story; they saw the deprivations, and toils, and trials of the present bringing forth fruit of wealth, and rest, and safety to a nation of freemen soon to swarm through the valleys of the Pacific. Which exhibited the greater heroism, he in encountering the fearful perils of that journey through the mountains of Utah and New Mexico, or she in remaining almost alone among the savages of the North-West for the year of his necessary absence, it is difficult to tell. Both acts rise into the morally sublime.

In this paper we have room but for a single incident of that perilous journey. On the morning of the thirteenth day of January, 1843, one of the most bitterly cold and stormy days on record all over our country, the Doctor left his night's camp, in a deep gorge of the mountains of New Mexico, to pursue his journey. A few miles brought him to an exposed divide, over which the storm swept so fearfully that his animals became frantic and refused to proceed.

He saw his peril, and attempted to retrace his steps, but the rapidly falling snow obliterated every trace of his way, and hemmed in his vision to a circle of a few rods in diameter. Commending himself and his distant wife to God, he gave himself up to Providence to be led out, or to be entombed in a snowy grave. Suddenly one of the mules plunged off into the white wilderness, and through deep snow drifts, down frightful precipices, unguided and unurged, led the Doctor and his single companion back to the camp of the night before. Here, for many days walled in by snow upon snow, this noble man awaited the guiding hand that was to lead him out of his peril and safely on his way.

On the arrival of Dr. Whitman in Washington, in March, of 1843, the Webster-Ashburton treaty, by which the United States were to relinquish to England the title to that part of Oregon north of the Columbia River, in consideration of certain fishing privileges on the eastern banks, was about to be executed. He found that he had not started one day too soon to save the North-West coast to the United States. On his representations of the value of the country, and of the practicability of a wagon road across the continent to the Columbia, the President hesitated; but when these representations were enforced by the fact that the Doctor's own wife, accompanied by only one white lady companion, had already crossed the continent, and was now in the valley of the Walla Walla, a lone representative of Christianity and American civilization, he hesitated no longer, but adopted that course of action which resulted in securing to the United States the title to Oregon up to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, and will eventually give us the whole of the North-West coast.

Once more crossing the continent at the head of the first emigration to the shores of the Pacific, baffling the armed hostility of savages, and the wily stratagems of the officers of that great British monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company, which had so long ruled over the plains of the Columbia, and which dreaded the presence and rivalry of simple American citizens, Dr. Whitman again reached Waiiletpu in the Autumn of 1844. By those whom he had led to the country he was regarded now, not as a missionary merely, but as well a statesman and a hero. By those whose plans and machinations he had defeated he was regarded with coldness and distrust. Yet, apparently thoughtless of the evil influences which were spreading abroad among the Indians, begun and fostered by the crafty diplomacy of an insidious priesthood, he again devoted himself to the fulfillment

of his uncompleted mission. That mission had now become, not what those who sent him first supposed it would be, the conversion of a few pagans to Christianity only, but the Americanization of half a continent, and its dedication in the principles of freedom to the religion of Christ. In all this his counselor and his truest guide was his wife. For near three years longer this work continued, till the emigrations of 1845, 1846, and 1847, following the wheels of that of 1844, had crossed the Blue Mountains and passed down to the prairies.

But a cloud is now rapidly gathering over Waiiletpu. The teachings and examples of the sordid corporations where policies were carried out by able and unscrupulous agents, entertaining no thought and having no aim toward the Indian tribes only to make them minister to the accumulating wrath they had been gathering for so many years from these wildernesses, were producing their inevitable if not designed effect. Added to these the influence of Romish priests, whose relentless sectarianism condemned all not of their communion, however pure and spotless their lives, to the pains of purgatory, wrought on the deep and superstitious nature of the Indians, and fanned to intense heat the fires already burning in their hearts. It is enough for the purposes of history to note these results. Designs they may not have been. Charity to our common humanity leads us to believe they were not. But the fire the inadvertent hand of a child may kindle, is not less destructive than that which the premeditated wickedness of the incendiary lights. So here. The results were of a character to appall the stoutest hearts. We come with trembling steps around the scenes that plunge the drama into tragedy.

For months the danger of their situation had been gradually unfolding itself to the minds of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. They were aware that there was a party among the Indians whose jealous and evil eye was watching them with malicious intent. Friends had warned them. But though they could see their danger, and had courage to face it, they had not courage to leave their post. They knew they were treading on the borders of the unseen, and that any hour might lift the veil. The Indians were gathered in numbers, painted and plumed, and swarmed around Waiiletpu.

The soft light of the 29th day of November, 1847, crept through the pines that crowned the brow of the Blue Mountains eastward of the Walla Walla Valley, disclosing as lovely a scene as ever slumbered in the calmness of morning. But the brightness and beauty without found no

reflection in the hearts of the Indians, who were engaged in deep plottings of murder and blood. Dr. Whitman, who had been absent from his home and had just returned, was seen in earnest conversation with his wife. He was called from this conversation to attend to the burial of an Indian child, after which he returned to his house. At this moment the door opened and an Indian called the Doctor to compound some medicine. Stepping into an adjoining room he sat down and began to converse with the Indian, when another, Tamahoes by name, stepped behind him, drew a pipe tomahawk from beneath his blanket, and with one blow buried it in his brain. Another blow prostrated him upon the floor, when the Indian wrenched away the tomahawk and left the room. Mrs. Whitman, assisted by a Mrs. Hall, drew the body of the Doctor into the sitting-room, and while attempting to stanch the flowing blood appealed to him most piteously, "Doctor, my dear, do you know me?" The dying martyr moved his lips, but he was to speak no more. The awful night of bereavement and widowhood settled down on the living heart of the wife of the dead husband; but with a fearful struggle of resignation she said, "O God, thy will be done!" But her frame shivered and shook in the tempest and darkness.

The death of the Doctor was the signal for the commencement of a general massacre. Without Indians were yelling, guns roaring, women shrieking, and men calling upon God for help. Closing her husband's eyes Mrs. Whitman went to a window and looked out. Near by stood Jo Lewis, a half-breed Iroquois from Maine, and speaking the English as his vernacular, to whom she addressed a question. He replied to her question by raising his rifle and deliberately shooting her. She fell backward apparently dead, but afterward revived enough to utter a prayer for the children of her missionary charge, and soon after expired. Thus her last thoughts, while her flowing blood was mingling with that of her husband, were for that work to which together they consecrated their life eleven years before, and which here they closed together, one in martyrdom and one in devotion.

Without reciting the mournful details of the tragic day which made Waiiletpu forever famous in the annals of missionary martyrdom we close our records. But history will write on. After ages will pay their due tribute of honor to the brave and Christian men and women who were alike the founders of empire and the servants of Christ. Missionary zeal will relume its ardor at the mention of Waiiletpu, and with mightier

consecration to the faith go forth "conquering and to conquer."

Near the banks of the Walla Walla, in a lowly grave unmarked by an inscription, the mortal remains of Doctor and Mrs. Whitman are slumbering away the years. They sleep not far from the spot where the consecrated years of their mature life were so lavishly given to that noblest of all work, raising the fallen and saving the lost. Living, they were the peers of such heroes and heroines as Doctor and Ann Hasseltine Judson, and, dying, their memory is entitled to the same enshrinement in the grateful regards of a Church indebted to them for one of the finest illustrations of the purity and power of the ancient faith, and when He whom they served with such special devotion shall assemble his best beloved, they of the eastern shall greet them of the western shore of the Pacific and hail them fellow-heirs to the martyr's robe and crown.

#### NOONDAY DREAMING.

THE sunshine is an opiate to-day,  
For it has lulled the furious winds to rest,  
Which came last night from out the angry west,  
And howled till morning in their mad foray.

How drowsy it has made the forest trees,  
That, moaning in the darkness, had no sleep!  
In pasture shades repose the cows and sheep,  
And muffled seem the drums of all the bees.

The birds that woke us in the early dawn,  
Reminding us of heart-felt praises, due  
For heaven's blessings, which are daily new,  
To rest among the silent bowers have gone.

Huge warrior-clouds that fought the sea all night  
And with exulting thunders poured their hail  
On stern-browed mountains, clad in rocky mail,  
Now tent the azure fields in shattered plight.

The baptized earth a languid mist exhales,  
Which gives the sultry air a dreamy haze  
That would remind us of our Autumn days  
But for the green hills and the fragrant vales.

Who would not quit the busy haunts of men  
To breathe this air and feel this rural calm?  
Who could not find in this retreat a balm  
To make the saddest heart rejoice again?

Who would not dream beneath this old oak-tree,  
Whose arm-like branches stretch to shield my head,  
And weave into his noonday dreams a thread  
Of thoughts poetic such as come to me?

'T is good to cast our worldly chains away,  
And take a Summer sleep in Nature's arms;  
'T is good to feel the power of her charms,  
And hear what her wild children have to say.



It augurs something hopeful for our race  
That we build many castles in the air ;  
What if we wake to find they are not there ?  
The disappointment makes us grow in grace !

Though man is powerless to change the fate  
That daily bread shall come by toil and sweat,  
We can awhile the primal curse forget,  
And dream ourselves into an Eden state.

To see in visions what *should* be on earth,  
To tell of the great kingdom that shall come—  
To show divinity that makes us dumb—  
For this the dreamers of the world have birth.

What though to Mammon's sons they seem so cold,  
And walk alone with careless, mopish mien,  
What though in marts of commerce never seen,  
Do they not give us better wealth than gold ?

Prefigured in each peaceful scene like this,  
They see by faith the calm millennial day,  
When storms of sin shall all have passed away—  
They drink sweet prelibations of its bliss.

They live to prove for us a glorious heaven,  
Far, far beyond the cloud-tents of the skies,  
We read in the keen hunger of their eyes,  
"We want immortal life—it will be given."

Then let our sun sink down into its west,  
And death's dark night with all its terrors come,  
Since man's best dreams about our future home  
Will have fulfillment in its noonday rest.

### EARTHLY HOPES.

I WATCHED a rose-tree growing,  
Which soon my bower would charm ;  
I longed to see a-blowing  
One bud of beauteous form.

I closely looked, each morn, to see if yet began to show  
Between its emerald coverings, its beauteous crimson glow.

Soon swelling and unfolding,  
It opened to my view,  
My longing sight beholding  
Its bright, unrivaled hue ;

But as upon my flower I gazed with proud, enraptured eyes,  
The canker stole within its heart and robbed me of my prize.

I saw a streamlet gushing  
Forth from a hill-side green ;  
I listened to its rushing  
And watched its sparkling sheen,

Its soft, sweet music-tones to me with melody were rife,  
And I almost thought 't was sent to bless and cheer my lonely life.

I thought its gentle murmur  
Would soothe me many a day,  
But I thought not of the Summer  
That was passing swift away.

Days sped—dark Winter came and bound in icy bands my stream,  
And its song were henceforth naught to me but a memory or a dream.

And once a cloudlet noting,  
With beauteous golden crest,  
Which seemed an angel floating  
Off to its heavenly rest—

I turned to call a friend, with me to watch it onward soar,  
We came—the cloud had vanished—I saw it nevermore !

But closer still than either  
I watched a *human* flower—  
An angel God sent hither  
To brighten my *home*-bower ;

And as I felt, each passing day, how dear she was to me,  
I could not help but fear *she* too from my embrace would flee.

Ah ! soon, my sad fears proving,  
Death claimed from out our band  
This flower, so lovely and loving,  
And bore her to that land,

Where death, nor time, nor earthly blight can ever reach her more—  
Where I yet again may meet her—the dread of parting o'er.

And thus is ever fleeting  
Each hope that's fixed below ;  
Each pulse with joy that's beating,  
Soon must throb with woe !

Soon, soon we find that every thing most dearly cherished here,  
Will quickly flee and leave our hearts all blighted, lone, and drear.

But soon the Spring returning,  
Will, with its gentle rain,  
Give to the lone heart's yearning  
The brooks and flowers again ;

And soon the love-links broken here, will form a chain in heaven,  
More lasting, bright, and beautified than e'er to earth was given.

DEAR, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,  
Shining no where but in the dark,  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !  
He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know

At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair field or grove he sings in now—  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,

And into glory peep.

Henry Vaughan.

## THE ENFORCED PAUSES OF LIFE.

IT seems that in old Scandinavia there were trolls, or lubber dwarfs, who were always busy; who *never* knew what it was to repose. A country fellow—as I remember the story, which I quote upon the strength of a child's recollections—employed one of these trolls to assist him in stealing a quantity of wheat from another countryman's barn. "Take a little more, Mr. Troll, take a little more," says the thief, "by and by you shall have some rest." So the troll takes a little more, saying, however, "Rest, rest! What is rest?" Off they go, the pair of them, carrying heavy loads of the stolen goods. When they are at a safe distance from the scene of their theft, they sit down for a rest.

"O," says the troll, "if I had only known how good rest is, I would have brought away the entire barn!"

Most of us know how good rest is, and are ready enough to take it, though not always when we need it; on the other hand, it is sometimes forced upon us in a way that teaches more than one lesson. We find, in the compelled pauses of our lives, that the world can do without us, and that it is a good thing to be occasionally cut off from it. How nice it is to *let alone*; how nice to *be let alone*!

Nearly all forms of traveling give us some degree of this kind of feeling. Not, of course, riding in an omnibus, for there is no telling whom you may meet in it; but in some degree riding in a cab, and in a considerable degree, riding on the railway for any distance. In a cab you may lean back so that nobody can see you; and you may shut your eyes upon the hard faces, and squalid dresses, and filthy gutters, and frowzy corners of the streets. Nobody is likely to stop the carriage—and nobody *can* stop a train! So that, unless you have unpleasant fellow-travelers, you are comfortably shut up from the rest of the world, with a delicious sensation that there is no drawbridge. It is an old remark that, from a similar point of view, a sea voyage is delightful. Nobody can knock at the door. If you are ill, nobody can look in to condole; and how delightful *that* is sometimes—to escape being reminded that you are not well! On the other hand, you have your own delicious incapacities. You can not knock at any body else's door. If something nasty occurs to you, you can not write it, and post it to a friend—who would be vexed by it. A masterly inactivity is forced upon you. Your whole being lies fallow. Ceasing to plague and to be plagued; knowing that the great world gets on without your fretting and fuming about it; and

yet retaining a keen sense of your own vitality—O, it must be a pleasant situation! A keen sense of your own vitality you *must* have, for the mind puts forth an immense fresh elasticity of power in the presence of vast suggestive spaces, and magnificent sights and sounds, such as are round it on the great deep; and yet there is rest, and a triumphant immunity.

The forced repose which accompanies very severe illness, or confinement to the house on a wet day, or the recovery from a swoon, brings with it something of the same soothing effect. In the midst of a heavy personal trouble, or a serious enterprise, which seems to demand the most strenuous effort on your own part, you are suddenly stricken with illness. The oars drop from your hands, and the boat—does it stop? No, thank God, it pulls through, it gets safely past the rapids, and you have to reflect, amid the fretfulness of returning health, what a useless, unimportant fellow you are. Or again. For days past you have been earnestly working your affairs up to a certain point for a certain day, "sharp." Perhaps you have even fixed the hour at which a particular iron shall be hot, and shall be struck by your energetic hand. On that day it comes on to rain, thunder, and lighten so furiously that all the world stays indoors, and you, not being quite well, feel that you must. The next day you go out with the intention of taking up the broken thread and working it into your scheme, but find that the course of events has superseded your ingenious activity, and your efforts are not required. Not unfrequently the new turn which things have taken is felicitous; but let it be clearly understood that this does not condemn your activity, or show that it could have been spared. It may not *appear* to have any connection with the result, but you and I do not know quite every thing, and there may be a real though invisible connection between things the most remote.

Taking care not to draw the false moral from any thing of this kind that happens in our lives, we may yet draw the right one. How much have we all suffered, as some French epigrammatist says, in rhyme, from evils that never occurred! How exaggerated are some of our strivings! Napoleon, as we have all read, used to leave his letters unopened for days, and then find with cynical joy, on breaking their seals at last, that the majority had answered themselves. Of course this might and would happen in more ways than one. For instance, the poor sick man's letter, begging the loan of a sovereign to buy food with, has clearly answered itself, if at the end of a week you find the sick man is dead, and are quite sure the widow will not

come to ask you for a sovereign toward the funeral expenses. But, in the majority of the instances in which the letters no longer want answering, it is pretty certainly because the writers were over-urgent about things which have arranged themselves without interference. The fact is, we get upon inclined planes in our little affairs, and become heated with the "wind of our own speed," and then of course we exaggerate the consequence of our own efforts, and of what others can do for us. But we must not allow this sort of reflection upon life to suggest the foolish and wicked paradox that indifference stands as good a chance as energy. Nobody who loves the truth ever pushes this suggestion beyond a joke. Drunkards and fools do escape strange pitfalls, and do fall into the laps of easy fortunes; but the very surprise the thing occasions is enough to indicate its place in the classification of events.

I have myself, I confess, so keen a sense of the value to us all of enforced pauses in the ordinary activity of life, that, though I can not wholly see the force of the dogmatic argument for a Sabbath, I have never taken part in any movement for de-sabbatizing the first day of the week. Scarcely any thing in life is so sweet to me as the repose of Sunday—the soothing suggestions of its devouter offices, its silence, its calm, its immunities. Defoe, when he was in difficulties, was called the Sunday gentleman, because he only went abroad upon the day on which bailiffs had no power; but others, not in difficulties, may be permitted to rejoice in the certainty of being let alone on Sundays. For my part I had never, since I can recollect at all, awoke on a Sunday morning without a sense of triumph in the quiet hours that were before me. Sunday was always the day on which I rose early, in order to have as much as possible of its peace and sweetness. It is still the same with me. No postman comes to-day, with his double knock. No butcher rings the bell for orders. No carts go clattering through the streets. Even the doctor seems to find less to do.

And now, in these soft, unfretted moments, causes of irritation seem less than they did yesterday; we pause upon the momentous step; the bent bow of half-angry energy is relaxed; the mist of passion has time to thin away a little; we come to the end of the gentle day with a pang, and go to bed with a regretful thought that to-morrow is Monday. I say *we*, feeling sure that my own experience can not be solitary—but it *is* mine, and much more keenly mine than the pen can tell you. The influence of an enforced pause in clearing the mind may

be great. How often does it happen that we fail to see because we look too hard! We *look* at the picture, or the landscape; we attack it, so to speak, with our eyes; and we miss the beauty of it. But another day, when we are a little relaxed in our will, the landscape or the picture is permitted to look at us, and the calm receptivity of a languor, enforced it may be by illness, takes in the loveliness we missed when we were at pains to see.

These things are commonplaces of human experience, and to speak of them is not to teach, but to recite what is known. Not less familiar, and not less interesting as a topic of meditation, is the importance of placing a solid block of oblivion, if possible, between any great shock of pain or disappointment, and our next effort. True or not, that is a good story which relates how some one, suddenly overthrown and baffled in his career, told his valet to give him forty drops of laudanum, and let him sleep till he awoke of his own accord. That sounds very like suicide; but the truth is, if short enforced pauses could always be secured, the temptation to suicide would be removed. Believe it who please, I do not believe that the science of anæsthetics is even in its infancy, as yet. Not opium nor chloroform, not poppies nor mandragora, not drowsy sirups; but something, something has yet to be won from the secrets of the borderland upon which psychology and physiology knock their heads together in the twilight. It is, doubtless, a most shy and recondite something. The mesmerist, the hypnotist, and the magician have not hit it. Nor did that celebrated gentleman, an Indian officer I think, who had acquired the knack of stopping the beating of his own heart, and at last performed the experiment once too often. But when, upon my pronouncing the exquisite word *anodyne*, some rude fellow speaks of ether on lump sugar, or an opium pill, I own it makes me feel a little insulted.

I did once begin a recipe—*Take equal quantities of rippling water, true love, falling rose-leaves, firm faith, sweet music, swan's down*—ah! I shall never finish it till some enforced pause in my affairs gives me the requisite leisure. But that so beautiful a word as *anodyne* must have an equivalent in fact and nature, is so highly probable that one can not easily relinquish all hope of finding it. Can it lie concealed in the crypt which hides the squared circle, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life? There *was* a charm—but Merlin told it to Vivien in Broceliande! There *was* a charm—but it was a charm to waken, and not to soothe; so she awoke, and went across the hills with him,

leaving the story of her slumber to fascinate the sweet poet:

"Well, were it not a pleasant thing  
To fall asleep with all one's friends;  
To pass with all our social ties  
To silence from the paths of men;  
And every hundred years to rise,  
And leave the world, and sleep again,  
To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,  
And wake on science grown to more,  
On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
As wild as aught of fairy-lore;  
And all that else the years will show,  
The poet-forms of stronger hours,  
The vast Republics that may grow,  
The Federations and the Powers: . . .  
So sleeping, so aroused from sleep  
Thro' sunny decades new and strange,  
Or gay quinquennials, we would reap  
The flower and quintessence of change."

There is a too daring luxury in all this! There is an excess of certainty about it, and yet a terror of uncertainty. As for me, I should never sleep if I knew I was wound up, like an alarum, to wake at a given time. On the other hand, there might be a mistake; the prince might never find his way to the palace. No; my anodyne must be something far simpler. It must be uncertain in the duration of its effects, but it must not last longer than while one might stay in an easy chair, or in bed, with decency, and without exciting the coroner to hold an inquest. As for sleeping a century, or five centuries—a "gay quinquenniad"—it seems absurd to go to bed for that; one ought to have a proper vault in a cemetery. Let us, as Sydney Smith said, take short views. Nathaniel Hawthorne maintained that what the world at present needed was a nap, and that moderate expression just hits off the purpose for which I want somebody to discover an anodyne. In the mean while, I am not always thankful to those who, in their anxiety to "save time," are skillful in shortening the enforced pauses of life. I am by no means always desirous to make a journey short; on the contrary, I often wish it to last as long as possible; and as for Sunday—if any body could succeed in turning the one which will dawn to-morrow into a sabbatic year, I should thank him with every pulse of my being.

Beware of a delusion in the matter of your salvation. Woe, woe forevermore, to them that lose that prize. For what is behind when the soul is once lost, but that sinners warm their bits of clay-houses at a fire of their own kindling, for a day or two, which doth rather suffocate with its smoke than warm them; and at length it doth lie down in sorrow, and are clothed with everlasting shame.

#### WHAT A DYING MAN THINKS ABOUT.

IT is not always wise to seek to know things before the time. Nevertheless, feeling that a certain event is before us all, is sure to come, absolutely inevitable, it may not be altogether out of place to anticipate it in our thoughts, and try to form some idea of it before it arrives. How does a man feel when he is dying? What does he think of; and how do things look from this peculiar point of view? Amid the varying circumstances of ordinary life, we do not always see with the same eyes. The same fact appears dark or bright, important or trifling, according to the mood we are in at the time. Sometimes we are able to trace the causes of our changing estimates, but not always.

In the morning, when our bodies are strong, we are more enterprising, more hopeful, than when we are weary and worn down by toil. A slight illness will cast a cloud over all our prospects, and make us despond where we had been confident. The youth of seventeen, and the veteran of seventy, may be endowed with the same native strength of reason, yet they differ in regard to the value of things; they weigh the various objects of human desire in different balances, so that what one considers weighty, the other may pronounce light and worthless.

A great success or an overwhelming calamity may even change all our views of life and its concerns, and rend away the mind from its old foundation, to build it up upon a new one, and turn thought and desire into new channels. But if minor events and circumstances change our views, and cause us to see things in new lights, will not approaching Death do the same in a still greater degree? It will separate us from our present employments; it will sunder all our present ties; it will rend away all our present possessions; it will end our present toil and care, and close up our earthly record. How, then, will we feel; what will we think of; how will we reason, when the hour comes? How will things appear when seen through the gathering mists of dissolution? As that event is fast approaching, will it not be well for us to ask ourselves these questions? We need not lose our interest in our present employments and present concerns; still, will it not be wise for us to inquire, now and then, whether, with all our sharpness of vision, we see things as they really are? Do we now see them as we shall hereafter? These are hard questions to answer. The mood we are in, at any given time, seems to us to be our normal condition; and the view which we take of matters and things appears, at the moment, to be the only



possible view, and yet a change may come as suddenly as the dropping of a mask. Will all masks fall when we come to the last scene of the drama? To test this, let us imagine the close of our earthly career. And notwithstanding this in the *Ladies' Repository*, we will assume that the reader is a man, and that the various relations of life may be duly represented; we will assume that he is a husband and a father, and a reputable member of the Church; in short, that he is a sort of average man, and that he is going to die in about the usual way. You then, dear reader, are supposed to be the man; so rouse up, and give the case a fair hearing, seeing that what is now mere conjecture and imagination will soon be more than fancy.

Suppose that you awake, say some morning next week, conscious that your sleep has not been refreshing. You are weary, weak, dispirited. You rise, and try to eat your morning meal as usual. You go to your place of business, hoping that your ill feelings will wear off, as they have done many a time before. But they do not wear off, and business drags heavily. You are conscious that there is a weight upon body and mind. Before the usual hour comes, you determine to go home and rest. You are anxious about certain items of business, but you content yourself with giving your clerk special instructions. You close day-book and ledger, tell him what to do with the key of the safe, and then you depart with weary steps, and with your mind shadowed by an indefinable dread and despondency, which you try to account for, but can not. Reaching your house, you tell your wife that you do not feel exactly well, and so concluded to come home early. You lie down on a sofa, and try to sleep. Thoughts of business still follow you, and you send a message in regard to something which you forgot while there, and again you lie down, close your eyes, and try to sleep. Your slumbers are broken, and mingled with dreams of pain, loss, or danger, from which you wake with a start. Night comes, and you go to bed, comforting yourself with the hope that morning will find you well again. Your sleep is troubled and unrefreshing, and when the morning comes, you make an effort to rise, and find yourself weak and dizzy with the attempt. Your wife insists on sending for the physician; you tell her that there is no necessity for it, that you will be all right in a day or two; but you finally consent. The doctor comes, and you explain to him that there is no special need of his services, but that your wife, good, anxious soul that she is, urged it, and you consented to gratify her. He looks at you closely,

hears your explanation, nods his head quietly, prepares his prescriptions, gives his directions, and departs. Another weary day, another weary night passes. You begin to feel that you are really sick. There is a fire burning in your veins; there is a weight upon brain and heart, such as you never before felt. Again the physician comes, and as he looks at you, you fancy that you see a shadow rest for a moment on his face; but you look again, and see nothing but his usual quiet smile. He gives directions, a little peremptorily you think, and once more leaves you. The weary days and nights go on, and you are conscious that your strength is failing, and the disease is gaining ground. Your intimate friend calls to see you, and offers to come and sit up with you at night. You see no necessity for it, and are about to tell him so, but before you have uttered the word, your wife accepts the proffer, and you make no objection. He comes, according to promise, and you are surprised to see how gently and tenderly he waits upon you, and how noiselessly he moves. But you miss one thing; his face is a great deal too thoughtful, and he seems to have lost all his love of humor. What can be the matter with him? The next night there are two watchers. You have long known them both, but you never before saw them so silent. While you are lying with your eyes partially closed, they think that you are sleeping, and you hear them whisper together, and one of them looks over toward you, shakes his head sadly, and sighs. What can it all mean? You hear the clock strike three. Your wife comes in as noiselessly as a shadow. She looks at you for a few moments in the dim light, and then all three whisper together. She goes out again, and you fancy that you hear, through the partition that divides your room from another, sounds like some one weeping. You rouse up, and inquire what the matter is—whether any thing has happened to the children. They reply that the children are all well; but they evidently wish you not to ask questions. And still the weary days and weary nights come and go. You feel that your strength is waning every hour; your voice is feeble, and sounds strangely, so that you yourself hardly recognize it, and the least exertion brings upon you such a faintness as you never before experienced. Your wife's face grows paler and sadder, and you see traces of tears there every day. You inquire why the children do not come in to see you; and you are told that your neighbor has offered to keep them a day or two. You think that your neighbor's offer is a strange one—very kind, to be

sure; but why should such an offer be made, and why should it be accepted without consulting you?

At last some morning your friend comes and sits down by your bedside. Without inquiring how you are, as usual, he holds your hand in silence a long while, and you feel his hand tremble. You wonder at his conduct, and turn your head wearily upon the pillow to look at him. He reads the question in your eyes, and begins, "My dear friend, they wish me to tell you"—here he suddenly breaks down, his voice chokes; he starts up, walks to the window, and stands there some minutes as if looking out at something, and you see him feeling for his handkerchief with a shaking hand that can hardly find the pocket. He returns to your bed, and finally commands his voice sufficiently to tell you that there is no hope of your recovery; that nothing more can be done for you, and that you must die. Ah, the mysteries of the past few days are explained. You understand now what meant those whispers and sad looks, those traces of tears on the faces that you love—that sound of sobs in the next room. Your thoughts flash backward to the days of your childhood, and trace all your life seemingly in a moment of time. They flash onward to the future, and you gaze, as you never before gazed, into the grave, and at the throne of God, and onward into the depths of eternity.

*How brief will life seem to you in that hour!* A single glance bears you back to your childhood. There, but a little way off, is the beginning, and here is the end. How short the path that reaches from the one to the other! Yet that brief path is life—all that you have had, and all that you can have, save a few fleeting hours. How long to your youthful eye thirty, forty, fifty years once seemed as you looked forward to them! How short they seem as you look back at them! And then the few hours that remain, how you dread them! You think of death; the process of dying; the pain that may accompany dissolution. How feels the soul when the eyes are dim, and the breath is scarce perceptible, and the pulse feebly beats, and ceases, and feebly beats again! You think of the funeral. There is to be a gathering of your friends and neighbors, and services held in your house, and then a procession and a burial, and over your face the coffin-lid is to be screwed down, and the straw scattered, and the earth fall from the spades.

*You will think of your family*—wife, sons, daughters. You name them to yourself in a whisper. How you love them! You never realized before how fervent and deep is your re-

gard for them. You think of your wife as a widow, and of your children as fatherless, and you would weep at the thought were not the fountain of tears strangely dry. You wish that you had been more kind and affectionate. You ask yourself whether you have done all you should to prepare them for the duties and trials of life. Again you name them all, from the eldest to the youngest; and as you think of the little ones, now separated from complete orphanage only by another life, still more frail than yours, a few days ago, seemed to be, and your heart almost breaks.

*You will think of the way in which you have spent your life.*

You think of your worldly pursuits, and wonder at yourself for engaging in them as earnestly as you have done. How poor and vain riches seem now! How trifling a thing poverty itself appears! If you have succeeded and gathered much of this world's goods, you already feel that your property is passing from your grasp. A resistless tide is drifting you away from the shore where all your wealth is heaped. Not one grain of your gold can you take with you, and how valueless it seems!

You think of sin, disobedience to God, and O what folly and madness you see it to be! How beautiful in your eyes a blameless life looks! You wonder that you never saw these things before as you now see them. You feel that approaching death has caused the scales to drop from your eyes, and that your sight was never really clear till the present hour.

*You gaze onward to the world which you are just entering.*

There is the judgment-seat of God, surrounded with awful grandeur. You think of the moment approaching so swiftly, when you must stand before the throne and give an account of the "deeds done in the body." How will you endure his piercing eye? How will you stand the test? You look back at your life and feel ashamed. If you have failed to truly make your peace with God, what terror and remorse seize upon you! You think of God's goodness to you in calling you by his Word and his Spirit. You recall the time when you were almost persuaded to seek the Savior, and bitterly you now reproach yourself for resisting Divine mercy. The promises you have made to God and then broken haunt your dying pillow. You think of your childhood, a father's prayer, a mother's dying advice and admonition, and how you wept and resolved, and how soon you forgot your resolutions. You think of heaven, and the thought that you have secured no title to it stabs you like a dagger. God's offers of mercy, so free,

and full, and generous, you were just on the point of accepting once, but temptation came, and you delayed till your desires were gone. How terrible a calamity it now seems to you to come so near and yet fail! You fix your thoughts eagerly and yet despairingly upon the bright home of the redeemed; as the wrecked sailor, dying with hunger, and thirst, and unavailing effort, floats helplessly on his poor raft past the green shore of some fertile island, and fixes his longing eyes upon the golden fruits and the bubbling fountains which he can not reach, and which are every moment receding from his sight.

You think of hell, as the same wrecked sailor, alone and helpless on his raft, with a stormy sky above him and an angry sea beneath, thinks with terror of the devouring whirlpool, into whose black abysses he knows that the current is steadily bearing him, and whose hollow roar is every moment growing louder. As you ponder over these things conscience lashes you and remorse gnaws your soul; and the very air of the room becomes thick with horror and dark with despair; and like one sinking into a pit, you throw up your hands with a sudden cry of agony; and when your attendants hurry to your side, and with anxious faces ask what the matter is, you pretend that some darting bodily pain caused you to groan, but you say that it is gone now.

But you may be conscious that you are a servant of God and an heir of heaven. If so, happy are you. And even then the dying hour will be a time for solemn thought. It will indeed bring no terror with it, yet will it be fraught with the solemnity which is inseparable from the conviction that eternity is at hand. You will examine anew the foundations of your hope of eternal life. You will ask yourself whether you have truly repented of your sins, whether you have truly believed in Christ, whether you now trust in him. You consider the past, and how faithful you find memory is to its trust. In many respects the recollection of your life has little pleasure in it. You see how imperfect has been the service which you have rendered God. You thought you were consistent and religious; you now feel that you were only half in earnest, that you only partially weighed the infinite interests involved. O, if you could only live the years over again, how careful, how zealous, how forgetful of present good, how intent on doing the Divine will you would be!

As you meditate on these things, you say with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." You turn to the Cross and there you again find peace. Jesus died for sinners; he died for you. "Yes," you whisper softly to yourself. "Yes, I

can trust in him; Jesus died for me. He is mine and I am his. His blood cleanseth from all sin. Death, I fear you not. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." How precious the Savior seems in that hour! How clear the consciousness that through him the sting is taken away! And again you say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

As you lie upon your couch waiting for the final moment, memory is very busy. You review your whole life, and you find that your estimate of various things has greatly changed within a very few hours. The worldly reverses which you once considered calamities, great misfortunes, you now regard as only trifles, and you wonder that you have so overrated them in the past. You wonder, too, that worldly success should have elated you as it has done.

You think of the friend, perhaps the Christian brother, with whom you once took sweet counsel, as you walked to the house of God in company, but from whom you became alienated—you can hardly tell how it began—and you feel a sharp pang at the heart. As suddenly as the dropping of a mask your actions stand before you wearing a new face. You see that you lacked meekness and caution at the beginning of the strife, forgetting that other men are of like passions with yourself; and after the unfortunate estrangement was created, you cherished your wounded feelings, and did not throw open as widely as you should the door of reconciliation, and keep it open, that Peace might pass through on her blessed errand. Enmity dies; love for that friend revives. You feel that, short as the time is, you must see him before you go hence and assure him that you have none but kind feelings for him now. And when he comes, you hold each other by the hand a long while in silence, unable to utter a word, while great tears run down the faces of both.

And still the slow hours come and go, still thought is busy. You think of the loved ones whom you are about to leave. Anxiety for them comes upon you like a cloud. How will they fare without you? How will the children be educated? Will the boys, as they grow older, continue to reverence their mother, or will they grow wayward and unmindful of her happiness? Again, the God of Jacob is your refuge, and you comfort your aching heart with the blessed promise, never so sweet as now, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." Peace comes on the wings of faith. You feel that God will not forget them; you think that the time is short and you will meet them all again.

And then your thoughts pass from the living to the dead. Your father died, long years ago, trusting in the sinner's Friend. Your mother passed away peacefully to "*the rest that remaineth for the people of God.*" You remember how they spoke words of cheer in the dying hour, bidding you, again and again, to be strong for God and the right, and meet them in the skies. And with their cold hand in yours, and with an almost bursting heart, you promised, by the help of God, to do it. You remember with what holy triumph they left these earthly shores, saying, "Farewell, we will meet above." You remember how friendless and desolate you felt as you turned away from the grave in which you laid them; and you almost wonder now that you should be in such heaviness because of their departure, seeing that the heavenly meeting, even then, was so near. You remember another grave, a little grave, where you laid down one of your children to rest. It almost broke your heart to do it. For years you saw, in dreams, that little innocent face, and felt those soft arms clasped about your neck, and you woke, to find it only a vision of the night. You remember that you have been accustomed to speak of the departed one as "the child that you lost." Lost? You recall the word. Lost, because gone to be with God? Lost, because borne from the conflict and sorrow of time to eternal blessedness and peace? You feel that the word is wrong, erroneous, false. The dead in Christ are not lost. They are *saved*. You think of them now as very near you, as waiting to greet you. You say,

"Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who have crossed to the other side;  
The gleam of their sunny robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide."

How near to you the eternal world appears! There was a time when it seemed far away, a land of shadows and mist. Now, to your wiser, better vision, earth is the realm of shadows and dreams, while heaven alone is substantial, real, the "*city which hath foundations.*" How your soul rejoices in the prospect! The glories of the Paradise of God already beam around you. You are almost there. You listen to catch the first notes of the song of the redeemed around the throne. The vail which divides you from the spiritual world is dissolving; you are strangely conscious that divine messengers, the hosts of God, are all about you on every side; and the air seems to grow tremulous with the motion of invisible wings; and you say, with the hymn which we sometimes sing,

"Bright angels are from glory come,  
They 're round my bed and in my room,

They wait to bear my spirit home,  
All is well, all is well."

But why attempt to trace farther the path which leads into these infinite depths? Each of us will, in due time, fathom the mystery. The servant of God has nothing to fear in any event. Faith and hope will light the way of the believer; nor will he travel the road alone. Fear, remorse, "the blackness of darkness forever," await the wicked, nor can they escape.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON.\*

A STORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

### CHAPTER I.

FROM olden times it has been a frequent custom of notable men to send down their remembrance to posterity in the form of some work written by their own hand. The reader, learned in the autobiographies of distinguished personages, may perhaps smile that I, Ulric Gast, of Sommerhausen, in Frankenland, should attempt to relate what has befallen me in these late, troubled times, for I am neither knight nor kaiser, only a poor schoolmaster who, day after day, for fifty years, has instructed the dear youth in worldly lore, and in the precious truths of God's Word. Unprofitable servant though I have been, yet I know that my labor has not been in vain—thanks not to him who sows and waters, but to God who giveth the increase.

Even I can relate wonders from God who helps, and from the Lord of Lords who saves from death, and shall I withhold my humble song of praise? No, loudly let it ring! *Soli Deo Gloira!* To God alone be the glory! A life answering to the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"—a life neither exalted by great fortune, nor depressed by want and sorrow, is surely deserving our highest gratitude. And such a life was mine for more than fifty years. Then the Lord led me through deep waters, and in paths I knew not of.

My father was a tailor of Winterhausen. My mother I never knew, for she only lived to bless me, and confide me to my father's care, ere the angels called her to rejoin her three babes in heaven. I being the only surviving child my father determined that I should have a better calling than his own, and destined me for a schoolmaster. I learned reading, writing, and

\*The schoolmaster and his son are real personages, who lived in Germany during the thirty years' war. This story of their lives has been gathered by a Lutheran clergyman, formerly pastor at Sommerhausen, from old Church records of that place, kept by Ulric Gast, the schoolmaster, and from the chronicles of the ancient house of Limpurg, whose estates lay in Sommerhausen.



arithmetic with preceptor Holbeg, then Latin with our pastor, and, having passed a very fair examination before the learned Counselor of Sommerhausen, I entered upon the duties of my office.

Many in this world have been dear to me, but Margaretha Spathin alone have I loved with an all-absorbing love. To Margaret I now gave my hand at God's altar. My heart had been hers for ten long years. She, dear one, long since, went home to heaven. Hers is the glorified robe of Christ's ransomed ones; hers the golden crown, the victor's palm; while I still wear the garments of mortality, and with tearful eyes gaze longingly upward to that bright land where she, with our dear children, sees the Lord face to face.

In the year 1610 I led her to our little home at Sommerhausen, which my pupils had beautifully decorated for our reception. The little town of Sommerhausen lies in the blessed Frankenland. Its escutcheon is a sun shining upon a grape-vine. Few cornfields lie within its boundaries, but many fruitful vineyards; and it is a beautiful sight to see the houses and turreted walls, reposing in the shadow of the green leaves and purple clusters of the ripening fruit. A stately river, the Main, flows past its walls, and, making a bend, separates the two little places, Sommerhausen and Winterhausen.

God bless thee, dear little town, thy green fields and thy pleasant vineyards to thy children, and thy children's children, down to the latest generation! Here, full of hope, in life's joyful morning, I entered upon my work; here I have borne the burden and heat of the day; here, also, will I, if it is God's will, hear the summons of the Lord of the vineyard, and exchange the toils of earth for the rest and peace of heaven.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE SON.

On the 12th of October, 1613, at 3 o'clock in the morning, our little son was born. It was a cold, stormy, Autumn day, yet, as I watched the black, rayless clouds, there was sunlight enough in my heart. As I stood at my Margaretha's bedside, and for the first time held the dear child in my arms, it seemed as if the gracious God had given us every token of his love; and I said with Jacob, "Lord, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant."

Our boy was presented at the holy christening font by Valentine Orplich, the baker, and received the name of Valentine. On the way

home from Church, from my full heart, I prayed God to make my Valentine a true Christian, a hero strong and steadfast for the truth.

In the nurture and admonition of the Lord we sought to rear our child; in our blindness and weakness, ever praying for strength and guidance from on high. We thought that, not in vain, the Lord had said, "They that seek me early shall find me." We knew that the impressible heart of the little child easily receives the image of the blessed Jesus, and that later this early susceptibility is lost; for the heart, unless softened by bitter sorrow, grows hard and cold with years.

In his sixth year I took the boy with me to school, and before a twelvemonth he could repeat the morning and evening prayer in a clear, reverential voice, and we had a hearty joy in listening to him. He recited in just the tone in which our pastor, Herr Theodoric, was wont to preach. As our Valentine grew older he was much thought of among the youth of the place, for he was very clever and winning in his manners; and all loved him as a good comrade, because he had a soft heart, and was kind and obliging to every one. We best love the wine, dear reader, that is both strong and sweet, and so we hold that one dearest among our fellows, who is both manly and gentle, brave and strong, yet still of a tender, loving nature. When only ten years old he had, at the peril of his life, rescued the tavern-keeper's boy from the feet of furious horses, just as the wheel of the heavy wagon was about to pass over his head; then offering the child his little brass watch if he would not cry, Valentine walked away as if nothing had happened.

In that year of want and horror, 1622, when the terrible war had devoured our substance, and we were all in great distress, very often did he divide his piece of bread, which was little enough, among the poor neighbors' children, who would grope under the school benches for the crumbs of bread let fall by their richer companions.

Truly, a gentle nature, a brave, generous heart, a joyous disposition, are nature's gifts, and highly adorn the human character; yet they can not win heaven for us. To what did Absalom come with his gentle manner and enticing speech? To what Saul, with his lofty, generous soul? A man with such gifts is like a ship which, equipped with many sails, begins its course. Under propitious gales it makes a stately entrance into the harbor; but let the winds be adverse, and it is quickly driven to ruin. The right wind for the voyage is the Spirit of the Lord. I should have known this;

but what father does not find it sweet to have all the world love and praise his child?

In 1626, at the holy Whitsuntide, my Valentine went to his first communion. Upon the morning of that day his mother and I prayed that the Lord would adorn our boy with a contrite heart and a living faith. For his outward adorning the mother had already cared. She had combed his brown, curling hair, dressed him in a little black cloak, and placed in his hand a beautiful sprig of rosemary. Our little children—at this time we had three younger than Valentine, two girls and a boy—seeing their brother so beautifully adorned, silently folded their hands and gazed at him from a distance, as if he were no longer their equal.

But Valentine, not understanding this feeling, asked if he had done any thing to grieve his little brother and sisters, and then walked with us all in procession to the house of God. Twelve children were this year to celebrate their first communion. As I saw the little band returning from the altar, where they had received the sacrament, a great sorrow came over me. In the church-aisles stood many of the imperial soldiers, who a few days before had quartered in our little town, by their mailed coats and insolent ways, reminding us of the deplorable religious war which for eight long years had been raging in our land.

As I saw this devout little company of children wending its way through the motley crowd, I felt how truly our pastor Herr Theodoric had spoken in his admonition to the young communicants from the text:

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." Even among the twelve chosen by our Lord was found a Judas; and in this time of trouble, when war with its iron hoof was treading over the pastures of the Lord, how many a lamb left by the shepherds might become a prey to the cruel wolf! How many a beautiful star, which mounts up the firmament, is only a deceitful meteor, doomed soon to fall and be quenched in night and darkness!

Oppressed by such thoughts, despondent, and almost despairing, I began to pray:

"Lord Jesus, thou great Shepherd of thy sheep, take these little ones under thy shepherd's staff; lead them, if it be thy good pleasure, over the heights or through the depths, through the green pastures or the gloomy valleys; only so lead them that none may stray from thee. Bring back the wandering, and let this little band be one day united to the great flock which thou guidest to the living fountains of eternal life."

He has heard my prayer and answered it: to him be the glory forever and ever!

### CHAPTER III.

#### VALENTINE AT A TRADE.

For a long time my wife and I had anxiously considered what occupation our son should follow; still there was no dissension between us in this matter. My wife indeed, from his infancy, had been happy in the thought that this our first-born, whom we had dedicated to the Lord, would one day stand in the pulpit and edify the people. But man proposes and God disposes.

These were times of visitation and trial for the evangelical Church of Germany. Sometimes it seemed as if the candle of the Gospel, after having burned brightly for a century, was about to be removed from its place. In some sections, the churches were closed by the civil authorities; in others, church-goers were seized and maltreated by the soldiers, or thrown into prison, whence they could be redeemed only by a heavy ransom.

In such times we felt that those only should hold the pastoral office who had received a direct call from the Lord. These were the days in which the wolf might come. Woe to the flock over which a hireling was placed, and woe to the hireling! We had received no certain evidence that the Lord called our Valentine to his vineyard, and so we concluded to place him at a trade.

Do you despise the lot of the working-man, dear reader?—I do not. Who, like the artisan, can have right before his eyes all that, with God's help, he has accomplished? Who like him, with full confidence, can say, "My day's work is done, and well done?" To be a successful artisan three things are necessary: a sound body, a skillful hand, and a Christian spirit, that, whether great or small, he may do his work in faith and to the honor of God. Where these three things unite in a working-man, believe me, he is a happy man.

So, when our son was fourteen years of age, I went to his godfather, Valentine Orplich, the baker, asking him to instruct the boy in his own calling. He thought that Valentine was of too fine and proud a nature to take right well to a trade. He said that it had often appeared to him that, young as his god-child was, he had a mind that aspired after great things. But I said, such high and idle aspirations are not pleasing to the Lord our God, who has said to man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread!" Take you the boy, be to him master and teacher. The rest we will leave to

God. This pleased the baker, and he agreed to receive Valentine as an apprentice. We made only one condition, which was that our son should spend his evenings and nights at home. The atmosphere of the parental house is best for the child. "In the shadow of the father the son thrives," says the proverb.

The next morning, just as the clock was on the stroke of four, I went into my son's little chamber, wakened him, and sent him to his master. Often after this I would stand unseen upon the street in the early morning, and with delight gaze at my son, so busy at work when all around lay in deep slumber, and only the murmuring of the town-hall fountain echoed through the silent streets. The baker, who had no children of his own, loved Valentine as a son, and soon the boy became so quick and skillful in his work that the old master began to take his ease, and gave the business at length almost wholly into the hands of his apprentice. Months passed on, and the baker still loved and trusted Valentine as much as ever. But I had my fears that the boy was not content, and anxiously recalled to mind the proverb, "One should not praise the day until the evening."

These first years of the religious war were times of peril, when Satan seemed to be let loose over the land. The old restraints were weakened, the old barriers broken down. The peasant was no longer content to remain by his plow; he would be a lord. The craftsman despised his craft, and dreamed of great riches to be won without labor. The father's house became too narrow for the young man. The underling aped his master; the good-for-nothing felt himself called upon to better the world; the vagabond passed himself off for an apostle. Holiness was despised, and the laws of God were set aside. Men saw visions and dreamed dreams. Every one stalked. The house which the fathers had built was declared rotten; the coat in which they had been comfortable had become too narrow; the one must be pulled down and built up again, the other thrown away and trodden in the mire. Happiness and a whole future were staked upon a venture; men sought to reap where they had not sown. The old adage, "Pray and work, and God will take care of the rest," was reversed. Work was set aside, and all dreamed of sudden riches. Many sought these through alchemy. The once fixed citizen sold house and lands, and sought his fortune in foreign climes. The young men would rather go out into the world with the soldiers than remain quietly at home to follow the pursuits of their fathers.

This state of things was, in a great measure,

owing to the soldiers, who year out and year in lay around our houses, believing nothing, fearing nothing, and lording it over all. Religious faith and the fear of God, industry and economy, discipline and obedience, through the influence of these wild soldiers, came to be looked upon with disgust by our young people, and the foolish youth thought he only was a true man who wore the bandoleer, had a feather in his hat, and carried a dagger at his side.

At the end of two years, the baker was not so much pleased with my son as at first. True, he had no special cause for complaint against the boy, but he saw in him a growing restlessness and discontent that boded no good. When I begged Valentine to open his heart to me, he sought to evade my inquiries, but accident, at length, revealed to me the truth.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### VALENTINE THE SCRIBE.

One morning, when at the four o'clock bell I rose as usual to waken my Valentine, I heard voices and the tramping of horses in the street. The Schönberg regiment, which had been quartered in our town almost the whole Winter, was preparing for departure. The men came out of all the surrounding houses, bringing their horses from the stalls, and bearing torches in their hands. Helmet and cuirass could be plainly discerned by the vivid light, and I saw the regiment form upon the square before the church. Then the Colonel gave the command, "March!" and the trumpeter, riding in advance, began to blow his horn. Then the whole troop followed, singing a martial strain. They sang amid the swell of the trumpets and bugles, a song called forth by those warlike times, and which even now is well known among the people. In this song the soldier's career and death are extolled as the grandest and most beautiful on earth. This is the first stanza:\*

"No death has so much honor, no death is half so sweet,  
As that which on the battle-field we smiling haste to meet:  
On, comrades, to the conflict! our Father-land to save,  
To win the soldier's laurels, or the soldier's honored grave."

I am a man of peace, and usually, if holy music moves my heart, it must be in some sacred melody, accompanied by the organ's note; yet as I listened to this martial song, to the bugles pealing through the fresh morning air, my heart throbbed with unwonted emotion. The trumpet has an iron clang which, like a battle-call, rings through the hearts of men, and not of

\* This song was written by Zinkgraf, in 1624. It was a favorite martial melody with soldiers and people, during the thirty years' war, and was also often heard during the more recent seven years' war in Germany.

men alone, for the Scripture hath it, that the horse saith among the trumpets, "Ha, ha!" and at their sound smelleth the battle from afar.

As with these thoughts I entered my son's chamber, I found him standing at the window sobbing, and with tearful eyes, gazing after the departing soldiers. I urged him to tell me what troubled him, and he replied, "Yes, that I will, father. This is a wretched, miserable life I lead from day to day. While the soldiers with exultant songs go out into the world, joyful as the reaper to the harvest-field, I come forth like a prisoner from his cell, fettered by the chain, without freedom, joy, or honor. I would rather die than continue in such a life. I will no longer stand by the baker's trough and oven; a worse lot I can no where find, but many a better one."

Then sternly I asked him, if he too would follow the prodigal son, and plunge his father and mother in tears and sorrow. He replied, "No, father; but the quarter-master has lately praised my hand-writing, and he says that it is a sin and a shame for me to be bound to a trade. He would gladly take me for a writing-clerk." And then my son implored me not to stand in the way of his happiness, but to give my consent, so that with a good conscience he could enter upon a more congenial calling. If I would only do this, he declared that we should never have any cause to grieve for him.

I well saw that my son's heart was not renewed, that the little flower of humility had taken no root therein, and I well knew that the quarter-master was not the man to cure him of his pride, and to implant within him a true Christian spirit. He knew little of religious truth, but he was a good-hearted, friendly man, and, in our changed circumstances, his services were not to be despised. So, with a heavy heart, I gave my consent. I went to the quarter-master, imploring him to first take my son on trial, to see whether he was fitted for this new business, which required a clear head, a rapid and skillful hand, and a willing heart. I begged that he would not conceal from me any misgivings he might have in regard to my son's character or capability.

"Ulric," said he, "you are a pious, sensible man in your way, but you think that every man, who is what he ought to be, will believe and do just like a pastor or a schoolmaster. Let every one go his own way, and your son among the rest. He will make a good, honest, capable man of the world. The young fellow has no new heart, as you call it, but he is sensible, obedient, talented; he is endowed with an excellent disposition, and a high sense of honor.

Be content with this and all will be well. Send the lad to me, and if he only remains as he is he will become an honor to us both."

Our boy went, and my wife smiled through her tears, as he laid aside the baking-kettle, and stood before us dressed in a beautiful black suit which the quarter-master had given him. He also wore a sword at his side. The quarter-master praised him beyond measure, but, from that time forth, I had but little joy in him. The longer he remained with his new friend and patron, the more his heart became estranged from his father's house. He, indeed, never made sport of sacred things, but his manner was that of one who cared for them no more. Worldly honor and the quarter-master were more to him than God and his word. His father and mother he revered as good people, but he looked upon them as simple and old-fashioned. When he came home at night it seemed no longer any pleasure to him to be with his little brother and sisters. He was morose and haughty in his bearing toward them, and would always make some excuse to go out evenings. Even if he came back after the evening, or went out before the morning devotions, he did not mind it, for he thought he could just as well say his "Our Father" to himself. He called it honoring God, if one faithfully and diligently pursued his earthly calling. Only bad company was needed to bring him into bad ways, and this he was very soon to find.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE GAMEKEEPER OF ERLACH.

Six months before Valentine entered the quarter-master's service the Government had sent a new gamekeeper to Erlach. He was a Bohemian by birth, and had long served in the army. Every day he came to the soldier's quarters, where he drank and played with the men. He looked like a bad man. He saluted no one, thanked no one, and vouchsafed to none in the tavern either question or answer. He would sit silent before his glass, as if hating or despising every body, till the signal for play was given. Then he became alive. But one knew not which most to fear, the shocking oaths which fell in a stream from his lips when he lost, or the sardonic laugh which told that he had won.

Sundays, when the people went to church, he would stand at the tavern door, and look after them with a demoniac expression upon his face, still without speaking a word. Guy Geissendorf, the gatekeeper, said to him that, by command of the authorities, the tavern door, during God's service, must be closed, and the



tavern empty. But the fellow spit at the gatekeeper, and said that the quarter-master could punish him if he thought best.

Highly incensed, old Guy told this to the quarter-master, and begged that he would have the wicked gamekeeper arrested. But every one kept out of the way of this bad man, and the quarter-master dared not arrest him, because he had great influence with the soldiers. I would never have thought that any one who bore my honorable name could find pleasure in this villain's society; yet this man soon became my son Valentine's particular friend. The story of this strange friendship is as follows:

In October, 1631, the noble Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, passed with his army through Sommerhausen, and the miseries we had suffered from the quartering here of the imperial troops were duly set before him. The sufferings of people of the same religious faith as his own touched his royal heart, and he gave us a written pledge that none of his soldiers, either horse or foot, should quarter among us for the space of a year.

I see him to-day, the strong, heroic, knightly warrior, who so patiently and affably listened to the recital of our stammering Burgomasters, and then excitedly turning to his chief-of-staff, said, "It would truly not become us Swedes to leave such a remembrance among our brethren as the imperial army has done. May God forbid! These people must be helped."

Many citizens who had fled were now, by the royal promise, induced to return. They collected the little that remained from the wreck of their fortunes, and thought the worst was over. But there came one day two mounted Swedish officers, saying that forty dragoons were following on foot, and commanding us to provide wine, meat, and bread for them. They would pay no attention to the royal letter which the quarter-master read. They declared that Gustavus Adolphus, were he in their place, would do the same as they did; but he, meanwhile, had passed far over the Rhine. As the officers turned to leave they rode to the tavern, where they met the gamekeeper. He glared at them as usual, but suddenly one of them, a trumpeter, looking steadily into his face, said, "Are you not Franz Sorawitz, and have you not served under the Liberator?" The gamekeeper said, "Yes." Then the trumpeter replied: "So you are that villain who, at Helmstadt, in Anno 1626, shot my captain from his horse. You shall answer to me for it," he cried passionately, and leaping from his saddle, he sprang upon the gamekeeper. The latter turned with drunken rage upon his adversary, and a

great tumult arose in the tavern and upon the street, because the people, incensed at the threatened quartering of the soldiers among them, took the gamekeeper's part. Fearing the result of this unequal contest, the other Swedish soldier came and separated the combatants. The trooper swore that he was not yet done with the gamekeeper, nor with those burghers who would protect such a fellow; and the gamekeeper, in his turn, swore that the next time he met the trumpeter he would lay him cold like his captain. Then the Swedes sprang upon their horses and, with words of derision and defiance, rode away.

Meantime our citizens assembled, and took counsel upon the open streets as to what was best to do. One counseled this, another that, and, at length, the gamekeeper, who had stood silent among them, said, "Base cowards you are, all of you. I have not heard one yet who has spoken like a man. For what have you walls and towers? For what your strong, right arms, if you will not use them? Give me six of your young fellows, who have courage enough to fire off a musket, and I will help you out of all your troubles. Come to me, whoever has a heart in his body!"

This speech was like a firebrand in a keg of powder. In a moment my Valentine stood at his side, and declared that he and his companions were ready to do whatever might be required of them, and would fight to the last. With a bound, boys and men rushed for muskets, axes, and pikes. They barricaded the doors, and placed themselves, with a great outcry, behind the loop-holes of the walls. But the gamekeeper, with my son and six other young fellows who had muskets, betook themselves to the tower, and there awaited the unwelcome guests.

Toward evening the Swedes came down the street and rode up to the gate without the least opposition. The quarter-master had implored that no force should be used unless absolutely necessary. When they found the gate closed, they made a great riot. The quarter-master read to them the king's letter, and offered them bread and meat and a cask of wine if they would go peacefully away. But they called the citizens base traitors, shot their muskets into the air, and the foremost stepped from their horses to hew down the gate.

And now came Karl Mundlein with a load of wood right down from the mountain. He had been since morning in the forest, and knew nothing of what was going on. In a moment the soldiers who had dismounted seized him and bound him hand and foot. Then, after taking

short counsel with his comrades, the trumpeter rode up and threatened that if we did not open the gate they would hang the prisoner to a linden-tree.

When my son heard this he cried out, "Comrades, may God help us as we help our brother!" "Out, out! let us rescue this prisoner," echoed the six others, and, rushing down the tower stairs, they tore away the beams from the gate, and with a loud outcry threw themselves upon the dragoons. Our men would have come to grief, they were so few, but while they were struggling with the dragoons the gamekeeper ordered the men behind the loop-holes to fire. The soldiers, though none of them hurt, were confounded at this sudden report, but the gamekeeper, who had kept his eye fixed upon the trumpeter, now loaded his musket and shot him through the heart. With one loud cry he fell dead from his horse, and his fellow-soldiers seizing his body rode quickly away without stopping to look after their prisoner. Valentine and his comrades raised him up, cut the cords with which the dragoons had bound him, and carried him through the gate.

All this time I was at home with my wife and children praying God for these men, who, though taking the same side in this great religious war, were now arrayed in deadly strife, brother against brother. We heard the shots, and soon after a loud outcry. My wife, thinking that the Swedes had broken open the gate, trembled like an aspen-leaf. As the tumult came nearer, I found that the cries were cries of joy. Presently we saw a great multitude coming past our door. Foremost walked the gamekeeper, arm in arm with Valentine. The other young fellows led Karl still trembling, and behind was a throng of people—men, women, and children. The quarter-master was with them, and when he saw me he said, "Schoolmaster, you have a brave son! I shall never forget what a noble, manly heart he has shown to-day!"

And then he related to me all Valentine had done, and it seemed that they who stood by would never be weary of praising him and extolling his brave deeds. In reply to my question where this procession was going, they said, "To the tavern." There the cask of wine the quarter-master had offered to the dragoons would be opened for the young men who had behaved so nobly.

I had but little joy over the praise given to my son, for I had seen him walking arm in arm with the godless gamekeeper of Erlach. I also thought that instead of going to the tavern, it would have been wiser to go to the house of God to thank him for this great deliverance.

But the quarter-master entreated me not to look so grave. "One must allow the young folks some little pleasure," he said, and passed on with the procession.

At the tavern there were feasting and drinking, and singing and shouting, which it seemed would have no end. This was the way in which we celebrated our victory. Here and there some one from his full heart thanked God, but the only outward recognition of his mercy was that of the tower-man, Hans Ebeling, who at evening sounded from the tower this hymn,

"Let every soul now praise the Lord,"

as he was in duty bound to do, whenever a thunder-storm had passed over our little town.

Long past midnight my son came home. The gamekeeper accompanied him, and as they parted at the house door I heard the latter say, "Since I left the army I have sought in vain for a brave fellow with whom one of us soldiers could associate without disgrace. Now I have found you, and from this hour we are good comrades."

I could have cried: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not!" but Valentine replied, "Here is my hand. Let it be as you have said."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE WARNING.

The following day I called Valentine to my chamber, and with a heavy heart and tearful eyes said to him, "My son, do you believe that your father and mother love you?" "Certainly, dear father," he answered, and I continued, "Now, my son, listen to the instruction of your father, and forsake not the law of your mother. When a little child you lay upon your bed, sick, we thought, even unto death—when it seemed that no earthly means could help you, and that every sigh would be your last; then to console your mother and I came the thought, that though we must soon give up our child, the dearest object to us on earth, our parting would be but for a little while—we should soon meet again. And we gave you into God's hands without a murmur or lament. Our hearts trembled, our eyes looked out as into great darkness, and for tears and weakness could we scarce grasp the consoling truths of the holy Gospel. Yet, Valentine, as we felt the last moment near, we threw ourselves upon our knees and cried, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his holy name!' Feeling that though we could have you no more with us on earth, we should know where to seek you and to find you again in God's good time, we gave you into

his keeping. But tell me, my son, what consolation have we now?"

The boy changed color, looked into my face, and stammered that he did not understand me.

I took his hand and said, "My son, when you lay in that fearful illness, we trembled in view of your being taken from us. But now it is not the Father in Heaven who would take you from our love and care; it is the archenemy, from the beginning, who long has sought you and will soon claim you for his prey. Did I not, last evening, hear you make a vow of friendship with a man who has given up his soul to the evil one—who is a drunkard, a gambler, a profane swearer, a very child of Belial—a man who despises the word and law of God, and whose face is an index of his wicked heart? Will you, our own flesh and blood, our child whom we have sought to rear in the way of God's commandments, follow the same path as he? See, we are again in bitter sorrow, and this time we have no consolation."

I said much more, as fatherly love, my troubled heart, and the Spirit of God gave me words. I implored my son to take heed to good counsel, to give up the gamekeeper's society, and not bring our gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

He answered: God forbid that he should be a bad son or a godless man. He well knew his duty, and would perform it. No man should persuade him to do otherwise. But he could not leave the gamekeeper, who yesterday had done so much for us all. This man's religious opinions certainly were not his. He had not chosen him for pastor or confessor, but for a good comrade. It was true that he played and would sometimes drink a glass too much; he did not always use the choicest words in conversation either. But one must excuse this in so noble a fellow. He had served in the army, had lived through much, and had seen things of which we quiet people could not even dream.

My son also said that we should not be so continually anxious on his account; we should not expect him to find his chief joy in the Bible and hymn-book like old Guy Geissendorf, who, in his youth, had been an entirely different person from what he now was. Why should we grudge our son a little enjoyment in life? There was the quarter-master. Let us inquire of him and we should find that our boy had been no disgrace to us.

I replied that this was to me a doubtful consolation; for though the quarter-master was a kind-hearted, honorable man, he had no deep religious principle or influence over others. I told my son that all he had said had been spoken in thoughtlessness and pride. From God's own

Word I proved to him how impossible it is for a man to resist temptation without being armed with those two weapons he despised—the Bible and prayer. I told him that if he went on in the way he had lately chosen, I feared he would ere long furnish a mournful example of the truth of the proverb, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." But my words were spoken in the air.

His heart had turned from the living God. He had become estranged from his father and mother, and though he saw the sorrow that preyed upon us, he cared too little for us to change his manner of life. He now associated but little with his former friends, and since Guy Geissendorf, who loved him as a son, had warned him against the gamekeeper, he kept out of the old man's way. When away from the quarter-master's office, he was always at the gamekeeper's side. He drank and played with that bad man till late into the night, answered every warning word given him by respectable people with a jest or sneer, and, indeed, passed among his comrades for a wild young fellow. The quarter-master always testified to his industry and honesty; yet he was soon brought to shame and I to bitter sorrow, and in the fatal result of these bad associations and habits we learned the truth of the proverb, "Where there is smoke there also is fire."

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### GUY GEISSENDORF.

On the tenth Sunday after Trinity, Anno 1632, the quarter-master went to Wurzburg to receive a thousand thalers for corn, oats, and wine, which he had delivered to the soldiers lying at that place. On Tuesday following the money was to be paid over to the government authorities at Speckfield. No one but my son was to know of his errand; for in these dangerous times such affairs must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. The quarter-master had the most implicit reliance in my son, and confided every thing to him. So on this Sunday morning they rode forth together. Valentine knew that it did not please me to have worldly business transacted on the day of the Lord, but when I remonstrated with him, he replied, "Master's service before God's service!" That Sunday evening I sat alone in my house, for Margaretha and the children had gone out to look at our vineyard.

Our venerated pastor, Hieronymus Theodoric, had for his morning's discourse preached from that chapter of St. Matthew, which treats of the destruction of Jerusalem. He had compared our evangelical Church to Jerusalem

menaced by the enemy, and had most movingly exhorted us to watch and pray, so that in this time of our visitation it might be better with us than it had been with that ill-fated city. We had sung,

"That day, that awful day has come,"

and, as I accompanied the hymn upon the organ, I had such great anguish of heart that tears rolled down my cheeks. Truly, the organ speaks just as plainly as the hymn-book, and by its aid we can often express sentiments for which words are too poor. Whenever I hear this hymn we sang to-day—

"*Es ist gewisslich an der zeit*"—\*

it is to me as if the earth quaked, and the dead arose, and the voice of the Archangel cried, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!" This is our Lutheran *Dies Ira*, which no mortal should hear without thinking of that day when we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Jesus Christ.

As I was thinking upon the sermon, upon the hymn, and upon the troubled times, Guy Geisendorf, the warder of the lower gate, came into my chamber, placed his staff in the corner, and sat down by me. He was an old man of seventy years, but, for his age, strong and active. In his youth he had served as a soldier against the archenemy of our faith, under Conrad von Limpurg. Once, by great bravery, he had saved his master's life. Though he had always been a true soldier, "without fear and without reproach," yet he did not belong to those heroes so fond of sounding their own praises.

He was a generous, upright, God-fearing man, caring little for worldly vanities, and now, in his old age, looking forward to a peaceful, happy death. Thirty years ago, Government had given him the quiet, easy position of warder at the lower gate of our town. He had always been a great friend of children, and my two boys, Valentine and John, seemed dear to him as his own flesh and blood.

No one will accuse me of any special partiality for warlike men, yet I know that a soldier, if he has the grace of God in his heart, may maintain a good conscience, and an uprightness of character; yes, even a childlike simplicity, which may oftener be seen among old soldiers than any other class of men. Every Sunday and holiday, at the close of the service, the old warder would come to our house, and many a pleasant hour have he and I passed together.

\* The hymn, of which this is the opening line, was translated from the celebrated Latin "*Dies ira*," by Ringwalt, about the year 1560. It is still sung in the German churches.

But to-day a heavy burden lay upon his heart. It was a dream of a few nights before, and was as follows:

Wednesday evening, while awaiting the messenger coach from Wurzburg, he had fallen asleep upon his chair. It seemed to him that he stood in the wild forest upon guard, as he had often done long years before in Hungary. My little son John was sitting near him under a tree, holding in his hands a bunch of flowers he had just plucked. Soon a grim wolf, with open jaws, ran up to the child, who cried, "Help, Guy! help!" "I hastened to his assistance," said the old man, "and attacked the wolf; but the savage beast broke my spear as if it had been a wisp of straw, and tore me in pieces. After a while I seemed to be lying under the gate close by the door leading to my little house, and the people came in and said, 'Lay Guy in his grave, but let the musicians accompany him, and the soldiers fire above him, for he is an old soldier, and has died a soldier's death.' The muskets firing over my grave gave a strange hollow sound, and, wondering at this, I awoke. Then I heard the shouts of the driver, who for some time had stood with his coach before the gate waiting admission.

"I believe this to be a warning that I shall soon leave this world," said the old man.

"Dreams are vapor," I replied. "And yet, with Joseph we may say, 'Dreams come from God.' It may be God's will that you live many years; but your locks are white, your form is bent, you have passed the allotted threescore years and ten, and perhaps God, through this dream, has given you a token that he will soon call you to himself. What matters it, my old friend? 'I am the resurrection and the life,' says our Savior; 'He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die!'—Believest thou this?" "I believe," said the warder, "and I pray you repeat those blessed words as you lay me in my grave. But I would gladly know the meaning of those words of my dream: 'He died a soldier's death.' Thirty years ago I finished my last campaign, and laid down the knapsack."

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," I answered. "He who has fought the good fight and kept the faith, though he ends his warfare among the green meadows, or in the solitary warder's house, dies as much a soldier as he who falls in the thick of the battle. May God, who has given you an honorable warfare, grant you a peaceful discharge and a blessed death!"

"Amen!" said the old man, as he took up his staff and went away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



## TREASURES.

I HAVE some withered flowers  
That are softly laid away,  
Not because they were so beautiful  
And fragrant in their day;  
But little fingers clasped them,  
And little lips caressed,  
And little hands so tenderly  
Placed them on a "mother's" breast.  
The paper that infolds them  
Was white in other years;  
But 't is yellow now and crumpled,  
And stained with many tears.  
Yet, though they look so worthless,  
This paper and the flowers,  
They clasp and hold, like links of gold,  
Memories of jewel-hours.

I have some little ringlets;  
They are softly laid away;  
Their luster and their beauty  
Are like the sun's glad ray.  
But 't is not for this I prize them—  
It is that they restore  
The tender grace of a loving face  
That gladdens earth no more.  
As shipwrecked men at midnight  
Have oft been known to cling—  
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,  
To some frail, floating thing—  
So I, in darkened moment,  
Clasp, with a voiceless prayer,  
Whilst wandering wide on grief's deep tide,  
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings  
That are softly laid away,  
With some dainty little garments  
Made in a long-past day.  
To each there is a history;  
But this I may not tell,  
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow  
Again should rise and swell.  
Now that the skies are brightened  
And the fearful storm is o'er,  
Let me sit, in tender calmness,  
On Memory's silent shore,  
And count the simple treasures  
That still remain to show  
Where Hope's fair freight, by saddest fate,  
Was shipwrecked long ago.

I have another treasure  
That is softly laid away,  
And though I have not seen it  
This many a weary day,  
From every thing around me  
Comes a token and a sign  
That 't is fondly watched and guarded,  
And that it still is mine.  
When the flowers lie dead in Winter,  
In their winding-sheets of snow,

We know they'll rise to charm our eyes  
Again in Summer's glow.  
Thus I, in this chill season,  
When frost and darkness reign,  
Wait the blest Spring whose warmth shall bring  
Life to my flower again.

## TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

BEAUTY and Truth in Heaven's congenial clime,  
Inseparate seen beside the Almighty throne,  
Together sprung, before the birth of time,  
From God's own glory, while he dwelt alone;  
These, when Creation made its wonders known,  
Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers  
Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers.

But our perverse condition here below  
Oft sees them severed, or in conflict met:  
O, sad divorce! the well-spring of our woe.  
When Truth and Beauty thus their bond forget,  
And Heaven's high law is at defiance set!  
'T is this that Good of half its force disarms,  
And gives to Evil all its dearest charms.

See Truth with harsh Austerity allied,  
Or clad in cynic garb of sordid hue:  
See him with Tyranny's fell tools supplied,  
The rack, the fagot, or the torturing screw:  
Or girt with Bigotry's besotted crew,  
What wonder, thus beheld, his looks should move  
Our scorn or hatred, rather than our love?

See Beauty, too, in league with Vice and Shame,  
And lending all her light to gild a lie;  
Crowning with laureate-wreaths an impious name,  
Or lulling us with Siren minstrelsy  
To false repose when peril most is nigh;  
Decking things vile or vain with colors rare,  
Till what is false and foul seems good and fair.

Hence are our hearts bewilder'd in their choice,  
And hence our feet from Virtue led astray:  
Truth calls imperious with repulsive voice  
To follow on a steep and rugged way;  
While Beauty beckons us along a gay  
And flowery path, that leads, with treacherous slope,  
To gulfs remote from happiness or hope.

Who will bring back the world's unblemish'd youth  
When these two wander'd ever hand in hand;  
When Truth was Beauty, Beauty too was Truth,  
So link'd together with unbroken band,  
That they were one; and man, at their command,  
Tasted of sweets that never knew alloy,  
And trod the path of Duty and of Joy?

Chiefly the Poet's power may work the change:  
His heavenly gift, impell'd by holy zeal,  
O'er Truth's exhaustless stores may brightly range,  
And all their native loveliness reveal;  
Nor e'er, except where Truth has set his seal,  
Suffer one gleam of Beauty's grace to shine,  
But in resistless force their lights combine.

## STAMINA.

ALL flowers have stamina, but not all blooming specimens of humanity have character. Let us take a walk in the gardens of being. We need not go far. There, right before us, appears a gorgeous growth of lovely, fragrant, but *stamenless* beauties, basking in the sunshine of pleasure. Countless in multitude are they—aimless, useless, yet immortal, all of them—to change the figure, dreaming their life away, from the first quiet slumber of the cradle, to the deep unbroken silence of the grave. They quaff the hours as from a golden cup, drinking their liquid sweetness with all the zest of epicures. A bright, butterfly existence is theirs—a bird life of flippant song, and airy flight, and blithesome tripping from bower to bower of transitory joy. They glide along through life as lightly as the evening zephyr that stirs the leaves and kisses the violets, but seems to have no place whence it comes, or whither it departs. They toss the golden opportunities from their hands as one would fling worthless dust to the winds. As dew-drops sparkle in the light of morning for a while, and then disperse in air, so is it with their privileges—they are here, they are gone, but it is naught to them. A heathen prince once regretfully exclaimed, "I've lost a day!" or as one expresses the sentiment:

"Lost, lost, lost! A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock, and graved in Paradise;  
Set round with three times eight large diamonds clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones, all changeful as the light."

But they never think, when each setting sun brings on the close of day, whether it has been well spent or misimproved—uncaring and unoppressed with anxious fears, though the shroud and the awful tomb, and a dread eternity, are but a little distance before them.

But judge not harshly that poor, frail, spiritless creature whom misfortune has crushed. It may be, indeed, that more than one may read these pages who have no heart to struggle and aspire—bruised reeds over whose bowed forms the tempest makes moan, day and night. It is very hard, you say, to have courage and faith while enduring sorrow upon sorrow. For, what time you laid away one withered bud or flower in the dreary casket of the grave, you turned to others that remained still blooming, and then came the blast of relentless fate and swept away all from your sight—the destroyer came once and your peace was slain; but when, with an eye quick to discern his slightest approach, and an ear ready to hear his faintest footfall, you knew he was coming again, your heart failed

within you. That was a dark hour to you, fond mother, the remembrance of which sends a shudder to your heart even now, when the death angel lifted the little cherub from its cradle bed—

"When little hands were dropped away  
From the warm bosom where they lay,  
And the poor mother held but clay;"

and still darker hours have flung their shadows down, for another, and yet another, like birdlings from their meadow nest, mounted upward and flew away, up into the heavenly blue,

"To the better country, the upper day,"

and left you alone with your sorrow. Ah! well, but sorrow is oftentimes the handmaid of the Lord, and cometh in his name. Receive her and she will murmur a blessing upon thee. Faint not at sight of her chastening rod.

"Learn how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong!"

"For faith is perfected by fears,  
And souls renew their youth with years,  
And Love looks up to heaven through tears."

Most frequently it is the hand of pleasure that extracts the stamina from humanity's fair spirits; calamity deals roughly with them sometimes; pain is a stern gardener; adversity has by no means a tender touch; yet under their training it is wonderful how vigorously the plants shoot upward, and what brilliant petals they put forth. The richest flowers bloom in the deep forest glooms of earthly woe, or up amid the Alpine cliffs of adverse fate. See that uncouth plant with its thorny stem, which the scythe has clipped and the frosts have bitten, giving no promise of its coming glory till it stands forth a king among the rosy creation, and we call it, "*Giant of Battles*." Thoreau, the eminent American naturalist, informs us that the wild apple-tree grows at first in the form of a little cluster of twigs, which the ox browses upon, and leaves almost level with the ground; but not despairing, next year the twigs sprout up again twice as numerous as the year before; so year after year the twigs are devoured, and as often grow out again, multiplying both in numbers and in strength, till they form a little, thorny, pyramidal mass almost as solid and impenetrable as a rock. At length, after some twenty years of this persistent growth in spite of constant repression, the thicket becomes so broad and strong as to form its own fence, so that the cattle can not reach its center at all. Then some interior shoot, safe from its foes, darts upward with joy—for it has not forgotten its high calling—the other twigs give to it all their repressed energy, and in giving it disap-

pear, leaving the central twig to become a mighty tree crowned with its dark-green foliage, and bearing its fruit in triumph. What a sermon of patient aspiration does the wild apple-tree preach! As it has learned to struggle with its bovine foes, still mounting upward all the while as though determined to reach a higher atmosphere, clinging to its long-cherished vision of the time yet coming when it should hold its leafy cups to the vapors of the sky, so let human nature struggle and aspire in spite of evil powers and fleshly appetites that browse upon the springing tendrils of desire; not only dreaming of the highest blessedness, but mounting upward, ever upward, to waving foliage and golden fruit.

In that pleasing and instructive French classic—the “*Telemaque*” of Fenelon—the author represents his hero as spending many days, entranced and enervated, in the voluptuous bowers of the goddess Calypso, where music soft and sensuous stole upon the ear, and beauty in all its enticing forms captivated the eye. But there was with the young man an aged and inseparable companion, the embodiment of wisdom, who was called “*Mentor*,” and who took an undying interest in his youthful charge. Seeing the deplorable effeminateness that was creeping over one of so much promise, he took him to the sea-shore, and pointed out to him a vessel in the distance; then pushing him from the rock on which they were standing into the sea, he compelled the youth to struggle for the ship, on reaching which he broke free from the inglorious shackles that had held him so long in bondage. How often do the flowery wreaths of pleasure bind the spirit as in chains of iron! How often Folly flings her subtle charm over the imagination and the senses! O, for a “*Mentor*” to cast the captive youth from the enchanted shores into the sea, that he may struggle for a means of hieing away to safer waters and a purer clime!

We have all heard, in the days of our childhood, the story of the New England fathers, how, when “the breaking waves dashed high,” and the trees of the forest tossed their “giant branches” against the sky, they landed “on a stern and rock-bound coast.” Strong, brave men were they—men who were ready to lay their all upon the altar of principle and conscience.

“What sought they from afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a Faith’s pure shrine.”

They are the type of the future “progressive Americans,” who, launching their “*May Flower*,”

shall steer it onward through a tempest-swept sea and beneath a stormy sky, to the bleak shores that line the New World of their endeavor, where, bowing before the shrine of a holy faith, they shall dedicate themselves to conscience, purity, and God.

These men of stamina—these adherents to a great and holy principle have led the progress of the world—Bunyan in Bedford jail; Milton, in blindness, penning his immortal vision of *Paradise Lost*; Latimer, with John the Baptist’s boldness, reproving Henry VIII; Wesley and Whitefield, like flames of fire, “setting the kingdoms on a blaze”—these are the immortals in the memory of coming generations; they scaled the mount of struggling toil, and on its very summit took the prize of glorious success. They wavered not like the ocean billow, now creeping up the slippery beach, now tossed back into the watery waste; theirs was

“The star of the unconquered will,  
Which rises in the breast  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.”

That was a sublime utterance of Pompey, when, being about to embark for Rome, and his friends would have dissuaded him from hazarding his life on a tempestuous sea, he made answer, “It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live.” Similar, but still more grand was the memorable saying of Luther under the gnarled old elm, which, it is said, still marks the spot outside the city of Worms. We imagine how the fire of his determined spirit shone through his hard and homely features as he spoke the decisive words, “Though there be as many devils in the way as there are tiles on the houses I will go to Worms.” Nor need we look alone to the great men who stand encircled in a blaze of historic glory. Many of the lowly and obscure had within them souls of royal mold—souls that faltered not at sight of persecution’s bloody scourge. There were the Huguenots who worshiped in desert places, and forest wilds, and mountain fastnesses. When any of them were discovered they were sent to the galleys for life. These galleys were large boats with long rows of tiers or benches on each side; to each bench was attached a long and heavy oar, pulled by six convicts who were chained to the bench. Over these wretched men were appointed commanders, who stood with cruel whips, and their blows would descend like hail on the backs of the rowers, that, under the stimulus of torture, they might perform prodigies of exertion; and for any that were rebellious the terrible *bastinado* was reserved. Here were these men chained to the bench by

day, and sleeping under it at night, scantily clothed, submitting to all kinds of indignities and sufferings, and often enduring a torture worse than death; yet by a single word they might have gained release—a word which not one deigned to utter. They were resolved to face the most terrible ills that life or ghastly death could array before them rather than renounce their faith. These were the men who, as a certain one remarks, “served God in the fire, whereas we honor him in the sunshine.” And yet there are thousands to-day as true-hearted and brave as any of the martyrs and confessors who lived in the days of torturing racks, and fiery stakes, and gory scaffolds. There is many a *woman* with her family of some half-dozen children, spending her life in unselfish toil for her little ones, who is as really a heroine as a Mrs. Judson or a Joan of Arc.

Happily we live in an age when greatness of soul is honored wherever found. At the commemoration of the battle of Gettysburg, when the cemetery was dedicated, and an oration was delivered by Edward Everett—America’s most eminent if not most gifted orator—and the President of the United States—the lamented Lincoln—was present in person, with representatives from all parts of the nation, a poor man in common garments might have been seen walking arm in arm with the President. Who could he be? A minister plenipotentiary from a foreign court? A retired veteran whose name proud Fame had heralded round the world? No; it was simply plain, honest John Burns, a humble citizen, who, though feeble with years and hence excused from service, yet voluntarily shouldered his musket, shared the toils and perils of that eventful day, and came off wounded from the hard-won field. And the greatness of the act was acknowledged by applauding thousands. So also the colored soldier who in his dying hours boasted with an excusable pride that he had “never let the old flag touch the ground,” did his duty and deserved applause. Dr. Samuel Johnson, when he was a boy, was requested by his father one day when sick to go and stand in his place in a certain part of London where he had a book-stand in the street; the boy was too proud to go and so refused. But when he afterward reached the height of his greatness he lamented it bitterly, and was known to go and stand there with uncovered head as if to atone for his foolish pride. For he now saw that to do one’s duty is always honorable, and to neglect it is always disgraceful.

Nothing great or good is accomplished by souls without stamina. The vain, the indolent, the neglectful must suffer for their folly. It is

*not true* that sin is joy-inspiring, and that virtue is without a charm. It is a falsehood which Satan has been whispering in the ears of immortal beings ever since that *first* lie came fluttering through the leaves of Eden’s bowers, “Thou shalt *not* surely die.” The angel of Happiness lingers not in the doomed precincts of Folly, but in the pathways of Wisdom. A noble aim can alone give dignity and beauty to life; it is to the soul what a capital is to a kingdom. The old Moorish kingdom in Spain was called “Granada,” which signifies “pomegranate.” When Ferdinand and Isabella resolved to conquer the country and add it to their own realm, they decided first of all to take the walled towns, knowing well if they were once taken the country would be an easy conquest. “I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one,” said the cool and crafty Ferdinand. Now religious principles are like the seeds of a pomegranate, which give solidity and life to the character. Without these the human soul is pulpy and strengthless; it has the appetites of the brute without the godlike qualities that lift it into the region of the Divine. “Animals,” as some one remarks, “are not troubled with those hopes which fill the heart of man; the spot on which they tread yields them all the happiness of which they are susceptible; a little grass satisfies the sheep, a little blood gluts the tiger. The only creature that looks beyond himself, and is not all in all to himself, is man.” And, alas, that it might be added, a little roast pork often satisfies even him. Passion and appetite are the chains which bind the spirit down to the dark death-dust of sensuality, faith is the instrument that sunders the chains and lets the emancipated spirit soar up toward purity and immortality!

The true romance of life is a cheerful and living piety, which irradiates the whole being with light from heaven. The bright side is toward God. Even the sternest duty joins hands with those radiant creatures, Beauty and Joy. A certain duke had a legion remarkable for the magnificence of their military array; some reproached them for their brilliant armor and called them “The Embroidered Chivalry.” On the eve of battle the duke addressed his men and said, “Cavaliers, we have been reproached for the finery of our array; let us prove that a trenchant blade may rest in a gilded sheath. Forward! to the foe! and I trust in God that as we enter this affray knights well accoutered we shall leave it cavaliers well proved.” The acclamations of the men, and their subsequent conduct, showed their appreciation of the sentiment. To all the true and the brave who wield



the trenchant sword of "the Word," belong the waving plumes of spiritual joy and the glittering armor of a heaven-imparted righteousness. Christianity is both love and power, and proclaims at the same time both peace and war.

One of the seven wonders of the ancient world was the *Colossus of Rhodes*. It is said this was a gigantic statue in the form of a man standing with each foot upon a lofty pedestal, and towering perhaps hundreds of feet into the air, so that ships could sail under it, between the two pedestals, without their masts grazing any part of the statue. This mighty Colossus had in one hand a sword, and the other, raised above the head, held an immense lamp, whose light in the darkness guided benighted vessels on their way to harbors of safety. So the genius of the Gospel stands up before the faith of the Christian world a mighty living and breathing Colossus. Below and round about are the marts of commerce and the ships laden with merchandise, cities teeming with life, lands luxuriant with harvests, and oceans tumultuous with tides and tempests; in one hand she grasps the sword of aggressive conflict, figuring thereby the persistent purpose to wage an exterminating war against Satan and sin, while in the other she holds aloft the lamp of salvation, which through the convex lens of love divine sends out the light that guides the benighted to their desired havens, and shall finally light up the world with millennial glory.

The sternness of unswerving principle and the buoyancy of trustful joy are alike beautiful as seen in the light of Christ and Christianity. Let Faith, the keen-eyed cherub, and Hope, the sweet bird of paradise, and Love, the heaven-born, sing day and night, but let their song cheer thee, brave spirit, for thy *duty*! Up, up to the conflict!

"Let the feeble-hearted pine,  
Let the sickly spirit whine,  
But to work and win be thine,  
While you 've life.  
God smiles upon the bold;  
So when your flag's unrolled  
Bear it bravely till you 're cold  
In the strife!"

Do not be a *hinderer* but a *helper* in the cause of right! Be unmistakably and most determinedly on the side of whatsoever is lovely, pure, and good. Be a champion for the truth, whether it be found clothed in a lowly garb or in robes of princely splendor: and cherish the gift of God's grace to fallen man—this flower of celestial growth in the gardens of earthly life—till all hearts shall feel the charm of its beauty, and the whole world shall be filled with its fragrance.

## THE BABY IN THE COTTAGE.

A SMALL brown cottage stood on the roadside, opposite an old mill. From the door you could see the great wheel slowly turning; and when the air was still you could hear the dull rumbling of machinery.

The miller's family lived in the brown cottage. Shall I tell you how many were in this family? Just three. Two little girls and a baby. But where was the mother? you ask.

There was no mother in the miller's brown cottage; only two little girls and a baby. One month ago the mother's earthly life had failed and flickered, as you have seen the light of a lamp when the oil was consumed. Then it went out; and there were tears and grief in the brown cottage.

As for the mother, sorrow and sickness had made both heart and body weak. For a long time before she died a great shadow rested on her life—a shadow that grew darker day by day. But she was loving and pure, and, in his own good time, the Lord closed her tearful eyes in this lower world that he might open them in heaven. And so she went to dwell with angels, leaving her helpless baby with only her two little girls—babes almost themselves—to care for him. It was not her wish to go. Sad as her life was, she would have clung to it if it had been a thousand times sadder, for the sake of her little ones. But God knew what was best for her and those she loved, and so took her to himself.

"Where was the baby's father?" I here asked. "Did he not love and care for it, and for his two little girls also?"

I said that a shadow rested on the poor mother's heart—a shadow that grew darker every day. Such shadows rest on many hearts. The miller had once been the kindest of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. What had changed him? Drink! You know too well what that means.

Once he took a glass of beer only now and then; not that it made him feel any better, but really worse, for it produced a heaviness of head and limbs that was very unpleasant while it lasted. Sometimes a headache was the consequence. But others drank beer, and he joined in the useless and unsafe custom.

After a while this unwholesome stuff so changed the healthy, natural state of his stomach, that it began to crave the bitter and stimulating draught. Then he drank oftener, which, of course, only made it worse—increasing the unhealthy condition, and likewise the craving thirst that could never be satisfied—no, not even with beer; and so, at times, whisky, gin, and

brandy were taken. These lead to ruin by a quicker way than ale or beer; because they are more fiery and burn with a fiercer flame.

You can understand now why a shadow had rested on the mother of these children, and why it had grown darker every day.

The baby was a year old. Hester, or Hetty as she was called, had just passed her tenth birthday, and Mary was seven. So young, and motherless!

At first thought it seems as if it would have been better for them to be fatherless also. But God knows what is best always. His tender care was over these little ones, and over their father too.

Now, that baby was one of the loveliest things alive—so sweet and pure; so gentle, and yet so full of infantile joy; and so winning in all his ways that none could help loving him.

This neighbor and that offered to take him when his mother died, but Hetty, who had seemed to grow into a woman all at once, said, "No, no, I can't part from baby."

Then a lady, who had no children, took the half-drunken, wretched father aside and talked to him till he consented to let her have the baby and bring him up as her own. She wanted to carry him right off, but the miller said, "No, not till to-morrow."

"Better let me take him now," urged the lady.

For Hetty's sake the miller repeated his "no." He knew how great was her love for the baby, and there was enough of tenderness left in his heart to keep him from adding this to her grief on the day of her mother's burial.

Now it happened that Hetty, unknown to her father and the woman, had heard what had passed between them. At first she was almost beside herself with pain. It was as much as her heart could bear to lose her mother, and she felt that to take baby also, would, as she said afterward, "just kill her."

The funeral over, all the neighbors went home, except two more tender-hearted and pitying than the rest. It seemed cruel to them to turn their backs upon these two little girls and the sweet baby left motherless.

One of them had been a very dear friend of the miller's wife, and she grieved for her loss as for that of a beloved sister.

Taking Hetty by the hand, and leading her into her mother's room, now so still and desolate, she shut the door, and putting her arms about the child, burst into tears and wept over her for a long time before she could get calm enough to speak.

"I want to talk with you, Hetty," she said, at length, as she sat down and composed herself.

The blinding tears dried out of Hetty's eyes, and she fixed them wistfully on the woman's face.

"What are you going to do?" Ah, that was the hardest of all questions to answer.

Hetty's eyes rested for a little while on the woman's face, and then dropped to the floor. Raising them quickly, after a moment, she replied:

"If they'll only let me keep baby, Mrs. Wilder." The thought of his being taken away came back so vividly to the mind of Hetty that she could not bear it. Her lips quivered, and she burst again into tears.

"I thought you were going to keep him," said the neighbor.

"Mrs. Florence wants him, and says she'll take care of him just as if he was her own."

"I do n't know that," remarked the neighbor. "If Mrs. Florence will take him"—

"It's very kind in her," said Hetty, interrupting the sentence, "and I am sure she would be good to him. But indeed, Mrs. Wilder, I can't let him go. I feel just as if I should die if they were to take him away. You don't know how I do love him."

"But you are so young, Hetty. Almost a child yourself. You can't take care of baby. And then who is to be housekeeper?"

"I've thought it all over, Mrs. Wilder—over and over again—and Mary and I can do it all," said Hetty.

"Mary and you! Why, Mary is only seven years old," answered the neighbor.

"She's a handy little thing for all that. O, we can get along, if they won't take baby."

"What does your father say about it? Has Mrs. Florence spoken to him?"

"Yes; I heard them talking it over. Mrs. Florence wanted to take the baby right off, but father said, wait till to-morrow."

"It would, perhaps, be better for the baby"—

"It would n't be better for any body," spoke out Hetty, in a strong and decided manner. "And in particular it would n't be for father."

"Why not for your father?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

Hetty's face grew hot, and then pale; and her voice choked a little at first, as she answered:

"You know about father, how dreadful it is. It will get worse if baby goes. I'm sure of that. He loves baby. And now mother's gone, I've thought his loving baby so might help him to—to—"

Hetty paused; she could not speak the word that was on her tongue, but the neighbor understood her.

"You are a wise little girl," said Mrs. Wilder, laying her hand on the child's head tenderly, "and in the right, I'm thinking. Now tell me freely all that is in your mind."

"It's just this, Mrs. Wilder," said Hetty, her manner taking on the thoughtful seriousness of a woman. "Father loves baby, and now that mother's gone he will feel softer toward us all. Mary and I will do every thing to make it comfortable for him; and we'll always keep baby looking so sweet and clean that he'll love to come home just to see him, instead of going to the tavern when he shuts down the mill. If Mrs. Florence would give baby a nice white frock, and one with a pink or blue spot in it, and a pair of new shoes, I could keep him looking, O, so lovely! Father couldn't help coming right home from the mill to see him; and who knows, Mrs. Wilder," Hetty continued, growing warm and hopeful, "but father might stop drinking altogether? O, if Mrs. Florence would do this, and not think of taking baby away!"

"I'll see Mrs. Florence and talk with her," said Mrs. Wilder, as Hetty stopped speaking.

"Will you? O, do, please, right away! Tell her that it won't be good for us to let baby go."

Mrs. Florence, when all this was related to her, was deeply moved. She had lost a dear baby two years before, and the clothes it used to wear had been folded away in a bureau drawer, untouched since then.

"The dear child shall have her way," she answered. Then going to the drawer, into which she had not looked for many months, she took out three almost new frocks, one of white muslin, and two of delicately figured chintz; also three pairs of stockings, a pair of morocco shoes, and some underclothing, and sent them to the motherless baby.

On the next day the miller, sobered by the loss of his wife, kept away from the tavern, and tried to settle in his mind what was best to be done. He had promised the baby to Mrs. Florence, but baby had given him so tight a hug as he kissed and parted from him at breakfast time, that he felt his dear little arms clinging around his neck all the morning as he went about the mill. How could he let him go? And Hetty was good and thoughtful, and so fond of baby. It would break her heart to give him up.

"What a handy girl Hetty is!" the miller said to himself, as he remembered how nice a breakfast she had got for him, and how clean and orderly every thing was about the house.

As it drew toward noon the miller began to feel a little anxious about his promise to Mrs. Florence. She was to have baby that day.

What if she had come for him already, and that when he went home at dinner time there should be no baby to spring into his arms and hug him around the neck!

In the mean time Hetty had received the bundle of clothes, and with the bundle had come a message from Mrs. Florence, saying that she had changed her mind about taking the baby.

"O, darling, darling!" exclaimed Hetty, almost wild with joy, hugging and kissing the baby, who crowed, and laughed, and hugged, and kissed her in return, as if he understood and shared in her delight.

"O, but won't he look sweet!" she exclaimed, as she opened and admired the beautiful baby clothes, finer than any thing he had ever worn.

"Father will be home soon," she said to Mary. "You set the table, and I'll wash petty and dress him in his pink slip with the white ruffled apron, and tie up the sleeves with bows of blue ribbon. He'll look so sweet that father will hardly know him."

So baby was washed and dressed in the new clothes, and I can tell you he did look lovely. There was not a handsomer baby in all the neighborhood.

"He's going to sleep," said Mary, who saw his eyes beginning to droop. "O! I wish he'd stay awake till father comes." But even as she spoke, the long dark lashes fell lower and lower, till they rested on his cheeks.

"You hold him till I put on a clean pillow-case," and Hetty placed the sleeper in her sister's arms. A soiled pillow-case was changed for one of snowy whiteness, and baby laid upon the bed where only a few days before his mother had slept the sleep from which none ever awakes in this world.

How lovely he was! No wonder the little sisters lingered about the bed, so entranced by his beauty that it seemed impossible to tear themselves away.

"Father is coming," said Mary, who had turned her eyes to the window.

Hetty looked out and saw him crossing the road. His steps were quicker and firmer than usual.

"I want him to see baby all alone by himself." And Hetty, as she spoke, drew Mary from the room.

They heard a low exclamation of surprise from their father when he entered, and then all was still—still for so long a time that Hetty began to wonder, and to feel uneasy. At last, pushing open the door softly, she looked in and saw her father on his knees by the bedside, his face buried in the clothes. A little while she

stood, almost holding her breath. She was about closing the door, when he lifted his face from the bed-clothes and fixed his eyes on the baby. Tears wet his cheeks. How fondly, tenderly, almost reverently did he look at the sleeping child—pure as an angel!

A slight movement drew his attention to Hetty. He looked at her for a moment, and then said:

"Call Mary."

The two children went up to him. He took them in his arms, still kneeling, and tried to speak to them. But sobs choked back the words he would have uttered. At last, in the anguish of repentance, and in half despair of his own strength, he cried out:

"O, Lord and Savior, help me to be a father indeed to these motherless little ones!"

Then a deep quiet fell upon them—a stillness, as if each listened for an audible answer to the almost wildly spoken prayer. Hetty was first to break the silence.

"Dear father," she said, kissing him, and tenderly stroking his cheek, "we'll do every thing, Mary and I, to make it nice for you at home. And we'll keep baby as sweet and clean as the richest baby in the land. O, is n't he a darling!"

Then they all arose and bent over the sleeping baby; and though death had just taken their dearest one away, it was a long, long time since the waves of happiness had flooded their hearts so deeply as now.

The shadows that lifted that day did not fall again. The miller had dragged himself, by a strong effort, through strength given him from heaven, out of a worse slough than Christian got mired in, ere he reached the wicket gate. Once more on firm ground, love for his baby that grew more winning every day, and love for his good children, Hetty and Mary, who never tired of doing for their father, God used as the means of keeping his feet in the safe ways of sobriety. He never went again astray.

A CHRISTIAN man's life is laid on the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does—and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to perfectness and beauty as the bright and high colors.

#### A BOHEMIAN JOURNAL.

I PROPOSE, my dear Unknown, to take you with me on a pretty long journey, through a land which you probably never saw, except in dreams, and certainly over a route which I hope may deeply interest you. It may be well to confess at the outset that my purpose, sharing in this the common peril of all human designs, is open to possible interruption from unforeseen accidents. A thousand things may befall, any one of which would force me reluctantly to loosen my hold on your perhaps already impatient button. Yet it may happen that these strange peregrinations may have but little interest for you; in which case there is nothing in the claims of common politeness, and even less than nothing in my wishes, to enforce your weary attention. It must be my care that so many of you do not leave me as to induce him, whose prerogative it is to preside over our mutual conversation, to dismiss me to that limbo of silence which Carlyle praises so much and loves so little. Should this sad banishment from being possible, or even probable—if you are malicious enough to think so—become ugly, dismal reality, I shall, no doubt, remember the fact longer than most others. It may be a comfort to kindly souls to know that I shall not probably perish by my own hand, even if this journal expire before its time by official sentence. The editor would probably write me a sympathetic note, telling me that, through some inexplicable deficiency of his reader's taste for travels and adventures, my articles must in the future be declined. He might, perhaps, add that I could doubtless find ready access to some other magazine, and wish me eminent success in the fine literary career opening before me. I should read this judicious epistle and be at a loss which to admire most, the blindness of an undiscerning public, the penetration of the discerning editor, or my own undeserved, if not singular, misfortune. Still I should doubtless renew my courage after a good nap or a comfortable dinner. I should remember how many of the best authors had undergone like trials, and how many of the best books had brought their unhappy writers nothing but vexation. I might call to mind a pleasant afternoon when a poet, and one of the best masters of our time, too, read me fragments of an unfinished poem of rare merit, and, to my question why it was not finished, replied, The dear Public did n't like it. And I should not forget that the editor of a very prominent literary magazine had felt himself constrained to state this disagreeable fact to the author. Yes, it is only too certain



that, by some means, after a like buffet from ugly fortune, I should somehow find courage to eat, sleep, and, it may as well be confessed, even write; for what were life without writing? But one thing could be worse, and only its frequency keeps us from taking note of it, namely, writing without life.

But I hear, or fancy I do, which comes to much the same thing, some good-natured reader, who is nothing if not critical, even in his kindness, exclaim, A Bohemian Journal! I am sorry I can not convey the surprise, dashed perchance with a touch of good-natured contempt, which is bitten into that word, Bohemian, as with a mordant, by the sly emphasis with which it is uttered. It requires some courage, therefore, to repeat quietly, A Bohemian Journal! Well, why not? Mind, I have not said a journal in Bohemian; for though I am modestly not unwilling that my attainments in that language should pass unlauded, I affirm freely enough my belief that such a journal would hardly suit your meridian. Nor is it a Bohemian's journal which is proposed; for, whether to my credit or not, I can not trace my blood to such outlandish fountains. In all my researches I have only been able to discover Yankee and Scotch elements in my parentage, a mixture of shrewd bloods not to be excelled even by a cross of Gascons with Normans. The effect of such an ancestry is somewhat peculiar. Some days I am entirely Scotch, as much so as if I lived under the shadow of Ben-Nevis, spoke Gaelic, and ate garlic; at other times I am all Yankee, as truly so as any of those who sailed the wintry seas in the ever-blooming Mayflower; and then again, so evenly do these dissimilar if not hostile elements mingle in me that I can fancy myself blowing the bagpipe and making a stump-speech at the same moment. It is a wonder, on the whole, that men do not reveal stranger qualities than they commonly do. It is said to be impossible so to civilize Gipsy blood by intermarriage that the original vagabondism of the parent will not now and then show itself in his posterity. Indian blood may always be traced, though it flow in whiter veins than it is wont to, as witness John Randolph boasting his descent from Pocahontas. Powhatan was not so genuine a savage in his native woods as his descendant in the halls of Congress. Powhatan could be moved to mercy; but when did Randolph ever show it? How peculiar must be the inherited longings of the offspring of a man who was born under the North star, but married a wife who first saw the light under the line? How quaintly the tropic heats and fevers must blend

in the currents of their blood with polar chills and shivers! what confused longings for repasts of whale's blubber, garnished with a desert of oranges and bananas!

In passing through Bohemia, I was not for a moment aware of any such strange thrills in my blood as would naturally announce my nearness to its sacred fount and origin. Not a single hint did I receive that I had ever been there before, federally, representatively, potentially, or in any other way. No armor which I wore in the Trojan or any other war, lost its self-possession at my presence, or claimed the renewal of former acquaintance. I was literally a stranger, journeying in a strange land. The land was Bohemia, and the journey was taken on foot. Perhaps a better title for these papers would be this: Diary of a Foot-(sore) Journey through Bohemia, in August, 1867, by a Clergyman from America. But sometimes even a writer plays the tyrant, and upholds things as they are merely by his own will. *Stet pro ratione voluntas*. The well-known recipe for baking a hare, says that you must first catch your hare; so the first step toward a journey in Bohemia is to get to Bohemia. This was the sage conclusion to which two clerical friends and myself came early last August, in Dresden, the famous and beautiful capital of dwindled Saxony. The day before our departure we went to the railway station to ask the needful questions. We learned that two trains left Dresden for Prague every morning, one at seven o'clock and the other at eleven, and that they would both reach the latter place at about five in the afternoon. The early train, being what the Germans call a mixed train, proceeds with true Teutonic deliberation; while the second, though a lightening train, would surely never run over any body without due previous notice. Desiring to see as much of the country as possible, we decided to go by the mixed train; and, wishing to see the true people rather than the richer class, we took the third-class cars.

The early sun was hardly earlier than we, for we had not a little to do before setting off on our pilgrimage. However, he gave us the welcome promise of a fine day, and thus contributed his not unimportant part to our happiness. On the way to the spacious and elegant depot, the fact became evident that the Yankee had possession of us for the day. It is on occasions like this that I feel most sensibly the two different natures that dwell in me. The Scotchman does not like travel, both because of his home-keeping habits, and because the expense is too great for his thrifty frugality. This morning, therefore, he called out, just as I

had taken up my traveling bag, "Gang yer ain gait to Prague, and throw awa gude siller, an ye weel, I wi' ha' nae part in 't." And with this he pretended to withdraw, muttering, as he went, something about the unthrift and restlessness of Yankee blood. Perhaps the Yankee would have been only too willing to have parted company with his Scotch companion, even on these unblest terms, but he knew by frequent experience that Sandy would soon digest his vexation, and rejoin the party which he had so petulantly deserted.

As it was still early when we reached the train, there was time for not a few reflections. When Americans travel in these older countries, they first become aware how young their native land is. It is all very well for Mr. Agassiz to maintain, rocks and fish in hand, that America is really the Old World. To his science, and, therefore, to him, this may be very true, but for the rest of mankind such a statement is a greater fish story than ever Brazilian wilds could furnish. As a rule, one Agassiz is worth twenty Popes, but for once I agree with the poet, that the proper study of mankind is man. Perhaps I ought to say that in this I agree with Pascal, from whose *Pensées* Pope conveyed—to be polite in telling the ugly fact—the idea, with not a few others, to his skeptical verse. The truth of the thought impresses itself on me very profoundly as I sit looking out of the car window on the beautiful scene before me. On the right the landscape dips down a little, showing a broad, verdant meadow, beyond which it gradually rises till hill and sky kiss each other a mile away. Just where this rounded hill is highest stand three oaks which mark the spot where Moreau fell mortally wounded. I can see the place, on my left, whence the fatal shot proceeded which struck him down at the side of Alexander, of Russia. When we are a little further on the remains of an old earthwork, built by Napoleon, will appear. Not visible, but just over the hill on our right, is the famous strong Winter camp of the Austrians, at Plauen, which the great Frederic would never attack. Four miles further on is the little village of Russelsdorf, the scene of a furious battle which the grim old Dessauer, of iron-ramrod fame, so bravely won, and which Carlyle has so vividly depicted. Yonder stands the beautiful palace of Augustus the Strong. In the time of that voluptuous prince, the Grosser-Garten, which surrounds the palace, was filled with hundreds of costly and graceful statues. These have since mostly perished, or been captured in the sturdy game of war. I am really glad of this, for, in a Northern climate, it

seems inhuman to expose such naked figures to the nipping air. It is said that the sensible Greeks, with their milder climate and diviner skies, contrived generally to furnish some reasonable protection to their statues. How much more carefully had they done this, if they had lived under such a heaven, and in such a climate as those of Northern Germany? Where there are hardly three months of sunny, cloudless weather in the whole year, and where, most of the time, these beautiful figures are exposed in the frost, rain, and snow, our pleasure in seeing them is too often overborne by our sympathy for them.

I remember getting caught in a shower, about a year ago, in the Sans Souci gardens at Potsdam. The heavy rain poured down steadily, and we were obliged to spread our umbrellas and take refuge under the trees to escape the penalty of a thorough soaking. From this secure shelter I could see at least a dozen goddesses, Diana, Juno, Hebe, Venus, and the rest of the heathen throng, besides graces, muses, and gods, all standing, bare and dripping in the cool, abundant rain. It made me shiver to see them, and I could not help fancying that it cost them a great effort not to shiver with me. I have no faith in kings, and yet the misery of poor mad Lear moves me strangely. I am not sure that I could have seen Louis Philippe in exile without an emotion of pity. So I have no belief in that immortal paganism which we call Greece, but this spectacle of her gods in exile affected my very heart. A Juno and a Venus stood not far from me in such forlorn desolation that I felt half inclined to offer my umbrella to one of the twain, as the least that politeness required; but so beautiful were they that I found it hard to choose between them, and I feared for myself in case I should, while I remembered the mischiefs once caused by the *spretæ injuria formæ* of one of these celestial ladies. Sorry as I am to confess it, I prudently left them to their shiverings.

But the few statues which remain in the Dresden-Garden have been more kindly cared for by dear old Mother Nature. She has lapped them up in layer upon layer of many colored moss, till they look as comfortable, if not as variegated, as Joseph in his party-colored coat. This famous garden suffered not a little when its sheepy owner came to handgrips with Frederic the Second. From its precincts you may see the Kreutz Kirche, where that long-fingered thief—for all that Mr. Carlyle can say comes to nothing in excusing him—went to meeting after getting possession of the city. You see, also, the dome of the Frauen Kirche, whose solidity

is such that it effectually withstood the bombs of the Prussians in the above-mentioned conflict; it certainly has a very solid aspect, though I doubt whether it would last long if Gilmore were to direct his Swamp-Angels at its towering and blackened mass.

And thus, had I the needful time and knowledge, might we evoke the historic centuries which hover about this place, and hear the recital of what was done here and what there, what in war, what in peace, what in art, what in literature, what in sinful debauch, and what in saintly piety. As the train moves on we reflect, here Zinzendorf was born, here Spener shed the light of his holy life, there Goethe lived with his sagacious cobbler, yonder Schiller loved not wisely but too well, and there he composed Don Carlos, yonder Körner was born, and time would fail me to tell the rest. Where could you find the like in America? Plymouth Rock and Jamestown are youthful indeed compared with communities and monuments which greet us here at every turn. We can pass by primeval forests without regret, except it be that we do not own them—can look patronizingly on hills as gray as Time himself, and even hear that Mr. Agassiz has discovered a thousand new sorts of fish with nothing more than a grateful feeling that nobody is obliged to digest them all, except it be their discoverer; but show any Yankee the judgment-seat of Julius Cæsar, in which I sat at Berlin, the Hebrew Bible of Luther with annotations in his own hand, Melancthon's immortal Protest, or the Sistine Madonna, and see if the *Io anche* of fraternal emotion does not fall from his half-unconscious lips. In the final analysis of human belief, all will be found to join in Pascal's credo, so abruptly sublime in the form he gave it. "All bodies, the firmament and its stars, the earth and its kingdoms, are not worth the least of minds; for it knows them and itself, and they nothing."

Even could you find a barbarian who felt no interest in such stuff or rubbish as your Murillos and your Rubens, there would still be somewhere a good touch of human nature in him. I shall not soon forget an American, in widower's weeds, whom his wealth and his nieces had, in an evil hour, tempted to undertake the European tour. He had wandered wearily through the Dresden Gallery and found but little satisfaction in it. The famous pictures had not seemed so very wonderful after all. Somehow he had failed to rise into raptures at the right moment, and when some little scenes of domestic life spoke to his heart, there were his excellent nieces, with their connoisseur airs, to inform

him that their author was a nobody, and that his admiration had gone sadly astray. On the famous Bruhl Tarrasse, he had watched the sun going down in its dull glory, with a lively recollection of the magnificent sunsets of his native land, till he felt a strong disgust at the rapturous applause with which some Americans greet any thing European. What other vexations he had encountered I do not know, but as the waiter at the Tarrasse brought him a delicious beefsteak, his face grew radiant with delight. I can not hope to interpret all that world of meaning, of which this sunny smile was the expression, but partly it explained itself. It said as plain as light, Here I recover my humanity. Just now I found myself unable to enter into the pretended significance of Holbein, Raphael, Correggio, and Poussin, and I had begun to doubt whether they were not of a superior race. The divine splendor which my nieces claim to see in Dresden sunsets, seemed to me not fit to compare with that which often fills our native heavens, without their ever feeling the least enthusiasm over it. I began to think that my nieces were of some supernatural nature. But this beefsteak consoles my chagrin and reconciles me with my race. By this I find myself one in feeling and sympathy with Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, and Rubens. What do my nieces know about a steak that I do not? and which of them can enjoy this work of art so expansively as I? Let pedants say what they will, the greatest of human inventions is not gunpowder, nor the art of printing, nor the spinning jenny, nor steam-engines, nor the telegraph, nor needle-guns, nor iron-clads; no, it is the beefsteak. An army, said the Great Frederick, goes on its belly. But the belly goes on beefsteak, which has such a typical quality that, like the turtle, it includes all meats in itself. All these other inventions, therefore, depend ultimately on that of the beefsteak. The true symbol of humanity is not, High Churchism being judge, the apostolic or Athanasian creed, the Decrees of the Council of Trent, the great Protest, or the Declaration of Independence. Which of these can abide the test, *quod semper, ubique et ab omnibus*? But this touchstone of orthodoxy leaves the beefsteak untouched and untainted, and, therefore, fit for human use. Mr. Carlyle says that the epic of our age is no longer, I sing the man and arms, but I sing man and his tools; but the epic of all ages is the cook and gridiron. Let Mr. Darwin show us a race of baboons or gorillas which is debating the adoption of the gridiron, if, surprising the law of selection in the very act, he would win universal acceptance for the dogma

of the transmutation of species. And just as the absence of the gridiron marks the point of division, where the lower animals reveal their lack of humanity, so its absence at the upper end of the scale of humanity indicates the line where the human is separated from the angelic world. *No matter without force, no force without matter*, such is the formal principle of naturalism in its latest developments. My motto is, no gridirons without humanity, no humanity without gridirons. The two are coterminous. This was a good deal for a smile to say, but, as Dr. Taylor would put it, you can not prove that it did not say it.

If you think that we must now be near Prague, I beg pardon for reminding you that we have taken the slow train, and that *slow* has a meaning here, though it has to do without one in a country whose watchword is go ahead. Accordingly we are just getting into the picturesque region of Saxon-Switzerland. The mountains rise on either side of the way in bold and serrated outlines. The Bastie show their needle-shaped pinnacles seven hundred feet above the surface of the Elbe. These are joined together by an iron bridge, from which the view is one of the finest to be had in all Germany. The highest peaks in this region are Borenstein, Leibenstein, and Konigstein. The last is strongly fortified. The fort towers more than eight hundred feet above the stream, and is at once a State's prison and a house of refuge, in the time of war, for the Saxon archives, treasures, and kings. It was here that Count von Bruhl, whose store of pantaloons was equal to the store of Queen Elizabeth's dresses, led his master for safety, while Frederic II starved the Saxon army in the vale below to surrender. There is a well seven hundred feet deep in or under this fort, whose water is sixty feet in depth. One of the delights of visitors is to drop a pebble into the well and then wait for the sound to tell that it has struck water. Thus they obtain some notion of its depth and a reminiscence of youthful days. A little further on two huge rocky figures face each other, which are known as the Two Doctors. They certainly have the attitude of two grave physicians in earnest consultation over some poor patient, whose cure is beyond their skill. It is curious that Nature should sometimes imitate the form or features of man in her mountainous regions. It is easy to understand the satire which Moliere lavished on the doctors of his day; but it seems a little cruel that Nature, æons since, should have molded these giant and somewhat servile shapes to cast contempt on the then undreamed-of medical faculty. But even indulgent Nature is sometimes

impertinent, as, for instance, when she made up her face at our pigmy race, in the Old Man of the Mountain. However, as though she repented and was penitent for this clumsy mockery, she once, at least, tried her hand at the production of the human face on a very small scale. You will find the result of her effort in a little uncut jewel, which is kept in the chapel of St. Wenzel, in the cathedral of the new city at Prague. Left in its natural state, this precious stone shows a striking human countenance.

The first third of the distance from Dresden to Prague is made with the river always near us, steamboats and rafts, both diminutive, on the river; on either side of the river, a narrow strip of land, green to the water's edge, and green as high up the mountain as cultivation can climb; peach, and cherry, and plum-trees covering about half this space; crops of cereals of the richest character and forest of fir crowning the heights; here a few castles, there a few ruins; frequent villages of rather poor houses, and every-where men and women working together in the fields. To-day an atmosphere as pure and a sky as blue as those of New England. Battle-fields are too numerous to mention. The second third of the way the mountains sink into hills and withdraw to a greater distance from the Elbe. The wider valley becomes if possible even more fruitful; the cross is seen by the roadside and occasionally a peasant praying before it. At certain prominent points high crosses have been set up and are visible for miles. The last third of the way is along the banks of the Moldon, a less fruitful region. Parts of it have even a barren aspect.

This journey was, on the whole, very pleasant. The freshness of the morning air and the bold scenery of Saxon-Switzerland made the first part of the day a pure delight. Then came a hotter sun, a broader valley, a richer agriculture, a constant variation of the landscape, scenes unequaled for their soft and gentle beauty; these made the second part of the way agreeable. The latter part of the way, with the burning heat, the dull scenery, the weariness of the ride, would have rendered our course hardly tolerable, if Prague had not been our goal.

The first view of Prague only showed me how well Fox's Book of Martyrs, which I read long ago, and Haven's Pilgrim's Wallet, which I read recently, had instructed me in the main features of the place. Yet there is something in the first view which you get of such an ancient city that is very enticing. Prague makes one very decided impression even before we reach it. Something in its aspect tells you that it is not only antique, but also that it has an



Oriental element in it. This fact you do not become distinctly conscious of at once, but you feel it, and it grows on you continually.

Before reaching the city, I received several hints that the Scotchman would be likely to take his revenge to-morrow for his sleep of to-day. He gave me a twinge, as bitter as rheumatism, when he caught me saying that there was something touching in the sight of a cross dominating the landscape. I foresee easily that to-morrow, at the sight of candles on the altar, crucifixes, confessionals, relics, convents, and synagogues, this son of Knox will have something to say which, for heat, will match the weather. I doubt whether I shall even reach the hotel without a controversy.

#### HEALTH OF BODY.

“**E**VERY good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.” All gifts so characterized, and so derived, must be worth having, worth keeping, and worth enjoying. This is as true of the temporal as of the spiritual favors which we receive from the hand of God. Whatever he has bestowed upon man to supply his necessities, to promote his comfort, or to yield him pleasure, not only may be, but ought to be, used for the purpose for which it is given. “Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving.” “He giveth richly all things to enjoy.” In fact, earthly good is invested with a spiritual character, and becomes a spiritual blessing, when it is recognized as the gift of God; and this can only be when a Divine intention of benevolence toward the possessor is felt to be fulfilled in his distinct perception of the special benefit conferred.

On the other hand, the value of earthly good is increased, and the satisfaction and delight which it is in its nature to afford greatly enhanced, by the consideration that it comes from God, that our possession of it is due to his will, and our enjoyment of it in accordance with his will. These are the sentiments of the author of the book of Ecclesiastes, expressed in language which has been sometimes misrepresented as if teaching the religion of mere secularism: “It is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion. Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion,

and to rejoice in his labor; this is the gift of God.” Verses 18, 19.

Life and health may be placed at the head of all God’s earthly gifts to man. The first is universal; the second is more common than almost any other. Without the first no other is possible, without the second neither the first nor hardly any other can be enjoyed in perfection. They are blessings for our own use and advantage, and talents by which we are enabled to serve God and benefit society; blessings, also, in the possession of which we may become more and more blessed, talents which may be improved to the continual increase of our usefulness in the service of God, and in our vocation and ministry among men. And as we instinctively seek means for the protection of life when endangered, and the restoration of health when lost or impaired, so, in the exercise of the reason and foresight with which we are endowed, if we can discover means for the prolongation of life, and the preservation of health, it is manifestly right, and our duty, to employ them.

Whether long life be really desirable is a question which has often been debated, and often decided in the negative. Scripture may be appealed to on both sides; yet, undeniably, Scripture represents “length of days” as a blessing. There can be no difference of opinion, however, on the subject of health. Notwithstanding the admitted and very remarkable fact that many seem to find satisfaction in being accounted invalids, and take pains to convince themselves, as well as others, that they are subject to serious or frequent infirmities, it is certain that all without exception really desire health, and cordially agree in the sentiment that it is one of the greatest blessings of Providence.

At the same time it must be acknowledged that health is not estimated at its full value by the majority of those who possess it. The reason is, doubtless, that it is their normal and habitual condition, and one which they share with most of those with whom they are daily conversant. Such is the weakness, or perverseness, of human nature. Ordinary and universal blessings are slighted in comparison with some peculiar advantages, or possessions, which are objects of our desires, or subjects of our pride; while yet the former are in reality, and also in our own judgment when we consider the matter, infinitely more valuable than the latter. That which is essential to the content and comfort of every day of our lives, to our capability and freedom of action, would, beyond all question, be preferred by every one of us, if we were allowed our choice, to whatever may minister to

our gratification incidentally, or occasionally, even in the highest degree. Health is undeniably a more precious gift than riches, or honors, or power; for who would exchange it for either of these, the chief objects of human ambition? A man would rather retain health, or recover it, than achieve any grand success upon which the heart is set, and the attainment of which may have appeared to him to be the perfection of earthly bliss. We, of course, leave out of consideration those cases, happily numerous, in which a noble nature would freely sacrifice not only health, but life itself, for the promotion of some good cause, or on the generous impulse of friendship, or gratitude, or love.

It is a very trite observation that we learn the true value of any blessing by its loss. But we have, perhaps, all of us, been enabled, in a greater or less degree, to understand the comforts of health by the privation of them during a season of sickness. It needs but a fit of the toothache to make any one of us sensible of the actual blessedness of freedom from pain. And to the invalid enfeebled by disease, or to one who is disabled or detained in inactivity by some local affection or accident, how enviable appears the mere power of moving freely from place to place, and pursuing the ordinary business of the day, without hinderance from suffering or weakness! It is remarkable, however, how soon these effects pass away, and how health when restored becomes again a matter of no consideration, and is enjoyed without the consciousness of enjoyment.

Health, it has been said, is common. More than nine-tenths of our population, probably, are in good health for more than nine-tenths of their lives. The fact can not but appear surprising to any one who reflects for a while on the numerous circumstances by which health is every-where, and in every instance, endangered. If we glance through a general treatise on medicine, or the report of a Sanitary Commission, we must be painfully impressed with the multitude and variety of diseases to which our species is liable, and of the active causes of disease which are prevalent in all manner of localities, employments, and conditions of life and action. Opening a newspaper, we are struck with the diversified forms of accident by which injuries to the person are occasioned. The perusal of a book on anatomy or surgery, or an hour's attendance at a lecture on the human frame, is enough to possess the unprofessional mind with an alarming sense of the frailty of our whole structure, and especially of its most important and vital organs. The natural effect of the contemplation of the innumerable

tendons, ligaments, valves, ducts, fibers, tissues, and whatever other classes there may be of the constituents of our organization, is to make one almost afraid to walk, or run, much more to jump, or climb, and renders it incomprehensible how one survives a cough or a sneeze. And since it is undeniably true that the lesion or derangement of any portion of this delicate mechanism must cause pain or disease, and may cause death, the protracted continuance of health and life really becomes a marvel and a mystery—

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long."

But, common as health is in spite of the numberless risks to which it is in all cases exposed, it might be much more common. It is impaired and destroyed, perhaps, as frequently by men's own acts, as by causes independent of themselves, and beyond their control. Vice, self-indulgence, and folly, will account for a large proportion of occasional or chronic disease. And many of the dangers by which health is threatened would be either removed or greatly diminished by the exercise of prudence and common-sense, and the practical use of so much knowledge of sanitary principles as all may easily acquire. The following observations on the means of preserving and improving health are offered in the hope of promoting the consideration of various details of the whole economy of health by a large circle of readers, rather than with any pretension of increasing the information already possessed by them upon the subject. In this matter, as in others of equal or greater importance, it is not by the presentation of new truth to the mind, but by securing its attention to acknowledged truth, that the most satisfactory results are to be obtained.

The principal components of the human frame will naturally indicate and classify the topics for consideration in dealing with the subject of bodily health. The body may be roughly described as an organization of bones and muscles, permeated by blood, covered with skin, and containing a breathing and digestive apparatus. A healthy condition of the bones, muscles, and blood, may be said, in general terms, to be chiefly or appropriately promoted by exercise; of the skin, by cleanliness; of the breathing organs, by sufficiency and purity of air; of the digestion, by food taken in due quantity, of good quality, and at right seasons. Each of these means for the preservation of health, however, produces its beneficial effects not only upon those parts of the system with which we have especially connected it, but more or less directly upon all the others.

Our attention is first due to the main process by which life and strength are constantly maintained—the support and nourishment of our whole material constitution by the ministry of the stomach in receiving and digesting food. If this be thought too ignoble an organ to be honored with our primary notice, let it assert its own claims to precedence in the language supplied to it by Shakspeare in his version of the famous apologue of Menenius Agrippa preserved by Livy:

"True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,  
That I receive the general food at first  
Which you do live upon: and fit it is:  
Because I am the storehouse and the shop  
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o' the brain;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends, though all at once can not  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran."

*Coriolanus*, Act i, sc. 1.

Man is omnivorous. It is clearly indicated by the structure of his teeth that he is intended to feed upon both flesh and fruits, or vegetables; and an examination of his capabilities for digestion, both mechanical and chemical, confirms the evidence of the teeth. The first general inference to be drawn from this fact is, that a mixed diet must be good for us, as being in conformity with our animal nature. A diet consisting of meat alone, or of vegetable substances alone, does not duly exercise the functions with which our bodies are endowed for the purpose of their sustentation. We may apply the general principle thus obtained to the first question which meets us—the nutrition of early infancy. Before the human infant has teeth, it can not receive solid food, of either animal or vegetable character. But it is capable of receiving and profiting by mixed diet even at that period. The nourishment provided by nature in the mother's milk is undoubtedly to be relied upon chiefly for its sustenance. Yet it will be found advantageous to employ, almost from the first, the lighter kinds of farinaceous food. It is often matter of surprise that the offspring of a healthy mother, or the foster child of a healthy nurse, enjoying an abundance and rich supply of its first aliment, does not thrive, or is affected by various disturbances of the digestive organs; and, as often, that an infant whose mother, from feebleness, or peculiarity of constitution, can not adequately minister to its necessities, grows rapidly, and is hearty and strong. The reason

is that, in the former case, the child has been too long restricted to one, although the best kind of nourishment, and that, in the latter, a salutary change and mixture of diet has improved the appetite and relish for food, and variously exercised the powers of digestion.

During the early years of childhood, and before the first teeth, or at any rate the incisors, have been displaced by their permanent successors, it is not desirable to give children much animal food. Their bill of fare may be abundant, diversified, and attractive, without including in it meat, which they neither will nor can sufficiently masticate; for meat being, of necessity, always prepared for their use in small morsels, is invariably swallowed as soon as taken into the mouth, and must, therefore, prove a frequent cause of pain and sickness. The different kinds of grain, of native and foreign growth, variously prepared, milk, vegetables—and of these, such as afford edible roots and stems, rather than leaves—should form the staple of human food from the weaning of the infant to the eighth or ninth year. Among the poor, bread is too uniformly the principal article of diet for children of this age. The chief objection to this is want of variety; but the bread itself is often bad in quality, from the mixture of improper materials, or from unskillfulness in its manufacture—imperfect kneading, or baking. It is much to be desired that oatmeal and rice should be more freely used than at present for the food of children. They would be found profitable in every sense, being cheap, wholesome, and nutritious. The Highlander's breakfast of oatmeal porridge would be a more substantial and digestible meal than several slices of bread and butter; and, with the addition of a little treacle, would be to most children's taste far more palatable. A similar use of treacle might be made in the preparation of rice, both for breakfast and for dinner; and, indeed, would form a desirable corrective to the effect of rice upon many infantile constitutions. Milk, and sugar, or treacle, should enter largely into the composition of children's food. And a little calculation would enable the poorest to procure them in sufficient quantity by a diminution in their expenditure for bread.

It is most important in the physical nurture of children that their meals should be at regular hours, and with no long intervals. But there is no worse practice than that which is too prevalent, especially among the poor, of giving children small portions of food between meals, or whenever they choose to ask, or, after much asking, to get rid of their importunity. It has a bad moral effect, encouraging them to give

way to every impulse of appetite, and to think much and often of eating; and so renders them gluttonous. And it has a bad physical effect, inducing in the stomach a habit of perpetual craving, or keeping it in a state of perpetual repletion. Again, not only regularity of meal-times, but comfort and good order at meals, will conduce in a great degree to the due and satisfactory enjoyment, and hence good digestion, of food. Hurry, confusion, general talking and clamor, chiding and quarreling, too often witnessed at the dinner-table of a disorderly family, must injuriously interfere with the processes of mastication and deglutition, and, consequently, with that of digestion. Indeed, such is the close connection of our mental and corporeal faculties, that these circumstances do, of themselves, immediately tend to impede digestion. It is a well-known fact that fear, anger, vexation, anxiety, felt at the time of eating, prevent the proper decoction of food by the stomach; and so, to a certain extent, must all other perturbations of the mind. The observance of this rule is of course as necessary for adults as children; but since the passions of children are more easily excited, and less regarded, and their stomachs more delicate for the most part than those of their elders, they are the chief sufferers by its neglect.

Bread, the staff of life, claims the first consideration among the staple materials of our food. Bread should be home-made; and every cook, and every one who has to cook, should know how to make it. The family is thus secured against the evils arising from unwholesome ingredients, introduced by the unscrupulousness of trade, to improve the appearance, or the profit, of a loaf. The finest wheat flour, ground from the pure grain, produces the bread most in esteem, on account of its whiteness and closeness of texture, and it is doubtless excellent food, and very nutritious. But, if much bread is consumed, a more digestible, and therefore more nutritious article of diet, is provided by the coarser kind of flour, or a copious mixture of bran with the finer. The brown bread thus manufactured is generally popular; it has more taste than that made from the pure flour, and is, of course, much cheaper. Other ingredients may also be employed with similar advantage in making bread. Potatoes, in due proportion, and, still better, rice, will combine with wheat flour to form a capital loaf, of good consistency and agreeable flavor, and retaining its moistness longer than that made of flour alone. By the use of these substances, especially the latter, the cost of bread in a large household will be very greatly diminished, and

at no sacrifice of its wholesome or of its palatable qualities.

The various kinds of butcher's meat, and of poultry and fish, commonly used for the principal meal of the day, differ much, no doubt, among themselves in wholesomeness and nutritiveness. But, always supposing the meat in a proper state for human food, the greatest difference in these respects is made by the cooking. Bad cooking renders a large proportion of the food consumed in this country indigestible; while good cooking would extract nourishment and enjoyment from much which is generally rejected as insipid or injurious. Many simple rules for the right preparation of food, especially animal food, rules for the most ordinary operations—boiling, roasting, baking, and frying—are either unknown to most of our cooks and housewives, or are willfully and scornfully rejected by them as crotchets and whims of impractical persons, meddling with what they can not be expected to understand.

Edible vegetable-forms of one kind or another—roots, stems, leaves, flowers, fruit, or seeds—are so abundantly provided by the teeming earth, in almost every climate and soil, that it is evident they are intended to supply a very considerable proportion of the food of man. They differ much as to their nutritive qualities, but all have their uses; and many which are not very palatable or profitable by themselves, however dressed, become agreeable additions to various compounds, chiefly of the soup kind. A few rough experiments will soon instruct the unprofessional caterer for a household how to employ them. Fruits also may, with the greatest advantage, be liberally introduced, both raw and cooked, as portions of regular meals. There can be no doubt that all vegetables and fruits that are commonly eaten have special properties which render them individually beneficial, in some particular manner, to our corporeal system. The rule for availing ourselves fully of this provision made in them for our benefit is to use them in moderation, in combination with other food, and in season.

It may reasonably be inferred from numerous analogies that, in its season of maturity, every product of the earth intended for our consumption is in itself really wholesome, and is then especially adapted to the state and requirements of the body, in some or other of its organs or functions. As the medicinal or sanitary plants, whatever other purposes they may serve, are evidently designed to be correctives, each of some particular abnormal condition of our organization, so, probably, the alimentary and salutary plants are, exactly at the times when



they are presented to us by nature, precisely the vegetable food most conducive to the maintenance of health. If the restoratives are efficacious by reason of their relation to certain states of disease, we may fairly suppose that the nutritives and preservatives produce their beneficial effects in virtue of their relation to certain phases of the state of health. And, obviously, it is most probable that these phases should occur at the season when the plants attain that development which renders them suitable for our food. But, without any deep analysis of its principle, the maxim will commend itself to most as founded upon common-sense, that whatever food has a season is good for us at that season.

Hence, instead of debarring ourselves from various vegetable productions when most plentiful and most inviting, from the notion that they are the cause or the promoters of seasonal distempers, we shall act most wisely and naturally in allowing ourselves the free use of them, in due proportion to other food, and always with careful consideration of the existing state of the bodily health, and of the idiosyncrasies of the individual constitution. Perhaps we may go farther, and say that, when any article of food is in season, the supply of which is naturally profuse, it would be generally for our benefit to give it a preponderance in our daily diet. During the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in 1832, people were so possessed with the conviction that vegetable food was likely to produce or predispose to the disease, that there was scarcely any sale in the great London markets for the principal productions of the season. The market-gardeners of London and its vicinity not only procured and published the testimony of all the most eminent medical practitioners of the day in favor of the proper use of their commodities, but also put forth statistics, of undeniable authenticity, which proved that the families of the laborers in the market-gardens, who were necessarily large consumers of whatever vegetables were in season, and in fact lived chiefly upon them, enjoyed in a remarkable degree immunity from the destructive epidemic.

The maxim of greatest importance in reference to the materials of human food is—mixture and variety; a maxim founded, as has been stated, upon man's omnivorous nature. Animal and vegetable substances, soups and solid meat, fish, flesh, and fowl, in combination, or succession, ought, if due advantage is to be taken of the health-sustaining element in food, to form the dietary of every household. And this would be practicable to a great extent, even among the lowest class of our population, if a few simple

principles of domestic economy, and domestic cookery, were but understood and believed in. The poor, when ill, have great faith in a "change of medicine;" they would in numberless cases have less occasion for changes of medicine if they would study change of food. And others far above them might profit by the same practice.

The question of the proper and most salutary beverage of man has been warmly discussed during the last quarter of a century; and many have, much to their own benefit and that of society at large, pronounced in favor of water. In the earlier stages of human life, water is unquestionably the best drink at meals, for the purpose of quenching thirst. But let it be carefully observed that excess in drinking is detrimental to the digestive powers; and that, indeed, diluents of any kind, taken in large draughts at meals, are unfavorable to the decoction of food in the stomach, and tend to weaken that organ. The caution just given applies to those very popular infusions—tea and coffee—which form so large a proportion of the beverage of the English people. It is now generally admitted that, if not in themselves nutritive, they are conducive to nutrition, and that their elements, called thein and caffeine, have properties which justify the abundant use which is made of them, and the high estimation in which they are held. There is no better preparation for a day of hard work, bodily or mental, than a cup or two of moderately strong tea; and no more agreeable and wholesome restorative after fatigue. But the good effects of tea, and of coffee as well, are in countless instances neutralized, and bad effects produced, by the immoderate quantity which is imbibed at breakfast and tea-time; the consequence of this over-indulgence being often chronic dyspepsia.

Still worse results follow from the pernicious habit of drinking these liquids very hot. "Did you ever," said an eminent medical practitioner to one whom he was warning against the acknowledged practice—"Did you ever take notice of the palm of a washer-woman's hand—pale, sodden, flabby, wrinkled; such will be the state of the inner lining of your stomach if you are constantly pouring hot tea into it. And you may easily understand how incapable it must then become of performing its functions."

It is most important to health that the daily meals should be taken at suitable times, and with regularity. Breakfast should not be delayed long after rising. Many hours have elapsed since the last meal, and sleep has promoted digestion, so that very soon a sensation of emptiness and craving for food is usually experienced; and these demands of nature ought to

be satisfied. Work of any kind continued for some time in such circumstances is found to be exhausting. Persons who rise early, and can not conveniently obtain their full morning meal for two or three hours, would do well to secure the provision of some slight refreshment of a light and simple kind, to be taken before they address themselves to the first duties of the day. They will insure a better appetite for the more substantial breakfast, and derive greater benefit from it than if they come to it with feelings of faintness and languor, which are the effects of too long a fast.

For the same reason there should not be long intervals between the meals, nor should the principal meal be taken late in the day. The digestive organs partake of the weariness and reduction of power which the rest of the body experiences after the lapse of many hours of wakefulness and activity, and if then required to exercise their functions upon abundance of solid food, can not perform their work satisfactorily. On the other hand, about midway between rising and going to bed, a moderate amount of labor and exercise has created an appetite without producing lassitude, and at this point the powers require sustentation and reinforcement for the remaining moiety of the day's work. So that the natural time for dinner would appear to vary with the habits of life between the hours of twelve and three.

As was urged in the case of children, plenty of time should be given to this meal; the food taken slowly, in small morsels, and ample use made of the teeth before swallowing. And, if practicable, a considerable period of rest for body and mind should be secured between dining and returning to the ordinary duties and labors of the day. The almost invariable habit of the lower animals to remain quiet, and generally asleep, after a full meal, is some evidence in favor of this recommendation. The dyspeptic condition of many of our operatives in town and country is clearly traceable to the necessity of hurrying from work to dinner, and from dinner to work, in consequence of living at a considerable distance from the place of employment. Hence the great importance of the establishment of dining-houses in every quarter of our large towns, which may be reached in a few minutes by the mechanic or laborer whose work lies far from home, so that he may be able to devote the latter part of his dinner hour to quiet talk or quiet reading, to a nap of forty winks, or a gentle saunter. And the farm servant, who is employed at a distance of a mile or two from his cottage, would derive more nourishment and refreshment from the dinner which he has

brought with him, or has had brought to him, and after eating which he can rest for half an hour, than from a meal more wholesome in itself, and better prepared, and enjoyed at the family board, but which he must hastily dispatch and rise from it the moment he has swallowed the last mouthful, and walk rapidly back to the resumption of his laborious occupation.

#### MOUNTAIN GLORIES.

Of the mountains, upreared in glory,  
Unmoved by the tempest's shock,  
We have read full many a story,  
For the cleft of the giant rock  
Has sheltered the sons of freedom  
Since her banner was first unfurled,  
And when truth and her martyrs need them,  
They rise to redeem the world.

The birthright of heroes olden  
Was the breath of the mountain air,  
And bold as their summits golden,  
They were noble to do and dare;  
And ever will tyrants tremble  
When the wild war-bugles ring,  
And the men of the hills assemble  
Where each man reigns a king.

There is life, there is health in breathing  
The glad, free, glacial air,  
And joy in the pale mist wreathing  
The crests of the hill-tops bare;  
There is strength in the grand old mountains!  
Men are truer on their sod  
Than the dwellers by valley fountains,  
For they seem so near to God.

There were ancient mountains shining  
Like suns, on the world's dark page,  
With brightness, that, ne'er declining,  
Shall glorify every age;  
Mount Tabor, with stately column,  
Still witnesseth to the sky,  
And Olivet, grand and solemn,  
Calls back unto Calvary.

There are loftiest heights of beauty  
That rise in a noble life,  
When the soul that is true to duty  
O'ercometh the wrong in strife;  
There Love is enthroned in splendor,  
And the songs of the silver streams  
Wake echoes as sweet and tender  
As the melodies of our dreams.

The glow of life's golden summit  
Shines clear, though the storms are loud,  
And a vision of peace smiles from it,  
And beckons beyond the cloud,  
Where the glory that crowns the mountains  
Leads up to the lilled rills,  
And the sweetness of singing fountains,  
That leap from eternal hills.

## THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

THERE is no question which so intensely engages the religious thought of the present as that which concerns the person of Jesus Christ. No other has even the right to claim an equal interest, for it is the question of Christianity itself. It pertains to him who—in the language of Jean Paul—the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure, with his pierced hand lifted kingdoms from their hinges, the current of centuries from its bed, and still commands the times. The conflict about doctrine is transferred to the province of the life of Jesus.

From the beginning Christians have paid divine honor to Jesus. In the New Testament they are designated as those who call on the name of the Lord Jesus. Pliny, in his letter to the Emperor Trajan, speaks of the songs which Christians sang in their assemblies, thereby honoring and worshipping Christ as divine.

If we knew nothing of the doctrine of the apostolic Church concerning the person of Jesus Christ, this fact would be sufficient evidence for divine adoration. At an early period we are met with a Jewish and a pagan opposition to the doctrine of the Christian Church. The Jewish error saw in Jesus only the highest kind of a prophet and, of course, rejected his divinity. The pagan error regarded Jesus as a superhuman being, descended from a higher world, but dissolved his historical reality into mere appearance. In the one case the history was emphasized at the expense of the idea, in the other, the idea at the cost of the history. The Church saw in Jesus the unity of both, of the history and of the idea, of the human and of the divine. How the two can be united into a perfect unity ever remained an insolvable problem. But where, even in questions of natural life, as soon as we go beyond the nearest surface, do we reach the perfect reality, so that nothing unknown remains? But independent of the attempts of thought to perfectly unfold the mystery of the person of Jesus, it is the faith and confession of the Church. Herein the various Churches are *one*. The doctrinal differences in this question are of trifling importance compared with the harmony of faith. Christians of all Churches jointly bow their knees to the name of Jesus.

Jesus wrote no books. He left no manuscripts. He was neither a philosopher nor a founder of religion in the ordinary sense. His person and his work—these were the great facts which he inextricably interwove in the web of human history. But his inspired evangelists

wrote, and from their records we may gather the particulars concerning Jesus.

We would, however, be certain of Jesus even if we had no Gospels. The Church itself, its existence, would then be our Gospel. We would also be certain of the chief facts of his life, even though the oral tradition in details should be inexact and uncertain. Uncertainty in particulars would not destroy certainty in the main. If we had never read a word concerning the first Napoleon or George Washington, we would know the most essential points of their characters, and even if a syllable had never been written concerning them, the chief facts of their eventful lives would stand firm and enduring. As they now stand, so they would centuries hence. But what is the impression which a Napoleon or a Washington produced, compared to the monument which Jesus reared in the hearts of men! What are the results achieved by the former, compared with the work wrought by the latter!

Our faith does not depend upon the Scriptures, upon their certainty and authenticity, but upon facts that appertain to history and upon efforts which we carry in our hearts. The Scriptural records are, however, a support and defense of our faith. They delineate, in their holy simplicity, the image of Him whom we know and love, with features so true, so sublime and pure, so vital and overpowering, that we perceive and acknowledge therein the finger of God, and prize and revere the Gospels as our dearest and best possession on earth. The breath of freshness, the magic of originality, is spread all over them. In this lies their charm, their enchainning power. We see, we hear Jesus himself. We live the history with him. These are no scholastic representations of the history, no reflections upon it. The history itself speaks to us. The facts themselves are incarnate.

The chief fact is the image of Jesus. No man could invent it. It can only be the copy of an actual original. The person of Jesus is the peculiarity of the evangelical records. It is impossible to stop at a doctrine of Jesus, but everywhere it is Jesus himself whose image we perceive. He it is who lends to his words that peculiar charm, that wonderful blending of severe sublimity and fascinating loveliness whereby they become so irresistible. From Jesus proceeds that breath which vivifies his words and makes them words of life.

It is his form, appearing in every thing that he says and does, that constitutes the central point of the Gospels. What is this image of Jesus? In a retired village of Galilee, in a humble house, Jesus grew up. His birth points

us to Bethlehem, the city of David and the wonderful occurrences connected therewith, are related to us. Angels celebrated his birth with songs of praise. Pious shepherds from the fields and wise men from the East hailed him as their Savior and king. It was as if a new sun had arisen and poured its golden light over the land of Israel. Thirty years passed away. Those earlier transactions of the newly dawning salvation now floated only as a dream in the minds of the few surviving witnesses. The wonderful child was believed to have been murdered with the other children whom Herod had sacrificed to his suspicion. The matter was no longer a topic of thought and conversation. No one knew of it in Nazareth, and Mary and Joseph kept their experiences as a mystery in their hearts. Thus, like every other son, he grew up in the house of his parents.

What now were the influences that surrounded him? What was the atmosphere which he breathed? Doubtless the grand prophecies and hopes revealed in the Scriptures concerning the house and lineage of David, were the meditations of his heart, and furnished nourishment for his mind. His thoughts were developed, his knowledge even of himself molded thereby. Curiosity would like to know many things of his youth, and the busy fancy of man has filled up the empty space with all kinds of legendary miraculous stories. It is all fiction.

Only a single event is preserved. It is his interview, at the age of twelve, with the doctors in the temple. It was probably his first visit to the Passover. The festal journey, the holy city with its memories, the temple and its religious service—every thing which he there saw and heard may have powerfully impressed his mind and given a new impetus to his thoughts. The mystery of his being began to appear clearer and more certain to his consciousness. He felt and recognized that he stood nearer to his Father in heaven than to his parents on earth; that the fellowship of God was more his home than the earthly house in which he dwelt. Like a first bright beam of light this thought broke forth from the depths of his soul and illuminated his whole inner being, but he was silent. He was subject to his parents. He fulfilled the duties of a son. He carried the marvel of his being as a quiet blessed mystery in his soul and was silent. We need not complain that we know so little of his youth and inner development. We know enough. And what we do know exhibits the same humility which was the most prominent feature in the image of his public life. Although the bringer of a heavenly kingdom, he comes to be baptized of John.

The Baptist refuses and desires rather the baptism of him as the higher and mightier, whose shoes he is not worthy to bear. Jesus commands him to do his part, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. The Father gave, from the open heavens, a wonderful testimony concerning his Son. Jesus, ascending quietly from the water, went into the lonely desert. Having endured the mysterious temptations and maintained his obedience, he returned into the neighborhood of the Baptist. Several disciples of John followed him.

"Come and see!" is his main word. But the impression of his personality has bound them to him for their whole lives. He returned to his home; he visited that wedding in Cana; in every thing which he says and does, we behold a modest reserve, which only goes step by step upon the way which God directs. Soon the religious movement awakened by him has filled the boundaries of Israel, and brought the people from far. His life was an itinerant one, full of anxiety and deprivation—a life of exciting and exhausting activity. So incessant were his labors, so great the excitement among the people, that his friends came out to lay hold on him, thinking he was beside himself.

What was the soul of this activity? It is a Savior's life which is here described—a life devoted to the poor, the sick, the forsaken, the despised, the unfortunate. He was the friend of publicans and sinners, the companion of the weeping and sorrowing. He brought comfort to the troubled, rest to the weary and heavy-laden. The spirit of pitying love and of beneficent mildness formed the soul of his conduct and life.

As God once revealed himself to Elijah, so he was in Christ. "Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice." Thus God was in Christ "*a still small voice.*" If ever love appeared upon this earth, it appeared in Jesus Christ in the form of gentleness and humility. But over that humble form of the Savior of sinners is effused a dazzling splendor, which involuntarily draws us to our knees before him. Who can consider him in his quiet course without beholding the mystery of concealed majesty beaming forth from every word and act? And most of all from his deepest humiliation?

His love was rewarded with the criminal's



death on the pillory of the cross. After doing good to all, he is taken from life with the crown of thorns on his head. He was three-and-thirty years old when he died—and how he died! Whatever human hate could invent to cause pain was employed.

And Jesus was not an unfeeling stoic, who looked down with proud disdain upon sufferings, and upon men who inflicted them. He was sensible of every thing in his inmost soul. The greater his love, the more grieved he felt when his people, whom he came to redeem, cast him away so contemptuously. There can be nothing more affecting than the plain, simple, unadorned accounts of the Evangelists concerning the last hours of Jesus. They relate the events without an observation, which betrays the movement of their souls. But the more striking is the narration. *They* do not speak to us, only the *matter*. And how it speaks! What we here behold is not an ordinary human suffering. What we see and hear in Gethsemane, and on the cross, bids us anticipate a profounder mystery. It is an internal struggling of his soul with God which we perceive. The events of the invisible world appear through the veil of visible transactions. We feel it. The great mysterious act of history was here performed. It is the sacrifice of the atonement. Amid all these sufferings, Jesus remained like himself. The humble calmness with which he submits to malice, and the forgiving love with which he meets hate, appear here still more overpowering than in his life. The former convulsed the traitor, the latter converted the murderer. Such a powerful brightness of quiet greatness and splendor shone from the whole, that even the heathen centurion exclaimed, Surely this was the Son of God! And we are obliged to say—here was more than a sage, more than a martyr, more than a man.

The mystery of his suffering and dying is explained by means of the mystery of his person. *His person is a wonder.* We would be obliged to concede this even if we knew nothing of his origin, and were only acquainted with his public life. That union of humility and sublimity which gave its matchless stamp to his entire form; that quiet power of his love which made his life the revelation of the heart of God—all this was only the manifestation of that holiness which was the moral character of his person and being. We all have the strongest, most unavoidable impression of this sacred purity of his nature. If every thing else is denied, this must be allowed him. The question of Jesus, Which of you convinceth me of sin? will remain for all times without an answer.

The image of Jesus is the image of the highest and purest harmony both of the natural and moral nature. In all other men a discord of their inner life takes place. The two poles of spiritual life, intellect and feeling, head and heart—the two powers of moral life, thinking and willing—in whom are these in harmony? On the contrary, of Jesus we all have the living impression—here reigns the finished harmony of the interior spirit-life. His heart was absolute peace. His was a perfectly harmonious human life. He was all love, all heart, all feeling; and yet again he was all spirit, all clearness and elevation of spirit. Sensation and thought were undivorced. And in all there reigned the greatest vivacity of feelings and sensations, of thoughts and volitions; and yet the vivacity of his inner life never became passionate excitement; it is all a quiet greatness, a peaceful simplicity, an elevated harmony.

This is the image which meets us all in the Gospels, and of which we must say: thus it was, it can not have been otherwise. The moral harmony of his being is reflected therein. The soul-and-spirit life of Jesus was so harmonious and full of peace, only because there was nothing of that moral discord in him which pervades the inner world of all other men.

Jesus stood in such complete harmony with himself because he was in perfect harmony with God. He was continually conscious of absolute communion with the Father. With all other men, even with the most pious and holy, the consciousness of communion with God always and every-where has the consciousness of sins atoned and pardoned for its background and presupposition. It was not so with Jesus. His was a pure, unconditional consciousness of fellowship with God. Jesus stood in constant, prayerful intercourse with his Father; his whole life was one of prayer; but he never prayed for the forgiveness of sins. He taught us to pray: forgive us our sins. He alone, among all who are born of woman, had no need thus to pray. There was no partition wall between himself and his Father. His soul, his thought, and will was perpetually and perfectly in the things of his Father.

But how is it possible, that a man, descending from sinful men, should be so exempted from the universal moral law of all mortals? It can not be with him as with other men. His origin must be, in some way, different from that of the rest of the children of men. His being must exceed the limits of the merely human. His whole moral appearance demands this.

*His miracles* teach the same thing. The Evangelists narrate many of his miracles. His

life is filled with miraculous deeds. They surpass every ordinary measure of might and dominion which the human mind is capable of exercising over nature. We need not understand the whole extent of the concealed laws and forces of nature in order to know that what we here read are miracles. By no power of nature can a man change water into wine, or by his mere word give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, purity to the leprous, and life to the dead. But Jesus performed these miracles as if they were natural to him. They are not works of effort; they are deeds of independent power. Attempts have been made to remove and rid them from his life by means of artificial, so-called natural explanations. In vain! One might as well obliterate from the life of Alexander the Great, or Cæsar, military deeds or battle-fields. What would remain? His miracles form too essential a part of his life and activity to be thus removed. His history would immediately become unintelligible.

His miracles were the things which drew the people in crowds to him, excited the envy of his adversaries, formed the subject of many disputes with his opponents, which they did not deny, but only tried to extricate themselves by tracing them to demoniacal skill.

The apostles appeal to these deeds as recognized facts, of which many witnesses were living. Acts x, 38. And after the days of the apostles, the Apologist Quadratus speaks of those healed or awakened from the dead by the Lord, who were living at the time he wrote—beginning of second century. In short, the historical reality of the miracles Jesus performed is undeniable.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

#### MY PRAYER.

O, FATHER in the skies,  
My weary soul  
Turns now her longing eyes  
To heaven and Thee:  
Grant me thy peace!

For to my narrow cell  
The echoes come;  
I list, and know full well  
The heavenly tone:  
Grant me thy peace!

And still they wake the soul  
I hush to sleep,  
And scorning all control  
She frantic leaps:  
Grant me thy peace!

And she hath, in her rage,  
Bruised wing and breast  
Beating against her cage—  
O give me rest!  
Grant me thy peace!

O! ope the prison door,  
Unbind the chain,  
Let the bruised pinion soar  
All free again!  
Grant me thy peace!

Or quench the spirit's fire,  
And clip the wing,  
And quell the strong desire  
To soar and sing!  
Grant me thy peace!

#### THE ANSWER.

Ah! weary caged soul,  
Why bruise thy breast?  
Why heat thy quivering wing?  
Why this unrest?  
Take but my peace!

Thy cage is truly close,  
And through its bars  
Heaven's echoes sweetly float  
Down from the stars.  
Take but my peace!

'T is but to wake thee, soul,  
I bid them come;  
That scorning base control,  
Thou seek thy home.  
Take but my peace!

I "quench thy spirit's fire?"  
I "clip the wing?"  
I "quell the strong desire  
To soar and sing?"  
Take but my peace!

Nay, I have lit the fire,  
And bid it burn;  
Poured out the strong desire;  
Now in return  
Take but my peace!

In quiet resting list  
Those heavenly tones;  
Let not a note be missed,  
They're from thy home.  
This is my peace.

Thus I can "ope the door,  
Unbind the chain,  
Let the bruised pinion soar  
All free again."  
This is my peace.

Knowing it will not roam,  
But heavenward soar,  
There to repeat the song  
Forevermore.  
This is my peace.

## GIOVANNI PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.

IT is sometimes well to stimulate our own ambition by reciting the achievements of those who have preceded us—"to awake remembrance of the mighty dead" whose memories but for our care would be left to sleep in silence and oblivion. Of one of these, mighty in intellect and preëminent in virtue, I have gathered such memorials as were within my reach, and shall esteem myself most happy if the result of these studies should add to the luster of his fame as a scholar, that greater glory which his biographer has failed to give him—the name of a religious reformer.

Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, son of the prince of Mirandola and Concordia, was born in the year 1463. He died at the early age of thirty-two, but not before he had acquired not only an Italian, but also a universal reputation. He was the most eminent scholar of the Court of Lorenzo de Medici, which was then the center of polite literature. Politian, from whose life of Pico a portion of the material of this essay has been drawn, says that "a thorough acquaintance, as well with the ancient authors as with the literature of his own day, was an indispensable qualification to a Florentine." Politian was himself the author of the opera, and a very learned man, while the attainments of Lorenzo the Magnificent are universally known. Pico himself attributes to the poetry of Lorenzo the vigor of thought of Dante, and the harmony and polish of Petrarch.

The death of his father left his education to the care of his mother when he was very young. The masters whom she provided were astonished to find all the qualities of a professor, a quick appreciation, tenacious memory, and correct taste in so young a child. A poem which he had heard only once he could repeat backward as well as forward, and though he learned thus quickly he yet retained all that he had once acquired. His mother designed him for the Church, and sent him at the age of fourteen to the University of Bologna, to learn pontifical or canon law, which he studied with great patience for two years. He made a digest of these laws, which was considered an extraordinary work for a child. But not satisfied with these studies he left Bologna and visited all the celebrated schools and colleges of Italy and France, sought out each scholar of distinction, and entered into minute discussions with them for the sake of acquiring knowledge. Before he had attained the age of manhood he was recognized as a philosopher and divine, and had the reputation of knowing twenty-two languages. One

of his friends says, that "his attainments were such, that although he was scarcely ignorant of any thing, he was yet as studious as if he had every thing to learn." He himself, in a letter to a friend, says, "Lately I devoted a whole month of nightly as well as daily application to the Hebrew—now Arabic and Chaldaic. You see what ardency of desire, added to labor and diligence, *can effect* even when the capacity is none of the strongest." He was extremely modest, always deprecating the praises of his friends, or promising to become what they thought he already was.

The years in which Mirandola lived were eventful. It was a remarkable era—the hour before the dawn, when the blackest darkness of night was chased away by the light of the Reformation. Alexander Sixth, perhaps the most wicked man that ever lived, had occupied the Papal chair four years before Mirandola died.

The art of printing was discovered some years before his birth: four years before his death Columbus found the New World; Savonarola, the great Italian Reformer, was his contemporary and friend; and not many years after his death came the Reformation. But this Reformation, although more boldly pursued in Germany, England, and Switzerland, was perhaps quite as efficiently aided in Italy. There it was a political as well as a spiritual thrall-dom, and the religious reformer must preach, at the same time, civil liberty.

Thus did Savonarola; and he expiated his offense at the stake. But what could be hoped in a country enslaved by such a power as the Papacy, a power which the monarchs of Europe had bound themselves to uphold in order that their own powers might be in return upheld—a wicked copartnership against the sacred rights of the people. But the Italians did what they could. There arose, from time to time, men who decried the errors of the Papacy; who struggled and taught others to struggle against its power. Savonarola taught men to look unto Jesus in such sweet hymns as this:

"Jesus, best comfort of my soul,  
Be thou my only love,  
My sacred Savior, from my sins  
My door to heaven above;  
O lofty goodness, love divine,  
Blest is the soul made one with thine!"

Lorenzo de Medici, although the usurper of the liberty of the Florentine Republic, contributed greatly to the increase of light at this time by the fostering care which he gave to learning. He was also the friend of Savonarola, and sent for him when he was dying, a proof that he shared his views. In the next century

were Galileo and that brave Venetian, Sarpi, or Fra Paolo, who withstood the concentrated power of the Papacy which Paul III hurled at the Venetian Republic and at him.

There was also Pico, who may, not without reason, be classed with Savonarola and the other great reformers. His biographer, Politian, considers Mirandola only as a scholar, the wonder of the world, and makes no mention of his religious opinions. Indeed, he devotes less than half a page to Savonarola himself, who was then exciting all Italy by his opinions and his eloquence. He was, perhaps, not interested in those things. But the internal evidence of Mirandola's letters, the propositions which he boldly expounded at Rome itself, his love of retirement, the religious works he wrote, his friendship with reformers, and the profligate character of the Popes of his day, make it more than probable that he was something besides a mere student of profitless lore. He loved retirement, and withdrew himself from the eye of curiosity. He speaks like the ancient philosophers who groped in darkness for the light which they yet never found, of the delights of solitude, self-converse, tranquillity of mind, and of his wish for nothing external. But the soul of Pico saw light which these others could not see, and the words they uttered in ignorance were fraught with meaning when he spoke them. But he emerged from his retirement, and went to Rome in such a spirit as led Paul to Jerusalem, "not knowing the things that should befall him there." "I shall speedily set out for Rome," he writes, "in order to hazard an experiment, probably not without danger. If my undertaking be in any measure successful, it is to be attributed to the mercy of God; his, therefore, be the praise. But if I fail, let it be as the natural consequence of my own weakness."

He excited great wonder by proposing and arguing nine hundred propositions on various subjects. Thirteen of these were selected and censured by the Pope, but, as we have seen, this was not unexpected. Two of these propositions explain the spirit of his mind, and show what manner of man this was: "Neither the cross of Christ nor any other image should be adored."

"The body of Christ is on the altar in the celebration of the sacrament without the conversion of the substance of the bread into his body." It has been said that he was silenced, and that he acquiesced in the censure of the Pope, but the apology or explanation of his doctrines, which he wrote from Florence in the following year, does not favor this idea. After the death of Lorenzo he retired to a country

seat which he had given him, and wrote treatises on Genesis and the Psalms. He soon after died; it is not said by what means, but we may not doubt that it was in that peace which was so dear to his heart, and in the patience and faith of the saints. We may judge the temper of his mind, and the influence he had on those connected with him, from the fact that his nephew, another Giovanni Pico, wrote a life of Savonarola.

His epitaph is in the church of San Marco, at Florence. But it is so lost among a multitude of others on the walls of this ancient church, that only one specially interested could discover it.\*

#### SPIRITS OF MISCHIEF.

DO you believe in invisible spirits of mischief? I do. My whole life has been infested with them. They are of various kinds. I could name a long catalogue of them, whose presence I have detected at various times. But one there is so busy, and yet lazy—so unprincipled, and yet assuming such airs of conscience—so wanton, with yet the pretense of good heed, that I am out of all patience with him.

After performing the proper incantations, I have evoked his name. It is Carelessness. Other spirits are limited, both in spheres and functions. But this one is ubiquitous, and lays its hand to every variety of misdeed. It infests my study, my parlor, my kitchen, and my cellar. It devours my substance, and provokes me to ill-temper. If I go from the city to the country, the imp travels faster than I do, and appears to me as a hostler, or a gardener, or a simple day-laborer.

This spirit of evil loves to go under the name of Nobody. It was Nobody that left the window open, through which the storm beat and spoiled my book. It was Nobody that broke my favorite coffee-cup; that set the cat to eat milk out of a cut-glass preserve dish which the grocer hit with his foot, and—not to pieces, for that would have been a consolation—but broke just enough to be too good to throw away, and not good enough to keep.

It was Nobody that ate my nuts, put my salad

\* It was copied for me by a friend in Florence, who, after searching for it several months, at last discovered that it had been concealed by some garlands.

Jacet Hic

JOANNES MIRANDOLA.

*Catera Novit et Jagos et Ganges*

*Forsan et Antipodes.*

Ob. An. Sal. Mccccxxxiii vix an. xxxii.



oil in the sun, left my ice-box open, devoured my cream, put damp sheets on my bed.

I track this liberty in my books, whose leaves have been badly cut or smouched with dirty finger-marks; in my portfolios, where the costly engravings have been touched with sweaty fingers, or on the paper broken with careless handling. It was Nobody that left the key in the area door, ready for the thief's hand; that devoured the fabulous quantities of tea and sugar; that took my fine handkerchiefs; that broke all my china which I found stowed in a barrel down cellar!

It was Nobody that left her work in my sitting-chair, with the needle lying in ambush for me; but I assure you, it was *not* Nobody that jumped up quicker than he sat down; *that* was I!

I have often watched for this Nobody, and should I ever catch him, without judge or jury, I will work him such harm as will be an example to all miscreants!

But how many nameless other disguises has this arch spirit of Carelessness put on! It is my opinion that more harm has come to business by reason of Carelessness, than by the instrumentality of all thieves, swindlers, and counterfeiters together! It is a universal enemy. In spite of its fair face, and silver speech of excuse, every man's hand should be ruthlessly set against it. Carelessness is permitted to do mischief, which, if performed intentionally, would be doomed crimes. It is a pick-pocket, and yet keeps respectable society. If not a burglar, it is a house-destroyer. It strips off the shingles, it drops the clapboards, it breaks the window-pane, it tears the clothes, molds sour bread, burns the meat, wipes my mouth with soiled napkins, feeds me with unscoured knives. It founders my horse, batters my carriage, saws my wood a foot too long for the stove, digs my borders too early, and destroys half my unsprouted treasures. I am pestered and tormented with Carelessness—an atrocious criminal, whom no one can arrest, whom no one can convict, the only one that I know of, in the world, that has a chartered right to commit every conceivable wrong without criminality, and to make a demi-god of his invisible spirit, and to beat it about as a sort of impersonal second self on whom they lay all blame for their own misdeeds.

Important letters are not written, and the suit goes wrong. "Ah," says the man, "Carelessness, Carelessness!" With a cheery voice you ask a man after his wife's health whose funeral you attended last week. "What Carelessness," you say, as if *it*, not *you*, were culpable.

You wound a friend deeply, and make it all right by assuring him that "it was Carelessness—nothing more." You put a choice engraving on the sofa, through Carelessness; in a few minutes sit down upon it. "Alas!" cried the owner. "O, dear me!" you innocently respond; "that was very careless." You snatch up a babe from the floor, wrong end upward, and attempt to appease the young mother's indignation. "O, excuse my Carelessness! What was I thinking about!" The surgeon cuts a main artery, during an operation, and soothes the dying fellow with the assurance that "it was wholly undesigned; it was a slip; indeed, it was Carelessness."

If ever I am called to re-make the Code of Morals, in the very first place, higher than vices or crimes, I shall mark down Carelessness.

It is not only an egregious sin, but the heartless mother of nearly every other sin known to afflicted humanity!

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#### STRAY THOUGHTS IN QUIET HOURS.

MAGGIE was busy at her morning duties, while I watched her from my quiet corner; watched her, and thought in a listless way how much more excellent was the work of her hands just then than that of mine. A picture of contented industry was she as she stood there by the kitchen table, where a motley array of plates, and cups, and dishes innumerable were spread out before her, spread out there waiting to perform their part in the domestic drama. Such shakings, and rubbings, and siftings, such stirrings and pouzdings as she carried on before my eyes. Then a great round doughy cushion rolled out from under her hands and stood there in a trembling heap; a trembling heap that she seized and rolled over, and over, and over with astonishing patience and perseverance, till I almost pitied the tumbling mass—as if it were a thing of life. Thrust into an oven and subjected to furnace heats, watched with a merciless eye—ah me, what a fearful thing to fall into the housemaid's hands!

These things I saw from my corner, and many others too; all this I thought and even more, vaguely pondering on the transformations that were going on there—pondering vaguely, till by and by another page was opened before me, and this was how it happened.

In a row, fair and comely, stood three round loaves, the fruition of Maggie's handiwork, three round steaming loaves. As I looked at them, standing there in their perfect completion, and thought of all that had happened to them, I

seemed to see something not altogether unlike many a passage in the lives of mortals, the shadowy type of many a mystery in our soul's discipline.

These earth-lives are only our transition state, I fancy; a transition state somewhat like that which Maggie calls her "baking-day," because we are the unwrought material waiting for the touch of the Master's hand—the skillful touch that shall bring out the soul's hidden excellencies.

The siftings, the stirrings, and moldings that I saw just now, that seemed so pitiless, were all needful, else the finished whole, purified and complete, had never gladdened my eyes, so there needs come to us many a sifting and molding, that the earthy chaff may be taken from us, that our souls may become fashioned after the similitude of our great Pattern.

If we were altogether like those things which Maggie has in hand, I suppose like them we should be sure to come forth in some form of excellence when our disciplines were all over. But alas for us, that we are sometimes obstinate and self-willed; that we so often refuse to hear the Master's voice, and even presume sometimes to lift our weak arm against the Omnipotent—alas for us! For so it happens that, when the chastening rod is heavy, when the pruning-knife is sharp, and the furnace very hot, we become distorted, and mangled, and warped, the flames consume instead of purifying, and we have left to us only a charred and blackened remnant of our glorious birthright.

O, ye who are smarting and writhing under the rod, hearken to the precious call, "Come unto me!" for here is peace and rest for thee. Complain no longer that the great Refiner seeks your purifying; only see to it that ye learn these lessons of patience and trust; so shall ye be glorified in the day when it shall be said of you, "It is enough."—*Alice W. Quimby.*

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

"LULU! come in now; it is time for mamma's baby to be undressed and go to bed," called Mrs. Lovett, from her sitting-room window.

"No, no, Lulu *won't*," answered "mamma's baby," with a stamp of her little foot and a shake of her little head.

"O! O!" in a chiding tone. "Lulu does n't mean that."

"Yes, she do," answered baby, defiantly. And the black eyes flashed out the truth of the last assertion.

Mamma was mortified. Her visitor was an unwilling spectator of this small rebellion, and mamma apologized. She really never knew Lulu to speak so before; she was usually so docile, and so affectionate in her obedience; she must have learned those naughty words of little Minnie Gray, her four-year-old neighbor, who had been in to play with her an hour or two that afternoon. She never would have thought of such a thing, if she had not heard it somewhere.

Perhaps kind little Mrs. Lovett would have felt her mortification increased had she overheard Mrs. Gray's remark, at tea-time, to her husband:

"Our Minnie is getting an odious habit of making up faces, and I believe she has learned it of Mrs. Lovett's little girl—that child is always making up faces, and none of our children ever had that habit. How much mischief they do learn as soon as they get large enough to go out with other children!"

Mrs. Fairly goes to the school-house, and tells the teacher that she has noticed that her son's report is not as good as it should be; but if the teacher will move his seat away from the Drake boy, who always whispers to him and makes him laugh, she thinks he will have a better record. The teacher knows, meantime, that this innocent mother's son is the very ringleader of all the mischief of the school-room. The quietest and most conscientious boys in school have been seated next him, but none can be found who are proof against the contagion of his habits.

Are the parents all blind? and do they all believe that nothing wrong originates with their children? Does it never occur to little Mrs. Lovett that her "blessed baby" has a spark of temper and self-will of her own, and that "I won't" and a stamp of the little foot are the natural way of manifesting it? Does Mrs. Gray suppose no child of hers capable of "making up faces" till somebody else is seen to do it? and do the boys need to take lessons in throwing stones before they practice the art in the public streets?

Alas! poor weak human nature, which would blind the eyes of others if it can not close its own to the faults of its children. Why attempt to lay the blame on the neighbors' children? Is it not full as wise and safe, while we teach the little ones to avoid copying the faults and mistakes of others, to teach them watchfulness of their own little hearts and their own budding desires and propensities, that they may early learn to grapple with temptation in its most insidious forms?

## THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

## LITTLE TWINETTE.

LITTLE TWINETTE had just skipped out of her shell, if shell it might be called, and, with half a hundred of her scrambling sisterhood, was ready to go forth to seek her fortune. One would think that the mother of such a brood would have felt some anxiety about provisions for them, but dame Spider had not a bit. She knew that each was supplied with an ample spinning-jenny; that all knew perfectly their trade of spinning and weaving without the toilsome process of learning. May-flies were as plenty as blackberries, and she hoped at least that her children had inherited industry enough to keep them from starving, with all these advantages in their favor. For herself she was growing old and gray, and determined to stick to her sly nook in the old rafter as long as she lived.

"There are a few enemies you must always look out for, my dears," she said. "Do n't let any of the wasp family ever catch you napping. Whenever you hear one of these wretched kidnappers hissing and buzzing around, be sure you scuttle behind a rafter or under a shingle. Keep your ears open, and you have nothing to fear, as they always give you fair warning. If you do not they will seize you in their sticky claws and drag you into their miserable huts of clay, and there pick your tender limbs to pieces to feed their detestable brood. But look at me, and see to what age and size you may grow if you only use the same prudence. I was a match for one of the miscreants in my day," chuckled the old dame.

"He made bold to face me in my den, and quicker than thought I spun a dozen threads about him, tying down his wings, and tangling up his legs so he could not kick himself loose. O, what a thrashing and crashing the giant made, but I had him! Every move he made I threw another loop around him. He tore up many hundred yards of my stoutest twine that day, but it did him no good. Ah, my, what a day's work that was! How my bones ached when the sun went down! But the glory of the victory made ample amends. He lived some time, and I used to walk around him quite frequently, throwing another line over him, just to tantalize him. Of course all my neighbors, far and near, came over to see my show. I would

willingly have feasted the whole community on him, but, ugh! who would eat such a flavored creature? Some were disposed to try, but I need not tell you that they were lazy, ill-bred spiders, accustomed to eat whatever came handiest. You must never lose sight of the fact, my dears, that you come of a very old and high-bred family. A great blue-bottle fly may answer for dinner, once in a while, and it is very creditable to be able to capture them. Still house-flies, of a superior, sugar-fed quality, are much more desirable food.

"Always beware of housemaids with those terrific weapons they are so fond of flourishing over their heads and under their feet. Slow gains are generally surest, and it is part of a spider's craft to keep out of harm's way. This quiet old garret is a safer place than the fine carpeted rooms below; but, alas! all young spiders have to learn prudence by experience. Even children profit but little by a mother's advice;" the old lady moaned a sigh, and wiped her eyes with a silken handkerchief finer than any princess ever owned.

"But now good-by, my loves. Kiss your old mother, and hurry off to get your dinners. If any of you have bad luck in hunting, you can always find a spare leg or wing in the old home nest."

Little Twinette kissed her mother along with the rest, and then skipped off gayly, quite glad that the long lecture had come to an end. So happy and full of life was she that she did a great deal of running back and forth just for the fun of it. But at length she grew a little tired of her capers, and thought to herself, "All this will never get me a dinner." So she began very busily to spin herself a pretty wheel-shaped web, with rays shooting out from the center, as regularly arranged as if she had employed an engineer to lay it out for her. Then, when all was done, she took her station in the center, and there she sat, as immovable as a dead fly. But she was a giddy, impatient little thing, so she kept wondering in her small head why the flies did not come. She was all ready for them. Once she frightened away a silly little fly, that had come very near her web, by suddenly starting to make a spring before she was sure of her game. That made the silken web vibrate, and away flew the fly. Twinette had not yet learned that anglers must not

pull up the line at the first nibble. There were a good many false alarms in the course of the morning, and the poor little thing began to despair of even a musketo for her dinner-table. She felt ashamed to go home, and determined to fast before she would do that. But, at last, when she began to think she must try some other spot, along came a fine fat fly, and heedlessly poked his nose into the very thickest of the web. Twinette had a noose around him in a twinkling, and then another cable was slipped about his wings, and so on till he was cased in an armor of silk. But, like the captive queen's fetters of gold, they held him just as fatally as if they had been made of the roughest hemp. So Twinette dined as sumptuously as a royal spider, and had enough left in her cupboard for a very good supper. In the afternoon she decided to take her work and go a visiting. I am afraid the spider would laugh at the fine crochet-work in which you pride yourself so much; and I presume your Brussels lace looks like a fish-net to her sight-observing eyes. Twinette had four little bags of thread, each one with over a thousand holes in it. When she wished to crochet, her fashion, she set all her little reels to work, and in one line were over four thousand of these delicate threads. She did not have our toilsome, clumsy way of going down stairs. She merely fastened her rope to a rough point in the ceiling, and swung herself down like a fairy.

The first call she made was on an old hermit who lived in a close-matted, funnel-shaped cell. He looked rather grim and surly, but Twinette was not afraid. She knew he was second cousin to her mother, so she ventured in to say a word about the fine weather. Old Grim looked at her with a frown, and at last remarked that "young folks were better off at home, attending to their housework, than to be spinning so much useless street yara."

Twinette was not at all disconcerted by this hint; she only laughed a little laugh at the old croaker, and skipped off again to find some more social neighbor. She found one at last, just to her mind—a thorough-going gossip, who would not take the trouble to spin a wheel-web, but made an irregular one, "cris-crossed" in every direction. She chatted and laughed the whole afternoon away, and found her young friend so charming she invited her to stay to tea. Twinette was keen enough to reflect that she could thus save her supper for breakfast, so she gladly accepted the invitation.

Her new acquaintance gave such glowing accounts of her life below stairs that the inexperienced young spider was quite dazzled. Flies

were plenty, too, in spite of the war always waged against them. Twinette determined, before many days, to see for herself this wonderful land. But she kept her idea to herself; for in her heart she did not admire particularly her hostess, whose careless home building certainly did not proclaim her as belonging to the very F. F. V.'s of spider land.

It was not for several days that Twinette succeeded in carrying out her plan. Meanwhile she had spun a web near the sugar box, so many flies were always humming about there, but one day, when the maid came to fill her box, she whirled it away in a twinkling. Poor little Twinette had just time to run up the rafter to the very top of the roof, and there she remained panting for dear life, and thinking that mother was right in saying that slow gains were the surest.

She determined to turn her fright to account, however, so the next time the girl appeared she hid herself in the folds of her dress and descended in safety to the country she had so longed to explore. Every thing was so new and strange that for a time she was quite bewildered. Hiding must now be reduced to a science. She must bid farewell to the lazy life she had led in the garret, gossiping and hunting for flies at her leisure. Spreading nets in the dark was labor lost, for flies love the sunshine. But if she wove in the light Susan's broom was more than likely to swoop it up, without a thought of the labor it had cost to make such a delicate fabric. So all day long she was forced to sit in her sly nook and take an observation, while she looked with longing eyes on the flies that buzzed in and out over the dinner-table. At last she chose a site which she thought would be safe, and wove a little net, for spiders must eat, if it is at their peril. She had such indifferent success that she felt she was paying dear for her fine accommodations. Velvet carpets and shining mirrors could not satisfy a hungry stomach. Often she wished herself safely back in her quiet garret home, but the way never seemed open when she was inclined to return. She had become quite skillful in dodging brooms, however, though it was trying to see her handiwork destroyed so often.

At last she resolved to extend her travels a little, so when a window was left up she slyly crept over the sill and found herself in the heart of a beautiful garden.

The first acquaintance she made, as she swung herself lightly into a tree by means of her rope ladders, lived in a little house made of a few leaves bound together by spiders' twine. It was a cool and cozy retreat, with green walls



on every side, and all the spider had to do was to sally forth at his door and seize the silly prey that might chance to come too near.

"Beware of the robins, my dear," he said at parting, "the greedy creatures will eat a thousand spiders a day if they can catch them."

"What dangers beset us on every side," thought poor little Twinette as she hid under a leaf, just as one of the bold redbreasts came whistling into the garden. She slipped away and ran down the bank of the little trout-pond, and took a good view of her airy figure in the water as she swung from a spray of tiger-lily.

With her keen eyes she noted a little "whirl-about" spinning the surface of the pond, and instantly he disappeared into the depths below. A close investigation by means of her four sharp peepers disclosed the fact that a number of her family had constructed a sort of diving-bell and lived here under the water, faring sumptuously on aquatic insects.

"How many ways there are of getting a living, to be sure," said little Twinette, but she had no fancy for a closer acquaintance with this new-found cousin. On the whole, she was not pleased with the water scenery, she had so many hair-breadth escapes while in its vicinity, so she returned to her old quarters in the house. By means of much dodging and watching she managed to pick a scanty living in the dining-room, but it was a lucky day for her when the house-keeper's broom did not brush away in a moment the work of hours. She never knew when her roof was safe except in darkness, and then the flies too were asleep. Finally she made bold to venture back to her old home. It took much stratagem to accomplish this, but at length she succeeded and skipped up the old roof-tree a happier and wiser chick than when she left it. Her old mother was hale and hearty in her den, quite pleased to hear an account of her child's travels, and much interested in the latest news from the regions below.

"Indeed, my dear, I never informed you that a cozy nook behind the book-case was my birth-place. There we lived on very happily for weeks. The house was in the hands of an excellent lady then, who was very friendly to our people. She did not mind if we spun our webs in every window corner, and would leave us undisturbed for weeks together. But ah me, how times are changed! Where will you find such a persecuted race now? Till our fortunes mend, my dear, I think you would do best to stay where you are and eat your bread in quietness."

Twinette resolved to follow this good advice, and to be henceforth a contented little spider in her safe and comfortable home. Here she spun

her webs and picked her fly-bones at her ease, and tried to be as good a little spider as she knew how. So she grew in time quite old and plump, and one morning as she was sunning herself on the eaves an industrious swallow espied her and took her off in a twinkling to her nest. There she furnished a nice breakfast for one of her hungry little nestlings, and little Twinette's cares and labors were all over forever.

Is it not a kind Providence that provides such a quick and easy death for these little creatures, instead of leaving them to die a lingering death by starvation after they are too old to catch their food?

#### THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

"O GRANDMOTHER, see my beautiful new dress!" exclaimed a gayly attired little girl skipping into her grandmother's bedroom—"see how it sets, and how becoming it is!"

She walked to and fro before her grandmother, and turned around this side and that side.

"Very pretty," said her grandmother, faintly smiling, "but it is not what I should choose for you."

"O, father says pink is so becoming to my complexion! What color should you choose, grandmother?" and the little girl fingered the trimmings on her pink robe as if no trimmings equaled hers.

"I should choose white, pure, shining white," said her grandmother. "I know of such a dress which I should be very glad to have you wear."

"Mother says I tear white dresses so, I do not deserve to have one," answered the little girl.

"That which I speak of will never tear."

"O, grandmother, think how awfully I look in my out-grown white dress!" and the child seemed to shrink from the very thought of another white dress.

"This you could never outgrow."

"Always fit me! why, grandmother, you do n't mean so!"

"Yes, my little girl, it will always fit you."

"Now, grandmother, you are making fun;" and yet the little girl looked into her grandmother's face, and saw that it looked mild and serious as it ever did.

"Could I burn it?" asked the little questioner; for she remembered on a cold Winter's day what a hole the hot stove made in her new plaid dress.

"No fire can burn it," answered the grandmother.

"Nor sun fade it?"

"No, neither can the rain wet it."

"O, grandmother! I know now, it's made of asbestos—you mean an asbestos dress," and she leaned upon her grandmother's knee, looking into her face. Perhaps all children know that asbestos is a mineral that can be made into threads, and wove into garments which heat can not consume.

The grandmother shook her head.

"If it's such a beautiful white I shall soil it very easily, I suppose."

"Yes, you could easily soil it; even a thought, a wrong thought, would sully its delicacy."

"O, grandmother!" cried the little girl looking very incredulously upward, "how funny! I should be afraid to wear it."

"But it will shield you from harm."

"I should like that; is it so very strong, then?"

"So strong my little girl would never wear it out, and then it becomes more beautiful the longer you keep it, if you keep it carefully," said the good lady.

"How careful Nancy would have to be in washing it!" exclaimed the child.

"I do not think it will ever need washing."

"O, grandmother! well, will it be becoming? shall I look pretty in it?" asked the little girl eagerly.

"You could wear nothing so beautiful. It has some precious ornaments, a great deal handsomer and more costly than your gold chain or your coral necklace." The eyes of the child danced with delight.

"Are they always worn with it?"

"Yes, always. You should never lay them aside for fear of losing them."

"Why, I never saw such a dress," and she looked thoughtfully. "Where can I buy one?"

"There is one already bought for you, my child."

"O!" and she looked surprised, "O, I am so glad! who did buy it for me?"

"Your best Friend."

"You, grandmother, did you buy it? How very, very good of you," said she, earnestly regarding her grandmother's face.

"No, it was not I—a better friend than I," and she spoke solemnly.

"O, you mean something, grandmother," cried the child. "Please tell me what you do mean. What is this dress, so wonderful! I am sure I want one."

"This dress, so wonderful, is the *garment of salvation*. It was bought by Jesus Christ at a great price, even his life; its ornaments are a meek and quiet spirit. Will my dear little girl

wear this beautiful garment?" The sweet and solemn earnestness of the lady touched the heart of the child.

"I wish I could," breathed the little one, her head bowed low.

"Then would you have a wardrobe for eternity, my Mary, fitting you for the company of the heavenly hosts of the world to come where the redeemed shall hymn their songs of praise;" and the grandmother pressed the little child to her bosom and breathed over her the prayer of love.

Who will not wear this beautiful garment? who will get ready his wardrobe for eternity?

#### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S PRAYER.

IN one of the narrow streets near the Marche St. Honore resides a poor working family who have lately been laboring under great distress. The wife had been for some time ill, and the husband has just met with an accident which has prevented him from following his usual occupation, so that his family of five children often suffer from hunger. Among the children was a little intelligent girl who every day attended the charity school, but who has been obliged to stop at home, to attend, as best she could, to her little brothers. She had been taught at school that those in distress ought to address themselves to God, and the idea entered her mind that if she sent a letter to God, relief would follow. She, therefore, got pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the letter asking for health for her parents, and bread for herself and brothers. Thinking that the poor-box which she had seen in the church of Saint Rock was the letter-box of God, she took an opportunity of stealing quietly out of the room and running off to the church. While looking round to see that no one was near, an elderly lady noticed her movements, and, thinking she was at some mischief, stopped her and inquired what she was doing. After some hesitation she confessed the object of her visit to the church, and showed the letter. The lady took it and promised the child that she would take care that it should reach its destination, asking at the same time to what address the answer must be sent, which the child gave, and returned home with a light heart. On the following morning on opening the door of the room she found a large basket filled with different articles of wearing apparel, sugar, money, etc., the whole packed up, with a direction-card, on which was written "*Response du bon Dieu*." Some hours after a medical man also came to give advice.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

IMITATIVE HABITS OF CHILDREN.—“I think,” says John Locke, “I may say that of all men we meet with, nine parts out of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education.” In the long period which elapses between the birth of man and that of his arriving at maturity, ample time is afforded for implanting and cultivating good principles. It is deplorable that so large a portion of the time ostensibly devoted to education should be given to acquisition of mere accomplishments, or to those studies which appertain to worldly advancement.

“We slight the precious kernel of the stone,  
And toil to polish its rough coat alone;  
A just deportment, manners graced with ease,  
Elegant frame and figure, formed to please,  
Are qualities that seem to comprehend  
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend.”

Nothing can be well with the child till the clean heart and the right spirit are given. And these are God's gifts, but they are given when the ground is prepared and when they are sought—given just as the yellow corn is given when the farmer has done his best for the crops.

When you are among your children, do you ever think how closely you are watched? The group of laughing, romping little ones are no idle observers of your actions; they are busily storing up materials for thinking, and examples for future imitation, and will surprise you one day, when you scarcely expect it, with a copy of yourself.

Leonidas, the schoolmaster of Alexander the Great, was awkward in his gait and manners, and the conqueror of the world could never overcome the defects he acquired as a child by imitating his tutor. “Now I'm grandfather,” says the little boy in a popular print, and he lounges in an arm-chair, spectacles on nose, newspaper in hand, and pipe in mouth. “Let's play at being husband and wife,” said a little girl to a playmate; “then I must scold the children, and you and I must quarrel, and then I must cry, and you must bang the door, and then we'll make it up again.” It was not an agreeable picture of married life, but it was an epitome of what the child had seen. “Little pitchers,” says the homely proverb, “have long ears;” they have large eyes also, and what they see and hear they practice at first in their play, and in real life afterward. Their very sports are a mimicry of every-day existence, a rehearsal of duties yet to be discharged, and the habit of doing

right or wrong, of being kind or cruel, false or true, is gained by observation of your daily conduct.

If you neglect to keep a good and cheerful temper, your children copy your example, and, fretful in their moods, openly rebellious or sullenly obedient to your commands, morose or violent to each other, make their playthings suffer from the ill-humor learned of you. A bad example pervades a whole system with astonishing rapidity; a cold wind creeping in through a half-opened window, on a drizzly day, will soon make itself felt through the house; a smoky chimney will assert itself from kitchen to garret in sooty flakes and stifling smell; and so will a bad temper prove infectious in a household, and be found most difficult to eradicate. Who has not heard a mother wonder how it happens that her children are so quarrelsome among themselves, and so apt to be restive under her control unless kept in with bit and bridle, while the originating cause has plainly been—her own uncertain temper!

SHAKING HANDS.—There is a significance in the different modes of shaking hands, which indicates, so far as a single act can do, the character of the person. The reader who has observed may recall the peculiarities of different persons with whom he has shaken hands, and thus note how characteristic was the simple act. How much do we learn of a man or a woman by the shake of the hand!

Who would expect to get a handsome donation at all—from one who puts out two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent, as upon an “itching palm?” The hand coldly held out to be shaken, and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, if not a selfish and heartless character; while the hand which seeks yours, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm, hearty clasp, belongs to a person with a genial disposition and a ready sympathy with his fellow-men.

A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth, ardor, executiveness, and strength of character; while a soft, lax touch, without the grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a kind of “whole soul” expression, most acceptable to kindred spirits. But when Mrs. Weakness presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers for you to shake, you will naturally think of a hospital, an infirmary, or a tomb.

In a momentary squeeze of the hand how much of the heart oozes through the fingers! Who, that ever experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand of a dying friend, when the tongue had ceased to speak?

There are foolish persons who think it pretty to have soft, wet, cold hands, when the fact is, it is only an evidence that they are ill; or that, inasmuch as the circulation of the blood is partial and feeble, they are not well; and unless they bring about a change, and induce warm hands and warm feet, by the necessary bodily exercises, they are on the road to the grave. Cold hands, cold feet, and hot head are indications of any thing but health.

Time was when aristocracy deigned to extend a single finger, or, at most, two, to be shaken by humble democracy. Even now we hear of instances in which "my noble lady" repeats the offense when saluted by a more humble individual. This is an indignity which no true man or woman will either offer or receive. Refinement and true gentility give the whole hand, and respond cordially, if at all. This is equivalent to saying, "You are welcome;" or, when parting, "Adieu! God be with you!"

**THE ART OF NOT HEARING.**—The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time is expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which if heard will disturb the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of these domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my eyes, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he can not get in any further. Some people feel very anxious to hear every thing that will vex or annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken of them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of musketoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth your while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your

neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

**A MOTHER'S EARLY TRAINING.**—It has been truly said that to mothers was delegated the future good of the rising generation. To her is given the sacred office of instilling into the young and tender mind of her offspring the first precepts of religion and truth, and all that is to form the foundation of their future character. If such is the case—which no one will deny—how careful should mothers be in respect to their children, setting before them good examples, teaching them to shun evil, and to love that which is good! Never make a promise to your child and break it. Often have I heard mothers promise their children this or that, and not keep it. You may think it makes no impression on their youthful minds, but they do not forget it, and often does that evil habit—lying—take its first foothold from the careless promises of those that have children in their charge. Give your children your fullest confidence; do not let them fear you; teach them so to confide in you that, if they have done wrong, they will tell the truth. When your child is afraid of you, ten chances to one he will tell that which is not so. When they have confessed a wrong, do not punish them unless repeated, and you have cautioned them previously. I remember seeing a little girl break a costly vase; her step-mother asked her if she broke it; she said she did, whereupon the step-mother punished her severely. The little girl remarked afterward, "If I break any thing else I won't tell her." Why? Because she was afraid of her; and for that reason never teach your child to fear you, but show them by your daily examples that you wish them to follow you in the paths of truth and honesty. Most of our great men ascribe their success to their mother's early training. "My mother taught me so and so." What a crown for one to wear, if good; how terrible, if evil!

Therefore, bring up your little ones during their infancy and youth in that way that in memory they can go back to the scenes of their youth, and think of you with the fondest affection.

**A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.**—Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all their lessons of experience; and I dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all do not expect judgment in a child or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and trouble; do not ridicule them. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.



Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans are thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime. Lastly, do n't think a child a hopeless case because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits, yet we have lived to see these same children become noble men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values, plenty of love.—*Episcopal Methodist.*

THAT'S MY WAY.—Yes, indeed, we are fully aware of that, but why have such a way? How much more will it cost to be affable and pleasant than to be rude and churlish?

That's *my way*; yes, to be sure it is—to injure the feelings of people by speaking to them so roughly—and sometimes frighten the nervous and timid ones half out of their wits. But the question is, have you a moral right to have such a way? We acknowledge that you have a legal right to have such a way if you prefer it—but have you a moral right? that is a point! We believe you have not—nor any other man—and, therefore, ought to change it at once for a more agreeable way.

No man has a moral right to turn himself into a bear or hyena. A man might pass along through the streets, striking every individual he met, and when remonstrated with, say, "O, I mean nothing by it, it is only my way!" But would that be a sufficient excuse in the eyes of those who had felt the weight of his blows? We trow not! Who would be willing to be knocked down every time he met a certain man, because it was that man's way of doing things? And yet this would be about as interesting as it is every time you speak to a man to receive a cross, snappish, or boorish answer, and then, when you express any surprise, be calmly and cavalierly told, "It is only my way!"

What the wise man says about the soft answer is none the less applicable to a kind, cheerful, and tender way of speaking and acting, and therefore we commend to the special attention of our moral bears and hyenas, that, and the suggestion of Solomon, found in the book of Proverbs. We wish all those who are in the habit of treating others with invariable incivility, and think it should be overlooked with invariable indulgence, because it is only "their way," to consider whether they would like to be treated in the same way themselves. O, no, that would not do at all. You must be very considerate of their feelings! That is all well enough, but then they should remember that there are a few other people in the world who have feelings also.

LOOKING FOR SLIGHTS.—There are some people always looking out for slights. They can not pay a

visit, they can not even receive a friend, they can not carry on the daily intercourse of the family without suspecting some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every body they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings and not suppose a slight is intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let the person get the reputation of being touchy, and every body is under more or less restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased. Your people who fire up easily miss a deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny, serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them.

WITH NOTHING TO DO.—What an anomaly in creation is a human being with nothing to do! The most insignificant object in nature becomes to him or her a source of envy; the birds sing in an ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower hidden from all eyes sends forth its fragrance of happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonious work. O, plant! O stream! here in man and woman are powers we never dreamed of—faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a hand to do, but no work done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured in the desert. O, birds and flowers, ye are gods in such mockery of life as this!

THE FOUNDATION OF A HOME.—No home is possible without love. All business marriages and marriages of convenience, all mere culinary marriages and marriages of mere animal passion, make the creation of a new home impossible in the outset. Love is the jeweled foundation of this New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, and takes as many bright forms as the amethyst, topaz, and sapphire of that mysterious vision. In this range of creative art all things are possible to him that loveth, but, without love, nothing is possible.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

COMFORT.—The chief secret for comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! either come often, or are let on long leases.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

**THE POWER OF A HOLY LIFE.**—The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so good, so efficacious, as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways and raise up those that are bowed down than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes far the greatest part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more and will do more to regenerate the world and bring it to an everlasting righteousness than all other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on evidences of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*

**LIGHT AROUND THE CROSS.**—The poet sweetly sings, "There's light around the cross," and we repeat the happy strain, "There's light around the cross." It is well to consider the deep and glorious meaning of these words, so that we may "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." The cross is a symbol of suffering and death, because it is an instrument for the infliction of pain and death. On it the Son of God, our Savior, hung, and bled, and agonized, and expired; and thus, sacrificing himself, made atonement for the sins of the world. This atonement is the soul, life, center, foundation, and glory of the Gospel of Christ. Take from it the atonement and it is powerless to save. It forms the only ground of the sinner's acceptance and favor with God; therefore, the only way of salvation. All preaching and all religion, without the atonement of Christ, is vain and empty as the sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. All systems of religion in the world, except the Christian religion, fail in this great essential thing; for the way of the Cross is the only way to peace with God, and purity of heart and life. No marvel, then, that Paul says that he will know nothing among the people, save Jesus Christ and him crucified, and that though the preaching of the Cross appeared to them that perish foolishness, yet to them

that were saved it was the wisdom and power of God. No marvel that he said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ."

There is light around the cross, because on it the Sun of Righteousness, the light of the world, was lifted up. There is light around the cross, because God, by the death of his Son on it, expresses his deep disapprobation of sin with a voice that makes heaven and earth tremble, and strikes terror to the heart of hell. If sin is of such a nature that it is necessary for such a high and holy one to suffer so much to atone for it, it must be a cruel and bitter thing indeed.

By the light around the cross God manifests his great love for the sinner; greater love could not be than that which moved God to give his Son to make atonement for sin on the cross, that sinners might be saved from that awful indignation and wrath, and tribulation and anguish that must justly fall on him who lives and dies in sin.

O, the sweet, heavenly light that radiates from the reeking cross of the blessed Jesus! O ye that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, behold this great light! The bright, mysterious glories of Divine power, holiness, and love, beaming from the cross of Christ, should fix the admiring attention of men, as it doubtless does of the angels, that desire to look into these things. Here are mighty motives for penitence, obedience, and a firm foundation for faith, and the greatest possible reason for hope and love. They that despise the atonement of Christ must perish.

**THE SKY.**—It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of the heavens God means us to acknowledge his own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heaven also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set his bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swath of rain, his promises of everlasting love. "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun," whose burning ball, which without the firmament would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministrics: by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depths of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men,

through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of his own majesty to men upon the throne of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds and the Inhabiter of eternity we can not behold him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men those heavens are indeed his dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father which art in heaven."

THE LESSON OF THE LOCUSTS.—"He spake, and the locusts came." Whence came they? From the earth beneath. For seventeen years they rested under the sod, awaiting the day of their resurrection. During all these heats of Summer and the frosts of Winter they were being prepared beneath the ground for this new life which they have now put on. Before God's appointed time there was no deliverance for them, and when he spake nothing could keep them back. That Voice was heard in the morning of one of those warm days of flowery June. At its sound millions of cells in the earth opened. He spake, and the locusts came. The shells in which they were confined parted asunder, and they came forth robed in white. Then the sunlight fell upon them, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they were changed. They put on the deep and gorgeous hues of their new life. Gradually their gauze-like wings expanded, and they rose upon the balmy air to the ecstasy of a new creation. Then, from every tree and shrub where they could find a resting-place, there went up that strange music which has been filling the heavens all the day long, and which, could we understand it, may be their song of thanksgiving to their Maker and of triumph over their graves.

What a pledge and a foreshadowing is this of our own resurrection! For if God cares thus for the insect creation, and calls them from their long sleep, how much the more will he accomplish our deliverance, who are endowed with immortality, and for whom Christ died! The years of our sleep beneath the ground may be symbolized by the perfect number seven, added to the numerical of vastness, ten; some time there will be an end, and our redemption will draw nigh. God will speak and man will come forth. In the twinkling of an eye we shall be changed. This corruptible will put on incorruption, and this mortal be clothed with immortality, and then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." The incasements of shroud and coffin shall be left behind, and on angels' wings will rise to the glory of the saints' everlasting rest. And through all that Summer day which will know no night, there will burst from the lips of the multitude which no man can number the shout of triumph and the song of thanksgiving, "*Glory be to the Father,*

*and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*"

LONG SUFFERING.—This is a love enduring. If the trial comes direct from God it is enough. It is his Heavenly Father's hand; and with Luther the disciple cries, "Strike, Lord, strike, but O, do not forsake me!" If the trial comes from Christian brethren, till it be sevenfold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it comes from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses evil with good. And in every case it is an opportunity for following the Savior whom sufferings made perfect. That Savior never loved the Father more intensely than when the Father's face was hid, and when the bitter cup proclaimed his justice and his truth severe. One denied him, and all the disciples forsook him; but Jesus prayed for Peter while Peter was cursing; and his love followed the rest, even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed him; but in foresight of the guilty deed it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept; and when the deed was done, in publishing pardon and the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that the evangelists were directed to begin.

A SHARER WITH CHRIST.—It is a sweet, a joyful thing to be a sharer with Christ in any thing. All enjoyments wherein he is not are bitter to a soul that loves him, and all sufferings with him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; his afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, his "reproach" more glorious than their honors and more rich than their treasures, as Moses accounted them. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in the hardest and harshest things, which have not any thing in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love. What does the world by its hatred and persecution, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like him, give me a greater share with him in that which he did so willingly undergo for me? "When he was sought for to be made a king," as St. Barnard remarks, "he escaped; but when he was brought to the cross he freely yielded himself." And shall I shrink and creep back from what he calls me to suffer for his sake? Yea, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble, obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up my will to my Father's.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following waif, afloat on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

Men seldom think of the great event of death till the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold

thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passages may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows.

But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of man appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitudes that throng the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose field of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that can not wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

"THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND."—"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scenes and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master, press on, there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist passed away, and I gazed upon a scene of transparent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens." O ye, over whom clouds are gathering or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on. *There is light beyond.*

BROKEN CHAINS.—A company of captives were one day set at liberty. For many years they had been "in bonds," and the joy of being free once more was like a foretaste of heaven. But there was one who, instead of rejoicing in his freedom, gathered up his broken fetters and carried them with him on his homeward journey. Wherever he stopped he might be heard mourning: "O, these chains, these chains, what misery have they caused me!" And at last

death found him still hugging to his heart his broken chains.

Is it not so with many who have been freed from the fetters of sin? Instead of coming into the fullness of the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, they sit sighing over their broken chains. Instead of the *Te Deum* the *Miserere* is forever on their lips. "O my sins, my sins!" is the burden of their song, notwithstanding they have long since received the assurance of forgiveness. Sins once blotted out should be remembered only to make us humble and grateful. The little child, penitent for the fault that has grieved its loving mother, receives her kiss of reconciliation and goes back to play with a happy heart. Should it not be thus with God's children?—*The Advance.*

THERE IS ANOTHER MAN.—Dr. Guthrie, in a late work, gives the following description of a scene on the ocean:

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. The order instantly sounds, "Put the ship about," and presently a boat is launched, with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go those gallant men, through the swelling of a roaring sea. They reach it—they shout—and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be a man, with head and knees drawn together, so dried and shriveled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifts it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; their feelings suddenly changed into astonishment. It shows signs of life—they draw nearer—it moves, and then mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, "There is another man!" Saved himself, the first use he made of speech was to seek to save another!

Christian reader, learn the blessed lesson taught by this thrilling incident, and practice upon it in your daily life. Has One sent from above, and taken you and drawn you out of many waters? Are you safe—your feet planted upon the Rock, Christ Jesus? Then may you greatly rejoice; but is there not another man, perishing as you once were, but whom, under Providence, you may be made instrumental in saving?

You have gained the ear of a prayer-hearing God. Fill not that ear with the recital of your own wants alone. Remember, while you pray for your own advance in holiness, that there are many others for whom Christ died, and intercede for them also. Labor for those about you who are in danger. Speak to them kindly and earnestly, and let them see that you are sincerely interested in their souls' welfare. Surely, no Christian should content himself to rest in his own hope of acceptance through a crucified Redeemer while there is one other man exposed to eternal death.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JACOB KNAPP. *With an Introductory Essay. By R. Jeffrey. 12mo. Pp. 341. New York: Sheldon & Co.*

Elder Knapp has been for many years a warrior for Jesus. His true place is in the front of the battle, in the heat of the contest. He is belligerent by nature, and grace has turned the whole force of his character against the world, the flesh, and the devil. A Baptist by firm persuasion, he has maintained an inflexible devotion to his conscientious convictions of denominational truth, and has often felt it his duty to use the distinctive doctrine of immersion as one of the weapons of his warfare. He has been for forty years a successful evangelist, winning, perhaps, full as many souls to Christ and a godly life as any other minister of the Gospel during this age. His power has been in his oneness of purpose, his uncompromising hostility to sin in every form, his undaunted courage in the denunciation of wickedness, his faithful warnings to the wicked, and his integrity of character and indubitable fellowship with God. Along with his successes he has had bitter trials. No man could enter upon a career of such marked antagonism to the prejudices of his contemporaries, to the hypocrisies and flagranties of bad men, without provoking decided opposition and creating for himself malignant enemies. Calumny and abuse have been heaped upon him, but holding the even tenor of his way, he has triumphed over the wicked, and maintained his integrity and the purity of his reputation for forty years. He has faults; he has made mistakes; his style is rough and eccentric; many of his expressions are exceedingly distasteful, and some are even blasphemous; his egotism is repulsive, and his irreverence is painful. Yet these eccentricities are natural to the man. They are not assumed and practiced as arts of a pulpit trickster, and their oddity has doubtless been instrumental in drawing the thousands to hear him, multitudes of whom come only from motives of curiosity, but go away with an arrow in their heart. Omniscience only is to be the final judge of the good and evil mingled together in the labors of this Samson. The book is very readable and will suggest many lessons to the reader.

THE WORD OF GOD OPENED. *Its Inspiration, Canon, and Interpretation Considered and Illustrated. By Rev. Bradford K. Pierce. 16mo. Pp. 223. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

This is a most timely and valuable little book. It is exactly adapted to the wants of thousands who are asking many serious and important questions about the Bible. In brief, terse style, and in small compass, the little volume answers these questions and imparts the needed information. It compresses into the

smallest space possible the knowledge of the Bible which is scattered through large and costly volumes. The Origin of the Bible, Inspiration, the Canon, Rules of Interpretation, etc., are the subjects which it discusses. To every Bible reader who desires really to understand the Word of God, to every young minister who wishes the results of the best thought and studies on the questions discussed, and to every faithful Sunday school teacher who is desirous of rightly interpreting the Bible to the minds of children we commend this little volume. The book is issued in a very attractive form.

DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES. *What it has Done, What it is Doing, and What it will Do. By Ransom H. Gillet. 12mo. Pp. 414. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

We think it was the stalwart Luther who, when finding and perusing the old Bible, exclaimed, "Either this is not the Word of God, or the Catholic Church is not his Church." And, indeed, the thought may be carried still further. Doubtless the first impression made on the mind of the great Reformer in his first readings of the Book was that of the simplicity, beauty, humanness, and divineness of Christian truth and the Christian Church. But when he would measure the Church as it was in his day with the Church as he found it in the Word, then he would exclaim, How is the mighty fallen! So as we read the first pages of this volume, depicting the early history of Democracy, when it meant justice, freedom, human rights, the equality of the people, equal government for the masses, opposition to despotism, to oppression and injustice, and then turn to its closing pages and discover the purposes and aims of the Democracy of our day, and contemplate the utter abandonment of these great principles, we too exclaim, How is the mighty fallen! Democracy in its early history was the true doctrine of America; true democracy is in our day the real doctrine of the republic. It is the departure of the great Democratic party from the true doctrines of democracy which has wrought its ruin; and one of the most painful things in reading this volume is, to trace the defection of this party from its first faith and purposes till it has reached a position of almost unqualified antagonism to the popular and humanitarian principles of its early history. If it shall honestly return to its first faith it will again conquer; but, alas! it only gives increasing evidence of decrepitude and decay. This volume will not aid in its restoration. Instead of being an exhortation to repentance and to do their first works over, it confirms the party in its apostasy, and spends its strength in denouncing what the true democrat fifty years ago would have advocated.

A TREATISE ON METEOROLOGY. *With a Collection of Meteorological Tables.* By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College. 8vo. Pp. 305. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Professor Loomis is an adept in the art of making text-books. His mathematical series and his works on astronomy have long been popular in most of our colleges and higher schools. The present volume will be welcomed from his pen, both for the able manner in which he treats the subjects of the volume, and for the growing interest and importance attaching to the study of the almost new science of meteorology. The volume gives evidence of great care and patience in gathering out of large works and elaborate memoirs the observations and materials necessary for making the systematic and compact treatise before us. The form is well adapted to use as a text-book for instruction, and at the same time to exhibit the most important results of recent researches.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Vol. IV. 8vo. Pp. 566. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The present volume concludes Mr. Helps's history of the Spanish conquest in America. It is mostly occupied with Peruvian history, detailing the feud between the Pizarros and Almagros, and the reconquest of Peru by the President, Gasca. One book treats of the missionary labors of Las Casas and others among the Indians. It is, in many respects, an exceedingly attractive period of history, full of wonders and romance, and deeds such as can never be done again. This volume contains a full and valuable index to the whole work.

FARADAY AS A DISCOVERER. By John Tyndall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a beautiful tribute to a noble man of science, and, what is more, a Christian, by one who is himself in the front ranks of living physicists. The volume contains two lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain last January, soon after the death of Professor Faraday, and which, while treating mainly of him as a discoverer, a matter on which what Professor Tyndall has to say is of great value and interest, also sketches his character, and presents pleasing recollections of personal intercourse.

APPLETON'S SHORT-TRIP GUIDE TO EUROPE. Principally devoted to England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy. By Henry Morford. 18mo. Pp. 335. Flexible cover. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Just the "guide-book" for hasty Americans, who run over to Europe for from six weeks to three or four months, pointing out the objects which should be seen first, if all can not be seen, directing to the

best routes and modes of travel, and stating in concise terms just what the traveler wants to know. It has an excellent map of Europe, and contains quite a large vocabulary of German and French words and phrases.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. *With Illustrations by Cruikshank, Leech, and Browne. Containing Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge, and Sketches by Boz.* Large 12mo. Pp. 777. Double columns. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is still another enterprise in the works of Dickens. It is to constitute the "Library Edition," consisting of six volumes, of which the present is the first. The Appletons have been for some time issuing these works in very cheap form in paper covers. We presume this handsome volume is made by binding together three of the paper-covered issues, and the result is certainly the cheapest, and compares very favorably with the best editions of Dickens's works.

HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS: A Sequel to Elsie Dinsmore. By Martha Farquharson. 16mo. Pp. 367. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Our younger readers who have read Elsie Dinsmore will be glad to read the continuation of the little girl's experiences as they are given in this very handsome book. She has grown older, and wiser, and better in this volume. You will still know her as the same Elsie, but she has corrected some of her errors, and has grown wiser in understanding her real duties in the trying circumstances in which she is placed. It is a pure, good book. Mr. Dodd does not publish any other kind, and always publishes them in beautiful style.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. Chapters in the Philosophy of Education. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. 12mo. Pp. 276. \$1.25. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The author of this little volume is one of the most successful of American educators, and brings to bear on the subjects here treated of a prolonged and varied professional experience. They are lessons directed to teachers and to students. The thoughts are such as have been suggested in the school-room itself, while actively engaged in teaching, or in superintending and directing the instruction given by others. The book will be found to take a free range over the whole field of practical inquiry among professional teachers. To the young teacher it will prove a valuable counselor.

SHEER OFF. A Tale by A. L. O. E. 16mo. Pp. 372. And, A SEQUEL TO "PEEP OF DAY." 16mo. Pp. 254. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Two very good and beautiful books for the "Fire-side Library," and equally well adapted to the Sunday school. The first is an instructive story by the

famous A. L. O. E. The second is "that sweet story of old," beautifully told, and prettily illustrated with pictures.

## IN PAPER.

THE PRODIGAL SON. *Four Discourses. By Rev. W. Morley Punshon, M. A.* 12mo. Paper. Pp. 87. 25 cents. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

THE PRODIGAL SON. *By Rev. W. Morley Punshon, M. A. With a Preface by Rev. Gilbert Haven.* 16mo. Pp. 96. 25 cents. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This little volume presents an admirable illustration of Mr. Punshon's style and diction. It is impossible to transfer to the printed page the living presence, the flashing eye, the voice that makes the nerves vibrate, and the magnetic and inexplicable influence of the enthusiasm of the speaker, but it is easy to see even here the elements of Mr. Punshon's power. In the sermon itself, apart from the delivery, these elements are vividness of conception, fullness, clearness, and munificence of expression, rapidity, and continuity of noble thoughts, frequency of beautiful and even thrilling pictures, not elaborated, but spontaneously bursting forth in a few short sentences, and the liberal distribution of brilliant passages. Along with these characteristics, every page bears evidence of heartiness and zeal. "I believe and therefore speak," is the underlying sentiment of every thought. This little book ought to be read by every body, not only for the eloquence and beauty of the composition, but still more for the powerful and instructive manner in which the sweetest of parables is told.

CHRISTIAN SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD: *Considered with Especial Reference to Popular Amusements. By Rev. S. H. Platt, M. A. With an Introductory Letter by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. Printed by the Author. West Winsted, Conn. Sent, post-paid, for 20 cents.*

We can heartily commend this little essay on one of the important questions of the day—the philosophy, obligation, and extent of Christian separation from the world. Dr. Cuyler well says, "The most fatal danger to which the Church of Christ in our land is exposed, is that of corruption through sinful conformity to the world. This little volume treats the subject fearlessly and faithfully, and has the right ring."

PRENDERGAST'S MASTERY SERIES. *I. Hand-Book; II. French; III. German. By Thomas Prendergast, author of "The Mastery of Languages," etc.* 3 Vols. Paper. Pp. 92, 115, 98. 30 cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The author claims to teach in these little volumes a new, rapid, philosophical method of learning to read, write, and speak foreign languages. The method, as far as we have been able to examine it, seems to be plain, practical, rapid, and efficient. It certainly is entitled to the attention of philologists, and teachers, and students of language. The principle on

which the system is based is deduced from the author's own experience and observation.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS. *Complete. With a Life of the Author. Paper.* 16mo. Pp. 647. 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Yes, here they are, the complete poetical works of Sir Walter Scott—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Don Roderick, Ballads, Songs, and Lyrics—in one volume, over six hundred pages, on good paper, clear, pleasant type, and all for fifty cents! The world knows how to make and circulate literature; how long will it take the Church to learn the lesson?

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. *By Sir Walter Scott.* 12mo. Pp. 134. 25 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

GOOD STORIES. *Part IV. Pp. 62. Square 16mo.* 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Bride of Lammermoor is an English classic, and Good Stories contains four well-known stories from Fitz-James O'Brien, Heyse, and Thackeray.

ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC, FOR THE STATE. *By John H. French, LL. D.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A MENTAL ARITHMETIC. *By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Two excellent elementary works, the one for beginners in Written Arithmetic, and the other for beginners in the art of mental calculations.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. *A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Nos. 131, 132. 25 cents each.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.—We have made frequent notices of this excellent Encyclopedia. No. 132 completes the work, comprised in ten volumes—which may be ordered from the publishers. It is among the best and cheapest of Encyclopedias.

CATALOGUES.—*Ohio Wesleyan University*, Delaware, O.; Rev. Frederick Merrick, President. *Indiana Asbury University*, Greencastle, Ind.; Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., President. *Albion College*, Albion, Mich.; Rev. Geo. B. Jocelyn, D. D., President. *Cornell College*, Mt. Vernon, Iowa; Rev. Wm. F. King, A. M., President. *Baldwin University*, Berea, O.; Rev. John Wheeler, D. D., President. *Xenia Female College*, Xenia, O.; William Smith, A. M., President. *Drew Ladies' Seminary*, Carmel, N. Y.; Rev. George Crosby Smith, A. M., Principal. *North-Western Female College*, Evanston, Ill.; Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, A. M., President. *Pittsburg Female College*, Pittsburg, Penn.; Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D., President. *Lasell Female Seminary*, Auburndale, Mass.; Rev. Charles W. Cushing, Principal. *Mt. Union College*, Mt. Union, O.; Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, LL. D., President.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

RECEIPTS OF CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.—The following is a list of the receipts of the leading national societies for the year 1867-8:

|   |             |    |
|---|-------------|----|
| American Bible Society—                             |             |    |
| Sales.....  | \$474,946   | 35 |
| Donations.....                                      | 248,160     | 34 |
| American Home Mission Tract Society.....            | \$723,106   | 69 |
| American Female Guardian Society.....               | 292,135     | 00 |
| American Seamen's Friend Society.....               | 65,540      | 77 |
| American Tract Society—                             | 5,352       | 80 |
| Sales.....  | 400,053     | 34 |
| Donations.....                                      | 118,773     | 72 |
| American Tract Society (Boston)—                    | 518,827     | 06 |
| Sales.....  | 94,469      | 22 |
| Donations.....                                      | 47,856      | 04 |
| Board of Foreign Missions, Pres., O. S.....         | 142,325     | 26 |
| Board of Home Missions, Pres., O. S.....            | 285,689     | 16 |
| Board of Freedmen's Aid, Pres., O. S.....           | 113,100     | 69 |
| Board of Education, Pres., O. S.....                | 65,868      | 00 |
| Board of Church Extension, Pres., O. S.....         | 43,364      | 00 |
| Home Mission Com., Pres., N. S.....                 | 50,317      | 78 |
| Publication Com., Pres., N. S.....                  | 134,850     | 00 |
| Education Com., Pres., N. S.....                    | 56,083      | 13 |
| American Church Mission Society.....                | 17,587      | 59 |
| Mission Society of Methodist Episcopal Church.....  | 82,334      | 97 |
| American Board Com. of Foreign Missions.....        | 584,725     | 22 |
| American Missionary Association.....                | 444,091     | 74 |
| Protestant Episcopal Com. on Foreign Missions.....  | 400,000     | 00 |
| Protestant Episcopal Com. on Domestic Missions..... | 82,694      | 68 |
| Protestant Episcopal Com. on Freedmen.....          | 142,136     | 44 |
| American Antislavery Society.....                   | 20,223      | 54 |
| National Temperance Society.....                    | 12,681      | 04 |
| American Sunday School Union—                       | 36,061      | 23 |
| Sales.....  | 300,290     | 50 |
| Donations.....                                      | 95,654      | 86 |
| American Congregational Union.....                  | 395,945     | 36 |
| American and Foreign Christian Union.....           | 59,846      | 72 |
| American Baptist Missionary Union.....              | 138,526     | 44 |
| American Baptist Home Missions.....                 | 101,637     | 25 |
| American Baptist Publication Society.....           | 135,736     | 12 |
| American and Foreign Bible Society.....             | 234,412     | 63 |
| American Bible Union.....                           | 47,373      | 70 |
| Board of Foreign Missions of Reformed Church.....   | 55,127      | 79 |
| Board of Education of Reformed Church.....          | 53,472      | 91 |
| Board of Domestic Missions of Reformed Church—      | 10,903      | 68 |
| including \$8,590.07 for Church Building Fund.....  | 37,066      | 25 |
| Board of Publication of Reformed Church—            |             |    |
| Sales.....  | \$16,085    | 40 |
| Donations.....                                      | 6,000       | 00 |
| Subscriptions for Endowment Fund.....               | 2,000       | 00 |
| Total.....  | 24,085      | 40 |
|   | \$5,762,849 | 25 |

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.—Matthew Vassar has rendered his name immortal by the princely manner in which he devoted his financial resources to the cause of education. He had during his lifetime given the sum of \$400,000 to Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie, New York, to which he added a farm of two hundred acres for grounds on which to erect the college buildings. By his will he further bequeaths a "Lecture Fund" of \$50,000; also another \$50,000 as an "Auxiliary Fund," the income of which is to be appropriated to worthy students who may be unable to defray their own expenses at the College. He also, before his death, canceled a mortgage held against the institution amounting to \$75,000.

THE REGIUM DONUM IN IRELAND.—In 1672 Charles II gave £600 of secret service money to be distributed among the Presbyterian clergy in Ireland on hearing of their loyalty to him. William III increased it to £1,200 per year. In 1723 George I raised it to £2,200. In 1792 George III made it

£5,000. For the last few years it has been annually £39,746, or, in round numbers, \$200,000 in gold. This large amount comes no longer from the private purse of the sovereigns of England, but is derived from the national treasury, and raised by indirect taxation of the people. It is distributed among five hundred churches and ministers, more than fifty of whom are Unitarian and Universalists. With so large an amount to supplement the salaries of Presbyterian ministers, the wonder is that that body has not spread over Ireland; instead thereof it is practically confined to the north, there being few Presbyterians in the other provinces of Ireland. This is one of the evils which Gladstone proposes to remove from Ireland in connection with the disendowment of the Established Church.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY IN AUSTRIA.—It is but a short time since Austria was regarded as one of the most backward countries in Europe, the most despotic of all the great powers, and the most intolerant of any movement toward civil or religious freedom. Its very name was a synonym of tyranny and oppression, the dread and terror of all lovers of liberty, while it was the main bulwark of the arrogant claims for temporal as well as spiritual supremacy of the Papal hierarchy. A great and unexpected reform has taken place. This nation that seemed bound in hopeless and willing servitude to Rome has dared to break the chains and assert its independence of the spiritual power that has so long fettered its progress, and now it has taken an advanced position among the nations of Europe. The Atlantic cable announces, with frequent and almost startling rapidity, the news of reforms taking place in this ancient seat of absolutism that seem incredible, so great is the contrast with the stereotyped policy that has for so long controlled its Government.

In spite of the remonstrance of the Pope, its liberal Legislature is introducing, discussing, and passing bills securing the most precious rights to their constituents, who have heretofore been in complete subjection to the Emperor and the Church. The victory over the priests, which authorized civil marriage, and deprived them of the entire education of the children, has been followed by the passage of a law securing the right of trial by jury, and still another proclaiming the legal equality of religious sects. During the debate on this bill the Minister of Public Instruction, in explaining the new policy of the Government, said: "Society may be Catholic, but the State can not be Catholic, if it wishes to be just to all its citizens. The Church must never be lowered into becoming a tool for the purposes of foreign policy, as the clerical party advise."

While it is not to be expected that Austria will



become a Protestant nation, it is gratifying to know that its most influential minister of State is a Protestant, and that liberal principles, which Rome dreads and hates, are working with so much power, and seem likely to elevate an oppressed nation into the ranks of enlightened, constitutional liberty.

**MISSION ADVANCES IN INDIA.**—A missionary in Southern India gives an account of a Brahmin police inspector, who had read the Bible twice entirely through, and who said, "There never was a book like the Bible. Though I may have taken my food, if I have not read the Bible I am hungry still." Several have been led to renounce idolatry as a fruit of reading the Scriptures. A native, of wealth and intelligence, who had read the Bible and exhibited much interest in Christianity, though without embracing it, is understood to renounce and denounce idolatry. He recently challenged the Christians of Madura to a public discussion of Christ's divinity. They accepted the challenge. The result was the whole city was put into a ferment, and several hundred intelligent natives, many of them Brahmins, had an opportunity to learn the nature of the Gospel. Since that time there has been an increased demand for the Scriptures.

**SLATE BEDS IN MINNESOTA.**—Recent explorations show Northern Minnesota to be perhaps the most remarkable slate region in the world. The slate ridge is some twenty odd miles in length and six in width. In one place are mounds of slate covering a large extent of territory, which have the appearance of a city, there being streets, houses, and towers of regular shape, the whole presenting a most singular and interesting appearance. At one point in the St. Louis River is a large island of pure, workable slate, towering above the surface of the stream to a height of seventy-five feet.

**COAL AND MACHINE POWER.**—The power of the machinery in use in the British Kingdom is estimated as equal to the labor of 600,000,000 persons; that of the United States is estimated equal to 200,000,000. The mechanical power exerted by a man during his lifetime is less than that stored up in a single cart-load of coal. The annual produce of coal in Britain is equal to the power exerted by 530,000,000 horses working eight hours a day for one year, and the annual consumption of coal in the world equals 924,000,000 of like horse-power. The grand field for the display of human power is in the evolution, manipulation, and adjustment of existing natural forces. Man may invent new processes, but he can not create power enough to waft the lightest bubble.

**SOLAR HEAT AS A MOTOR.**—The heat of the sun is the great source of power. We have it stored up in the coal measures, and it supplies animal force by producing the cereals and other vegetables which sustain animal life. A recent experimenter gives a new illustration of this truth by showing that a small lens will so concentrate the rays of the sun as to convert water into steam, and thus operate a small steam-engine. He insists that the power thus utilized may

be increased indefinitely by increasing the diameter of the lenses employed.

**PROGRESS OF KANSAS.**—We collate the following statistics from the recently published report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1867:

|   |                        |                        |                      |
|---|------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Estimated population of Kansas.....                                   |                        |                        | 300,000              |
| Estimated number of acres improved.....                               |                        |                        | 2,000,000            |
| <b>Live Stock.</b>  | <b>Number of Head.</b> | <b>Price per Head.</b> | <b>Total Amount.</b> |
| Cattle.....   | 1,000,000.....         | \$25.....              | \$25,000,000         |
| Horses.....   | 150,000.....           | 60.....                | 9,000,000            |
| Mules.....  | 10,000.....            | 100.....               | 1,000,000            |
| Hogs.....   | 1,000,000.....         | 5.....                 | 5,000,000            |
| Sheep.....  | 100,000.....           | 3.....                 | 300,000              |
| <b>Total value of live stock.....</b>                                 |                        |                        | <b>\$40,300,000</b>  |
| <b>Grain, etc.</b>  | <b>Number of Bush.</b> | <b>Price per Bush.</b> | <b>Total Amount.</b> |
| Corn.....   | 40,000,000.....        | \$0 50.....            | \$20,000,000         |
| Wheat.....  | 2,500,000.....         | 1 75.....              | 4,375,000            |
| Potatoes.....   | 1,000,000.....         | 1 00.....              | 1,000,000            |
| All other products.....   |                        |                        | 10,000,000           |
| <b>Total value of crops for 1867.....</b>                             |                        |                        | <b>\$35,375,000</b>  |
| <b>Total value of improved farms and agricultural implements.....</b> |                        |                        | <b>40,000,000</b>    |

The population of the State will increase at least 100,000 the present year, and the crops will be fully double those reported above.

**WOMEN'S OCCUPATIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.**—Some very interesting particulars are furnished in the last census of Massachusetts of the variety of occupations pursued by women in that State. Besides the more common kinds of employment mentioned, there are a considerable number which few persons would suppose could be carried on by women. The total number employed in the State was 83,314, divided as follows: 27,393 domestics, 20,152 operatives, 6,210 teachers, 4,381 seamstresses, 12,000 engaged in different trades, 1,119 nurses, 1,154 clerks, 782 boarding-house keepers, 65 artists, 10 authoresses, 48 physicians, 174 storekeepers, and 14 postmistresses. In addition to these, under the head of miscellaneous, were 1,626 persons, including 16 actresses, 2 coast survey, 11 clairvoyants, 1 doll-shoe manufacturer, 1 electrician, 1 inventor, 2 mask-makers, 13 peddlers, 1 poet, 2 pill-makers, 1 farmer, 1 innkeeper, 1 editor, 1 sculptor, 9 missionaries, 1 plumber, 6 librarians, and 195 waiters.

**DISCOVERY OF GLASS.**—Pliny, who wrote in the latter part of the first century of the Christian era, in his natural history relates the circumstances to which he ascribes the discovery of glass, which subsequently led to its manufacture for the many varied uses in which it is now employed. According to his account of the matter a small merchant-ship, such as was peculiar to the state of navigation in that age, was driven upon the shore of the Bay of Acre, and into the mouth of the River Belus. The ship was dragged to the shore and a fire was built. Stones were sought on which to support the kettle over the fire, but no stones could be found. The coast was a mass of pulverized silicious rock, of pure sand. The ship, however, was laden with fossil alkali, or shell from the sea, and some of these were employed for the want of stones, and placed underneath the kettle and contiguous to the fire. The result was the vitrification of the alkali and the silix, so as to produce pure transparent glass. The discovery, of course, greatly

interested the sailors, for the production was beautiful, and, indeed, rare. They reported their discovery, and others repeated the experiment with the same result. Soon after this all the qualities of this substance, while in an incandescent state, were discovered, and the manufacture of glass into vessels of various forms, and into ornaments, was established in the city of Sidon, on the Mediterranean, whence it was made known to the whole civilized world.

**CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR.**—The amount of sugar annually consumed by the civilized nations of the earth is truly enormous, and will surprise those not familiar with the extent of that trade. The Produce Market Review has some figures in this connection, from which we learn that Great Britain, including her colonies and the United States, are the most important sugar consumers, as they use 1,420,000 tons per annum, or 41.40 pounds per head. France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, and Switzerland use 506,000 tons per annum, or 12.34 pounds per head. The third on the list is the great Teutonic race, but with great impetus given to its national life, and the much better scope for enterprise and commerce, Germany, with its domestic social life, will soon rise in the sugar scale. The Zollverein, Austria, Holland, the Hanseatic League, and Denmark consume 262,000 tons per annum, or 7.30 pounds per head. Lastly come Russia, Poland, Turkey, and Greece, and the deliveries in these countries amount only to 125,000 tons, or 3.30 pounds per head. The Review says:

"The quantity of sugar used in the rich countries depends upon its price, and the low rates of the last few years have given an extraordinary stimulus to the deliveries. What effect the reduction of price may have upon prices we can not, of course, predict, but we certainly do not anticipate that the prices prevailing before the American war will ever be kept up again for any length of time. The sources of supply at present worked are so numerous, the cultivation of sugar can be so indefinitely extended, and even at the late and present low rates is so remunerative, that all possible demands can be met; and, as the wealth of civilized communities increases, we anticipate a progressive increase in the use of sugar. In fact, the figures that we consider so large at present will, if the late rates of progress be maintained, soon be utterly insignificant. In round numbers, the British consumption for 1867 may be estimated at 625,000 tons. On the scale of New South Wales it would amount to 250,000 tons per annum. The total consumption of the 313,000,000 souls, from whom returns can be obtained, is 2,035,000 tons per annum, or 16 pounds per head. On the British scale of consumption it would amount to 6,150,000 tons; on the New South Wales scale to 12,900,000; the growers of sugar, therefore, need have no fear of extending the cultivation too far."

**MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.**—The income of the various Missionary Societies throughout Christendom was, last year, \$4,425,000.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**DEATH OF DR. POE.**—In our last issue we referred to the illness of Dr. Poe, late Principal Agent of the Western Book Concern. The number had just been closed when it was announced in our office that he had finished his work and suffering, and had gone to rest. He died on the afternoon of June 26th. In our December number for 1864 our readers may find an excellent portrait and sketch of him, and will be pleased to re-examine it in memory of one whose generous policy has done much toward the progress and excellence of the Repository.

Dr. Poe was born July 12, 1804, in Columbiana county, Ohio. His early religious training was under Presbyterian influences, he having the ministry of that Church at one time in view. He experienced religion in his eighteenth year, and in October, 1824, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was licensed to preach in 1825, and joined the traveling connection in the Fall of 1827. He was effective from that day to the date of his last illness, which commenced at the seat of the North Indiana Conference, Warsaw, April 15, 1868. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Robert R. Roberts, September 21, 1828, and ordained elder by Bishop Soule, September

12, 1830. He was married at Westfield, Medina county, Ohio, to Miss Eliza Hosford, April 7, 1825. At the General Conference of 1852 he was elected Assistant Book Agent, and in 1860 Principal Agent, which position he held to June, 1868.

During the last sixteen years there was not a day that he was free from pain. His disease—necrosis of the bone of the leg—was of that type which seemed to baffle relief. Yet, in the midst of all, he was uncomplaining. To the last, with slight intervals, he maintained consciousness, and as the inevitable hour approached he was permitted to look upon his entire family as they gathered by his bedside; and though unable to articulate, he yet indicated the last good-by.

**DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.**—The name of Hon. G. P. Disosway has been for years familiar to the readers of the Repository, and, indeed, to the readers of all our Church periodicals, to which, for nearly thirty years, he was a continuous contributor. He died suddenly on Thursday night, July 9th. He had passed the day in perfect health, and feeling unusually well. In a short time he spoke of oppressive heat,

and soon afterward of a sensation of faintness. From this he did not rally, and in a few moments had sunk, without struggle or pain, into the sleep which has its waking in the world of endless day. From the *Methodist* we extract the following items:

"Mr. Disosway was born in the city of New York in 1798. His parents were both members of old John-Street Church, and were among the earliest of American Methodists. He experienced religion while a student in Columbia College, from which he graduated in 1819, and joined himself to the Church in which he had been reared. For some years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York, and in Petersburg, Va., but retired from active business life twenty years ago, since which time he has quietly resided at his pleasant home—'The Clove,' Staten Island.

"From early youth Mr. Disosway took an active interest not only in the institutions of his own Church, but in all matters affecting the welfare of humanity. In the early organization of Methodist Sunday schools he was an enthusiastic worker, and, up to the time of his death, his interest in the Sunday school cause had not slackened. Very many children in New York and vicinity will remember with pleasure the sweet-spirited, cheerful, and childlike old man who has addressed them on so many occasions.

"The Missionary Society of our Church received warm support from Mr. Disosway from the time of its small beginnings, and our educational interests had in him a cordial and sympathetic friend. With the American Bible Society and the American Colonization Society he had been connected for many years, and he was a manager in each of these, we believe, at the time of his death. He served a term or more in the State Legislature from Richmond county, but it was years ago, and he must have been elected on account of his honest worth; he never was of the stuff from which politicians are made.

"Mr. Disosway's tastes were literary. He was a great reader, and a ready, pleasing writer. For a period of nearly thirty years the religious and secular press of the city has almost continuously received contributions from him, which were generally published anonymously. He was especially devoted to the antiquities of the city in and near which he had passed his life, and was one of the best of authorities on all points touching the ecclesiastical history of New York. He was a member of the New York Historical Society, in which his acquirements were thoroughly appreciated. He prided himself on his pure Huguenot extraction, and the history of the Huguenot exiles in America afforded him pleasant material for study. His appendix to Harper's edition of Smiles's *History of the Huguenots* shows his familiarity with the theme. A *History of the New York Churches*, published several years ago, was received with flattering favor."

"GLANCE GAYLORD."—Christian literature has lost a most promising contributor in the death of Warren Ives Bradley, known to the public by the name of "Glance Gaylord." He died at the early age of

twenty-one years, at Bristol, Conn., June 15th, having achieved an amazing amount of literary labor for one so young, and having already embalmed his name in the hearts of multitudes who love pure and Christian literature from the pen of genius, in this age when so much genius is desecrated in the service of vice, impurity, and infidelity. The *Congregationalist* thus speaks of his character and labors:

"His prolific pen has given to the public thirteen books within the last three or four years, besides numerous articles for papers and magazines. One of these volumes, 'Culm Rock,' took a prize of \$350 among seventy-two competitors. Such was the pure and heavenly spirit of 'Glance Gaylord,' that he never wrote a line that he had occasion to erase. His great aim was to do good, and to minister to the improvement as well as the pleasure of multitudes.

"How he ever accomplished so much is perfectly amazing. He was always slender and frail—never able to engage in manual labor, nor in the sports and plays of youth. But while the body was weak, the mind was exceedingly active and vigorous—too much so for the feeble tenement in which it dwelt. He wrote in a fine, delicate, female hand; and, when able to labor, four sheets of foolscap were his daily task.

"After 'Culm Rock' was given to the public his productions were in great demand, and he promised his publisher three volumes for next Fall, and two more for the following Spring. But his earthly labors are ended, and he has gone to that higher sphere where frailty and weariness are unknown, and where they serve God day and night.

"The leading traits of 'Glance Gaylord's' mind appear in his works. He was delicate and refined as the most accomplished lady. He was a child of Nature. He loved flowers and minerals, and every thing that displayed the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Under the tuition of his uncle, Professor Newton Manross, he became zealous and successful in the pursuit of knowledge. Considering his early advantages, it is astonishing what acquisitions he made in literature and natural science.

"He was also a child of grace. No one can doubt this who becomes acquainted with his works. The meekness, gentleness, and tender spirit of Jesus seemed always to possess him. It was an interesting and affecting sight when he came forward and *professed a good profession before many witnesses*. He was so feeble, pale, and emaciated that we were persuaded his connection with the Church militant would be brief; that he would soon be with the Church triumphant, at the marriage supper of the Lamb. He was a burning and shining light, now transferred to that sphere where he will shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, forever and ever. The following is a catalogue of his books: *Uncle Down's Home*; *Gay Cottage*; *Will Rood's Friendship*; *Bright Nook*; *Miss Howard's School*; *Willie's Conquest*; *Donald Deane*; *Boys at Mr. Murray's*; *Gilbert Starr*; *Gilbert's Last Summer at Rainford*; *Culm Rock*; *Sequel to Culm Rock*; *Jack Arcombe*. Seven of these volumes are from 300 to 500 pages.

The others are smaller. 'Glance Gaylord' has left a widowed mother, who mourns the loss of the main earthly prop on which she leaned."

CONCERNING THE ITINERANCY.—Rev. Thomas Hughes, of the Wesleyan Connection, has written a racy little volume under the title of "*Faithful Endurance and High Aim*," being a sermon and brief memoir of the late Rev. Dr. Etheridge. The author is strongly opposed to the prevalent "invitation" and "prearrangement" plan, and does it up in the following style:

"But withal, Dr. Etheridge was not much sought after as a minister in the Methodist Church. He had but few invitations from circuits to be one of their ministers, and never from what is artificially called the best circuits. He had no idea of using any means to make his way. He was so engaged in other matters, that hardly he could have thought of himself. He had no policy; he never trod softly to reach a door; he never spoke softly or kept quietly with the purpose to advance himself. He never put himself in the hands of the great brokers of men and circuits, who travel so much over the country, and make it one of their chief businesses to make the stations for the forthcoming Conference, and canvass other official positions, and, of course, recommending their dependent small favorites, and passing other independent superior men to themselves with a significant something that they will not do. He never made an engagement, as is so generally the case, 'If you recommend me, I will recommend you.' He never asked a man to make his way or speak a good word for him in his life; he rather would decline honors, and shrink from appearing to recommend or advance himself in any way.

"The system, as it now stands, needs an exposure, for the characters of some of the best men of the body suffer, what by private letters, secret hints, committees, and quarterly meetings, and that to the detriment of themselves and the whole. The system, as it is carried on at present, bemeanes ministers, and produces false conditions and relations. It raises men of third or fourth-class ability to first positions, and often neglects men of first-class ability, and puts them any where, so as they are out of the way."

HEALTH OF WOMEN.—One of our most prominent physicians was consulted some time ago, by an elegant lady of fashionable life, on account of two of her beautiful daughters, who were sylph-like and symmetrical as fashion could make them, but who showed too plainly that their forms and constitutions were as frail as debility could make them, without actually manifesting some specific form of disease. "O, what shall I do for my beautiful girls!" exclaimed the mother. "Give them strength," he replied. "And how shall that be done?" said she. "Let them make their own beds, and sweep their own rooms, and perchance the parlor and drawing-room; go to market and bring baskets of provisions home; garden, wash, and iron!" Looking at the physician with surprise, she said, "What sort of minds would they have, what sort of bodies?" He answered,

"They would have as healthy and happy ones as your servants. You now give all the health and happiness to your domestics. Be merciful to your daughters, and let them have a share." The importance of this advice can not be overstated. Useful occupation, exercise in doing real work, is one of the best antidotes for the fearful debility that wastes and destroys so many of our young ladies. To promenade the streets for the sake of exercise is a poor substitute for the invigorating effects of an hour of real work, and it cultivates all the vanities of an empty head and an idle heart. Give your daughter a broom and let her sweep the attic, instead of giving her a trailing dress and letting her sweep the sidewalk, to be gazed at by idlers, till she cares for nothing but display and being displayed. Hundreds of young women would have been saved from the grave, and from a worse fate than the grave, by useful work at home.

TAKING IT SUBMISSIVELY.—We like the spirit in which the writer of the following lines "accepts the situation." We venture to predict that Miss Fannie will yet come out of the list of "Declined," and through patience and perseverance will yet stand on "the hights."

"Declined—"There's Hope for All:"

Ah, me! as I expected;  
But shall I cast a mournful pall  
Upon my face because rejected?

No, no, ten times ten thousand noes;  
For, sure I am, I've power to wield  
Thought's scepter. In my mind there glows  
A bud abundant fruit shall yield.

And so I only smiled, and said,  
Youth's flowers are 'round me blooming;  
I'll try again, with cautious tread,  
The path that leads to hills far looming.

Methinks I see a queer smile blend  
With curious twinkling of the eye,  
As on these lines a moment spend  
Those who have noble thoughts and high.

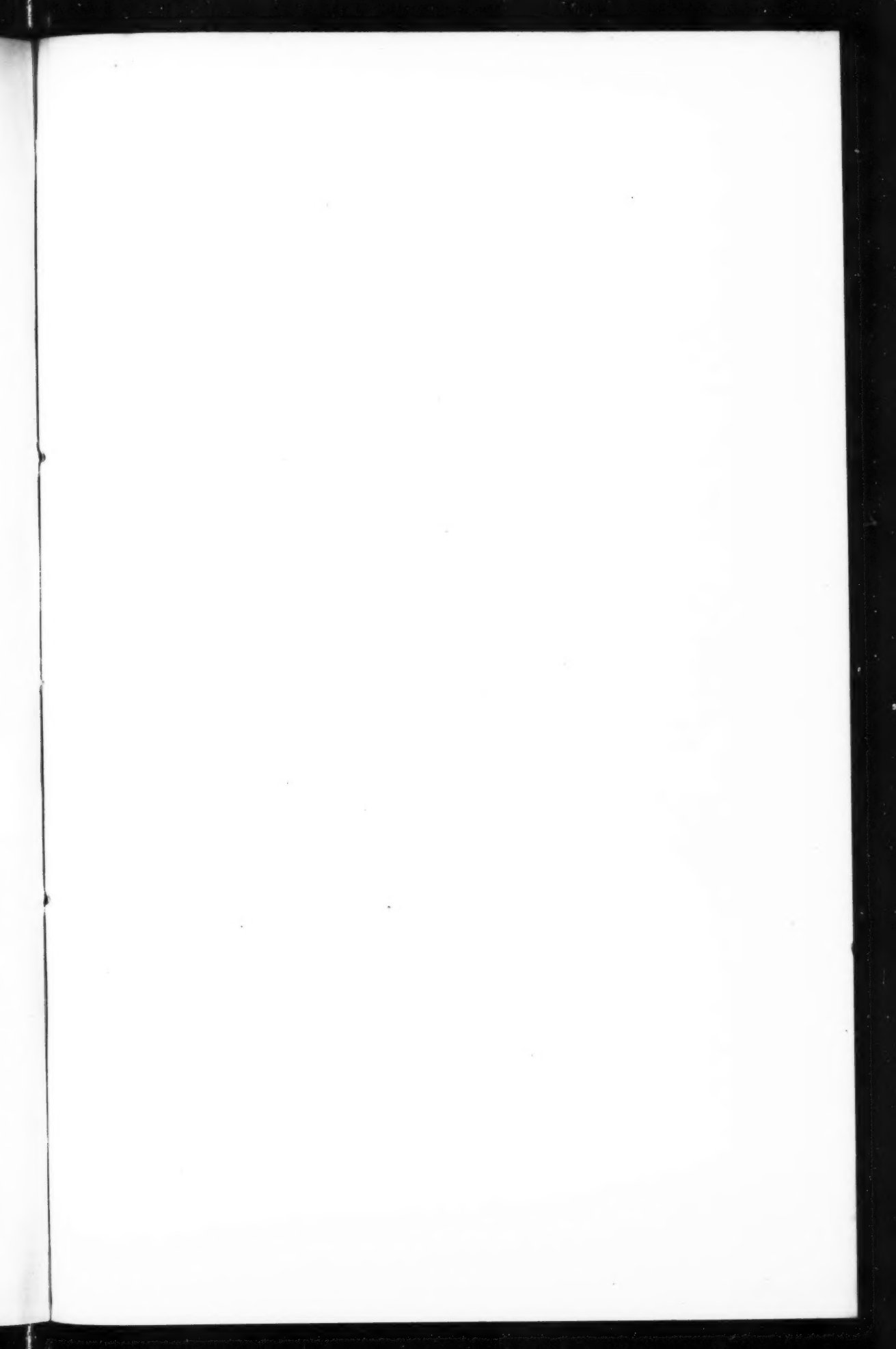
And do I hear the comment harsh,  
"Sure self-conceit its impress deep  
Has made on naught but worthless marsh;  
Not lovely earth whence flowers peep?"

But think not, ye who stand on hights  
Far-reaching, towering grand,  
That one repulse Hope's flower blights,  
There's room on hights for more to stand."

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The Mind's Dominion over the Body; Among the Maples; Dr. Castleton's Patient; Jonathan Frock; Culture and its Object; A Summer Hour with the Poets; Irish Piety in Ireland; Dies Iræ; Christ as a Preacher; Seamstress and Poet; Just Beyond; The Dead Summer; Angel Visits; Passing.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—White Clover; Long Ago; I and Mine; Martin Luther; Sabbath Morning; To a Cloud; Friendship; Beauties in Beando; Sunset; The Rose and the Thistle; To a Summer Day; A Time for Every Thing; Cast Thy Bread upon the Water; Confession and Prayer.







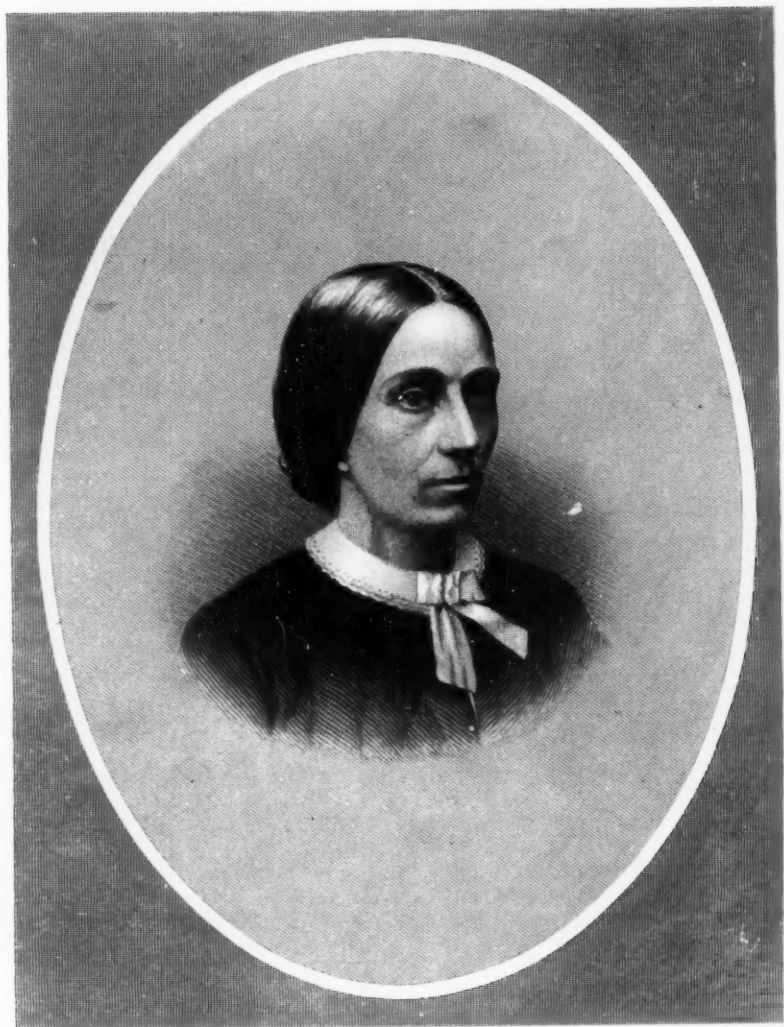
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W. WELLS

FRANCIS ANN WELLS

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